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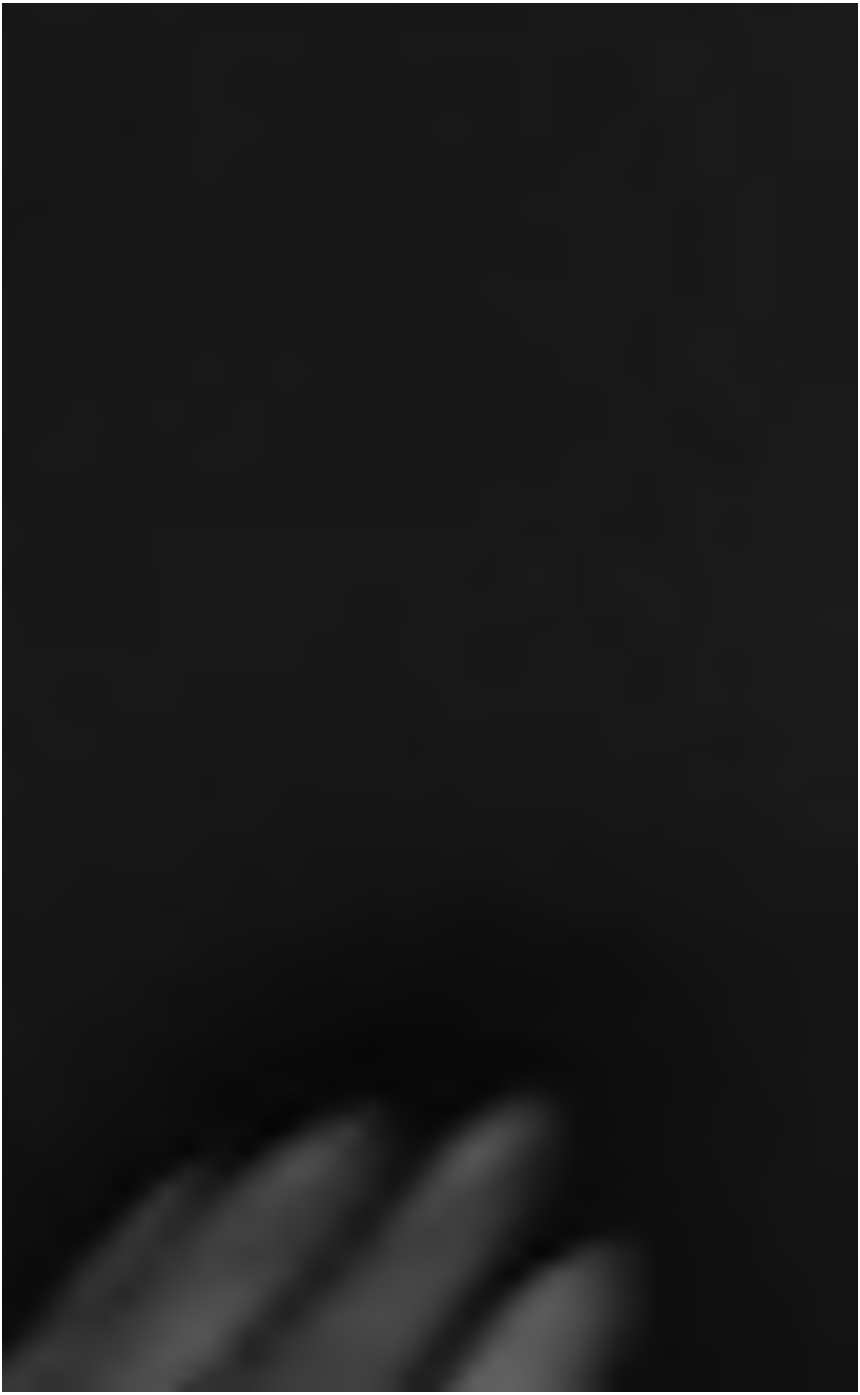
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PAINTER'S CAMP

IN THE HIGHLANDS,

AND

THOUGHTS ABOUT ART.

VOL. I.



A

PAINTER'S CAMP

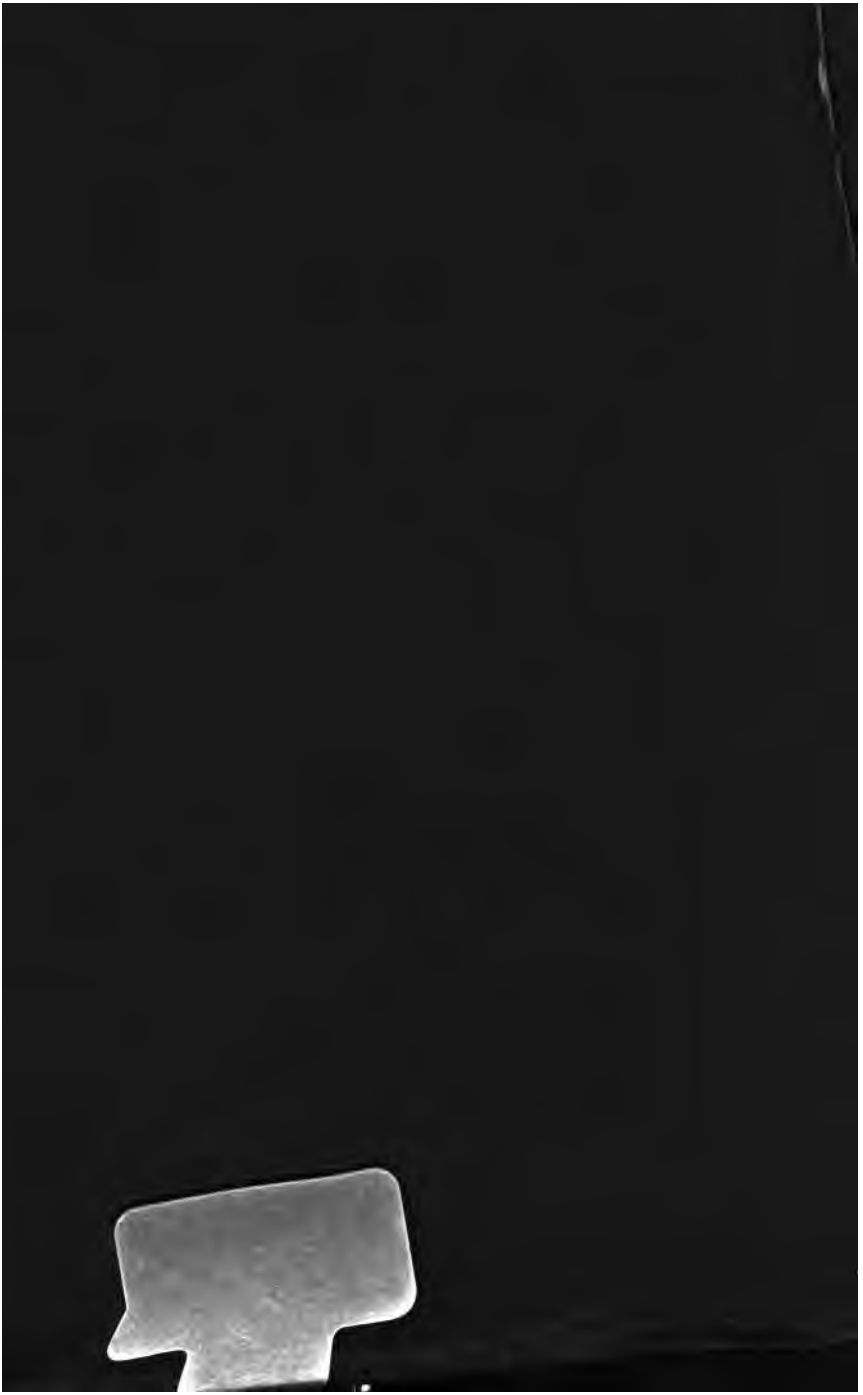
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PAINTER'S CAMP

IN THE HIGHLANDS,

AND

THOUGHTS ABOUT ART.

BY

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON,

Author of "THE ISLES OF LOCH AWE."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.—THE CAMP.

"Go on quietly with your hard camp-work, and the spirit will come to you in the camp, as it did to Eldad and Medad, if you are appointed to have it."—RUSKIN.

Cambridge:

MACMILLAN AND CO.

AND 23, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN,

London.

1862.

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170 . . .

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BREAD STREET HILL.



TO

WILLIAM WYLD,

Member of the Royal Academy of Amsterdam,
Chevalier of the Legion of Honour,
&c. &c. &c.

MY DEAR WYLD,

I DEDICATE this book very appropriately to you, because we have so often talked over the subjects of some of its most important chapters. The one on "Painting from Memoranda" owes some of its best passages to hints received from you in the course of conversation.

I am happy to embrace this opportunity of expressing my cordial admiration of your works, and the high value I attach to your friendship.

I remain, my dear Wyld,

Ever very faithfully yours,

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

PREFACE.

IT is known to all who are acquainted with the present condition of the fine arts in England that landscape-painters rely less on memory and invention than formerly, and that their work from nature is much more laborious than it used to be.

Having studied principally in the northern districts, I had to contend against great difficulties of climate. These difficulties I have entirely overcome, having painted from nature on the most exposed moors of Lancashire and the Scottish Highlands in the worst possible weather, and in all seasons of the year.

With no more than such ordinary powers of physical strength and endurance as are to be found amongst average English gentlemen, I have worked from nature *on the spot* seven or eight hours a day, in the wildest situations, and in the most merciless storms of winter. I have carried through the most delicate processes in

colour, hour after hour, when shepherds refused to wander on the hills, and sheep were lost in the drifted snow.

If anybody cares to know how this was accomplished, this book will tell him. If the reader happens to be a painter by profession, he will appreciate the utility of the expedients I found it to my advantage to adopt.

The expeditions here narrated were not undertaken in the spirit of whim or freak, or from a love of adventure, as persons unacquainted with the objects of a landscape-painter will in all probability suppose. They were not undertaken in any way for pleasure, but as seriously as any other human labour; and had no other motive than that strong desire which every real artist must feel—to get the utmost amount of attainable truth into my work.

It seems necessary to say this at the outset, because, amongst all the difficulties I have ever encountered, the most insuperable has always been an ignorant misunderstanding of motives; and, if the reader happened to share this, the whole scope and purpose of the book would be utterly unintelligible to him.

All persons are not artists, and cannot, therefore, be expected to understand, without a little explanation, that artistic labour is an exceedingly delicate affair, and

requires for its successful performance some degree of protection from rain, hail, snow, and wind.

But any one, especially if he happens to be a man of business, may, if he chooses, ascertain practically the desirableness of shelter when one has careful work to do. Let him take his papers out of doors some wild winter's day, with nothing in the way of furniture but a portable three-legged stool and a portfolio. Let him carry this apparatus into the middle of some exposed field, and then apply himself as he best may, without shelter, in the rain and wind, to the prosecution of his business. There is not a clerk nor an attorney in England who would work under such conditions. Men of business are always far too shrewd—understand the laws of work far too well—not to perceive the immense advantage to the workman of having his body at ease that he may give his undivided attention to the labour in hand. So their offices and counting-houses are comfortably furnished, and are full of all sorts of contrivances for the orderly arrangement of their materials. And does the reader suppose that delicate drawing does not require at least as tranquil a nerve as the addition of a column of figures, or the composition of a letter? It is just as rational for a landscape-painter to take a

tent with him to shelter him whilst he works from nature, as it is for a lawyer to rent chambers, or a cotton manufacturer to build himself a counting-house.

It is easy for amateurs to say that "sketching from nature out of doors is really very delightful;" but I did not go to the Highlands to "sketch" like an amateur, such sketching being of no use to me, nor did I go there to draw for my amusement just when everything happened to be pleasant and comfortable. Much of my work was accomplished in the midst of stormy winds, and rain, and snow; and, under such circumstances, my tent was as absolutely necessary and indispensable to me as a water-tight roof is to any man of business in London.

Notwithstanding these very obvious considerations, the author has usually found certain invincible misconceptions in most people who are not professed landscape-painters.

Firstly, everybody fancied that I took to tent life because I preferred a tent to a house. This idea was constantly expressed in some such observation as this: "Well, upon my word I can't see what you like so much in a tent. *I* prefer a good strong stone house with a well-slated roof."

Secondly, a few thought it was from dislike to inns, and argued that the inns were very comfortable, &c.

I did not take to encamping because I preferred a tent to a house *as a habitation*, but simply because I found it considerably more portable. My largest tent weighs about one hundred weight, a comfortable house weighs above a thousand tons. It takes about twenty minutes to pitch the most elaborate of all my tents, a good house cannot be built and made ready for habitation in less than twenty months. My best tent cost me a little over twenty pounds—a comfortable house would cost at least a thousand. To have a house of this kind built on every spot where I have pitched my tent would have cost hundreds of thousands of pounds.

I am certainly not very fond of inns; but that is not the reason why I prefer my tent to them. The real reason is, because it is necessary for me to pitch my tent *exactly* (that is, to a few inches) in such a position that I may see a good natural composition through my plate-glass window without stirring from my seat. Now, after considerable experience of Highland inns, I may be permitted to state that as a rule they are not provided with plate-glass windows—that, in fact, at this moment I remember no instance of a plate-glass window in any

inn or hotel north of the Clyde—and common glass distorts objects; and, therefore, it is of no use trying to see through it, for any purpose of art.

And there is yet another objection. So far as my memory serves me, Highland inns are somewhat heavy tabernacles, weighing, I should say, a good many tons each; and, being usually built on the earth, and not erected on wheels, it is exceedingly difficult to stir one of them without pulling it down. So when the view visible from one's bedroom window (in the height of the season, usually a garret) does not happen to be quite suitable as a composition, what is to be done if it should happen to rain?—and rain is a natural phenomenon which not unfrequently occurs in the Highlands of Scotland. What painters residing at inns usually *do* in wet weather is no great mystery. They read the newest *Glasgow Herald* they can lay hold of, or study *Black's Guide*, or smoke tobacco, or drink whisky, or talk to the landlady—all very praiseworthy and profitable occupations, no doubt, only they don't paint from nature.

The light sketching tents sold by the colourmen are good things in their way for summer, but of little use in winter. It is impossible to work long in the snow

without a fire as well as shelter. In my tent I work just as well in winter as in summer, having a little stove to heat it. The season of the year is, in fact, a matter of absolute indifference to me, so far as it concerns my work, except, that in winter the days are shorter.

With this explanation, the contents of the first volume will, I hope, be sufficiently intelligible. Those of the second still seem to require a word or two of preface.

In the second volume Society is so often spoken of in its relation to art and artists that it is desirable to attempt here some definition of the word.

We all of us form a portion of Society when we do not think for ourselves and have no real opinions, but accept the common degree of enlightenment without seeking to penetrate farther. In the matter of art the true artist does not form a portion of Society, because he seeks truth for himself. But a man who is above Society on one subject may sink to its ordinary level on others; and we constantly see examples of men whose genuineness and originality are confined to a single topic which they have studied attentively, whilst on every other they repeat such fluctuating ideas as

may be accepted for the moment by the educated classes.

In the chapter, therefore, on "The Painter in his Relation to Society," the word Society must be understood to represent that large majority of the public which has no ideas of its own about art, and, having never really thought about it, receives any notions that may happen, as it were, to float about on the common intellectual atmosphere. And whenever I speak of Society with any degree of severity, the reader may at once ascertain whether he may consider himself included or not. If he only pretends to know something about art, but in reality knows nothing; if he only feigns to feel it, but in his own soul is quite insensible and indifferent to it; he certainly belongs, so far, to Society which acts and feels exactly in this manner: but if he loves art truly, whether he knows anything about it or not, let him be assured that no arrow of mine shall ever be levelled against him.

And the reader in like manner, if a practical dilettant, may find out whether I meant to include *him* in my observations on that class, by simply asking himself whether he follows art as an *amusement* or for the earnest study of nature. If he follows art *to amuse*

himself, he is fully included in all that I have ever said against amateurs, to its utmost extent; but if he is trying to paint because he loves nature, and wants to study nature as seriously as ever he studied Latin or Greek at college, I sympathise most sincerely with his efforts. All that I should regret about him, in that case, would be the enormous difficulties in his path—difficulties not to be surmounted even by the majority of those who give their whole lives to get over them, and therefore likely to be quite insuperable for him.*

In the course of the second volume the reader will find it continually asserted and assumed that the only persons who know anything about painting are those who have given some time and attention to the subject. I humbly hope the public will not take offence at this, nor consider it an unwarrantable degree of presumption. So far as my limited time for reading has allowed me to glance at works written by gentlemen in other professions, I confess that the impression those works have left on my mind has invariably been that the writers believed themselves better informed with reference to

* In plain form-drawing an amateur may do most admirable work, as, I am told, the Queen has done. He may manage light and shade well, but he can never become a colourist.

their respective professions than persons not in those professions. When a lawyer gives an opinion on a legal question, he does not think it necessary to defer to the erroneous ideas of the body of unprofessional readers; nor does any one take offence because an anatomist, in describing the male skeleton, pays no deference to the popular theory that it has one rib less than the female. In this respect I shall always claim that reasonable degree of deference which I willingly yield to others. It seems to me quite natural and right that a man should be supposed to understand a subject which he has studied every day for years better than another man of equal natural abilities who has never studied the subject at all. The only persons to whose authority in art I can reasonably be expected to defer are those who have passed more time in the study of it, and had better opportunities for arriving at just conclusions. This deference I always accord where due.

It is a common failing of uncultivated men to attribute too much importance to their own narrow acquirements, and to infer that any one who is ignorant of the few things they know is necessarily inferior to them in all knowledge. I have no doubt a boy fresh from a grammar school could make most of us look very

foolish if we were imprudent enough to allow him to examine us; still, we must have made a very bad use of our time if our information does not exceed his. But he would patronise us, and kindly undertake to teach us, if he discovered our little deficiencies. And people who only know one language usually assume a patronising air towards foreigners who, however learned in other tongues, may not have mastered their particular one.

I think there is little danger of my falling into this folly. I know enough of a good many other things than art to be aware that, in comparison with the vast field of human knowledge, the acquisitions of any one individual must always be extremely limited. Yet for this very reason it is well that he should make his knowledge sound and sure as far as it goes. And therefore, though I may sometimes strengthen my position by a quotation from writers who are better known, I never offer an opinion without having ascertained its soundness for myself.

It will, perhaps, appear at first sight as if on one question I had myself paid little attention to my own rule that a certain degree of deference is due to professional opinions. In several passages of this volume I

have advocated the adoption of double, closed boats, instead of the ordinary open boats. It may be considered that in this matter I offer an opinion which cannot weigh against a contrary opinion entertained by professional sailors. But this is a question to be settled only by persons having had special experience of the thing in question, namely, double boats. It will invariably be found that those who object to twin sailing-boats have had no experience of them, and know nothing whatever about them. And when I offer an opinion on this matter I do so without presumption, being one of the very few men who alone are entitled, by their experience, to vote upon it.

At the outset, I intended this book to have been more a book of action and description than of thought. But I found, when it came to be written, that such a life as mine was too devoid of adventure to be worth telling, and so, after the first year, cut that portion of the book short. As the work now stands, it is to be considered mainly as a statement of some results of the kind of life I have been leading during the last few years, not as a narrative of that life, whose most important events are uniformly passed over in perfect silence. And, therefore, although the first volume may

be said to be egotistic, it is so only to a very limited extent. *All* autobiographies, and many books of travel, are egotistic to an extent never approached in these volumes. If I had condescended to violate this reserve I could have made the book, dull as it may be now, as interesting as any novel; but I desire the reader to understand, that in spite of some frankness (which is genuine enough as far as it goes), the whole of my private existence is cautiously protected from curiosity by an impenetrable barrier of silence.

On looking over the manuscript, I perceive an alarming number of points on which a satirist may hang his joke. No writer was ever more imprudently careless of a certain kind of dignity very useful in this world, and which is to be maintained by avoiding with extreme caution every attitude in which poor human nature appears to a disadvantage. I do not choose to erase all these passages, yet I should seriously regret this carelessness of artificial dignity, if I found that my stories of the ridiculous incidents of rough life had detracted from the respect so necessary to a writer who desires to make himself listened to on matters of real importance. The reader has my full permission to laugh over pages which were written only to amuse him; but there are, also, other pages which I beg him

to read with a manly gravity and attention. Like human life, this book has its laughable side and its grave side; and the footing on which I am anxious to stand with the reader is one resembling that of a genial but conscientious clergyman, who laughs with his parishioners on matters of indifference, and tells an absurd story with as keen a zest as any of them, without abating his influence as an earnest teacher of the gravest moral truths. May I hope that the reader will laugh with me merrily when I tell him a tale, and yet listen to me attentively when I develope a doctrine?

On looking over the printed sheets of these two volumes whilst preparing the general index, I find one or two passages which, either from extreme brevity, or some degree of artistic exaggeration, are likely to convey a wrong impression of my views. For instance, from a little parenthesis in the first volume, page 410, a careless reader might imagine, and a dishonest critic could easily make it appear, that I consider myself the best painter of Highland scenery that ever lived. It is only necessary for me to refer the reader to the context to make him understand that *topographic* truth is the kind of truth spoken of—a merit, if it be one, of so ex-

:remely humble a character, that no artist with a spark)f ambition in him would ever claim it. A few of my :maller pictures are, however, really topographic, and ıp to the present date these, and perhaps some of Inch-)old's, are, I believe, the only topographic pictures of Highland scenery in existence.

The only statement which seems to me overcharged s that about irregularity of life, as produced by the vant of healthy mental stimulus (vol. ii. 124). It is *rue*, but in the sense in which a good picture is true, hat is, it is truth passionately exaggerated. A cold tatement of the facts would be this:—

1. All men require a stimulus of some kind.

2. For men of superior intelligence, intellectual em-)loyment of a kind exactly suited to their peculiar gifts s the healthiest and most natural stimulus.

3. When debarred from this, they are more strongly empted to seek the stimulus of lower pleasures.

In answer to this, some people will say that we artists nd men of science are quite as immoral as men with-)ut any intellectual pursuits whatever; and that, con-equently, such pursuits have no moral good in them. have no space to argue this question here, but com-nend it to the reader's consideration.

I may add that the word "noblemen," as employed

at page 123, vol. ii., is not intended to include commoners descended from noble families, who *may*, perhaps, occasionally enter the inferior professions. I allude strictly to our *highest* caste, that is, to persons either already in the peerage, or likely to arrive there later in life.

Several artistic friends have expressed to me their disappointment that the book should be issued without illustrations. Good steel engravings would have raised the price of it too much, and I will not have delicate designs cut to pieces in wood. Etchings, on the other hand, or drawings electrotyped by Beslay's process, would have cost me more time than I could have spared. I hope, however, to issue a series of illustrations, *separately*, of a more important character than the size of these pages would admit.*

* A similar announcement with reference to "The Isles of Loch Awe" was strangely misinterpreted by several critics. They assumed, and positively put it so to their readers, that I had such a very high opinion of my poems that I must needs devote much study and labour to their illustration. They either could not see, or would not, that the etchings I intended to publish were not suggested by admiration of the poems, *but of the scenery to which the poems referred*, which is altogether a different matter. And now, when I propose to illustrate the scenery to which the first of these two volumes refers, let no reviewer tell me that the book is not worth illustrating. That is not the question. The question is, whether such scenery as that of Argyleshire deserves to be illustrated; and I, who have lived amongst it, affirm that it *does*.

The two little medallions on the cover are engraved from sketches of mine, but I am not responsible for their very defective execution; and only allow them to go forth because they are likely to interest the reader. That which represents the camp is strictly historical. Thus stood the camp on the island of Inishail, in the year 1857. The bell tent in the foreground is the kitchen. The tent on the left, with smoke issuing from the chimney, is Thursday's habitation; the hut on the right is my own. The other medallion rudely represents my boat, the *Britannia*, with the tent erected upon her deck.

SENS, *October* 7, 1862.



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INTRODUCTION.

THE AUTHOR PLANS HIS BOOK.

AT periods of extraordinary activity in any especial pursuit, distinction is hopeless for the individual worker who does not at least fully share the prevalent enthusiasm. The present epoch in English art is of this extraordinary character. Never in the history of the world has art extended its domain in new directions with such victorious ardour; never has so much private energy been devoted to its advancement; never have all the attributes of *life*, the vital force which refuses rest and stagnation, which disdains to repeat itself, and runs ever into new forms, manifested themselves in any art with such undeniable signs of power as now, in England, in the young and swiftly progressive art of painting.

I see clearly that at such a time as this the old ways of work are quite inadequate. The positive character which modern art is rapidly assuming, its devoted loyalty to natural law, and the vastly extended range of its effort, exact from the student a knowledge of

nature incomparably more profound than that which sufficed for his predecessors. I therefore determine to consider all that I have learned hitherto as nothing, and to recommence the study of art from its rudiments, regarding my past experience only as a severe master, who shall direct my progress by warning me of everything which might impede it. I will consider no labour beneath me which can advance me, and I will accept in perfect humility such elementary task-work as the pupils of the nearest drawing-master would contemptuously refuse.

I am going to put into execution plans of study whose full development will require several years. I wish to place on record, for my own use hereafter, and the advantage of others who may follow the same pursuits, whatever observations shall occur to me in the course of these years, which may be valuable to me or interesting to them. Shall I keep a diary? The idea does not please me, because such diaries as I have read never present any one subject in a complete form, but always in detached fragments. Life is composed of a thousand threads, of which each has its place in the great tapestry which every man tries to work out slowly and patiently after his own idea, but the labour of any single day is a meaningless fragment. I will rather watch and wait till floating fancies gain consistency, and the confusion of small events gives place to an intelligible order. Then, when the humour seizes me,

I will write a chapter and put it aside. I will dedicate two old portfolios to the preservation of these papers, one shall be entitled ACTION, and the other MEDITATION. In the first I will put such papers as concern the active life of a landscape-painter, and in the other such reflections as naturally occur to him whilst he labours, and are suggested by his work. A few years hence, when I have passed through the course of study I now prescribe to myself, I will send these papers to the press.

THE HOLLINS, NEAR BURNLEY,
LANCASHIRE,
September, 1856.

A PAINTER'S CAMP

IN THE HIGHLANDS.



CHAPTER I.

A WALK ON THE LANCASHIRE MOORS.

I HAD a wild walk yesterday. I have a notion of encamping on the Boulsworth moors to study heather, and, heartily tired of being caged up here in my library, with nothing to see but wet garden-walks and dripping yew-trees, and a sun-dial whereon no shadow had fallen the livelong day, I determined, in spite of the rain, to be off to the moors to choose a site for my encampment. Not very far from this house still dwells an old servant of my uncle's, with whom I am on the friendliest terms. So I called upon this neighbour on my way and asked him if he would take a walk with me to the hills. Jamie stared a little and remarked that "it ur feefil weet," but accompanied me nevertheless, and a very pleasant walk we had of it.

By climbing over innumerable stone walls, and following here and there the course of a narrow sloppy lane

for a few hundred yards, we got at last on the wild heath. I think no scenery in England could be sadder or wilder than such scenery as that in such weather. Fancy a vast bleak range of hills partitioned into fields by leagues upon leagues of stone walls, with here and there a dreary village where the quarrymen live who work in the stone-quarries on the hills, and one or two desolate mansions of the Elizabethan age standing forlorn on the bare hills, their fair parks cut up into pastures, their oak woods felled long ago, their wainscoted chambers empty and cold, and their lofty gables rent and tottering. These, with the uncouth manners of the peasantry, and the harshness of their northern dialect, recal vividly that wonderful flight of Jane Eyre from the house of Mr. Rochester. Those passages of landscape description which every one has admired in that marvellous novel were studied by the young woman who wrote it from this very country I am trying to describe now. We passed one or two little out-of-the-way houses that answered exactly to the description of that where Jane Eyre found shelter and friends, and any painter who would illustrate that part of the novel should come here for his backgrounds.

Having found a wild mountain-road we followed it till we came to the real heather region. I examined very carefully every spot which appeared favourable for camp-work, but have not yet decided which to choose finally. We had crossed the border of Yorkshire before we turned to come home, and I found a very fine wild valley with one side of it covered with magnificent stones, as big as Highland cottages, scattered

about like pebbles on the sea-shore. After spending some time amongst these stones seeking for natural compositions, I was forced to return homewards by another route, as night was coming on, and the moors were misty, and we were very likely to be lost.

And lost we were, and that utterly, for when we got out upon the great broad summit of the moor, night had come on, and I could not see my hand. Jamie was about a hundred yards from me when he began to get confused, and cried out,

"Mestur Gilburd, Mestur Gilburd, con yau tell me where Worsthorn lies?"

"Yes, certainly," I answered, in the most perfect confidence, "it lies down there in the west, where the wind comes from."

"Nay, nay," said Jamie; "I know naut abaat it mysen, but I dunnot think yau'll find it, sur, if yau go thither."

"Well, which way must we go, then?"

"I connot tell."

So I told Jamie to wait till we got together, and then I said we had better walk on till we came to a wall which I knew crossed the moor near some recent enclosures. And we kept together in the darkness, stumbling and falling over the boggy ground, through the pelting rain, as we best could, till I fell into a ditch, and in stretching forth my hands felt what seemed to be a rock immediately in front of me, and then by touching its surface, as a blind man reads an embossed book, discovered that it was of rude masonry and not rock, and then called out in triumph that I had found

the wall. On this rose a difference between us as to the direction in which we ought to follow our newly found guide; but, happily for both of us, I yielded the point and followed Jamie along the wall side for what seemed an interminable distance, till we came suddenly against another wall that ran at right angles to the first, and then we knew that the road lay there on the other side.

Our anxieties over I wanted to have a cigar, but my pockets were wet and matches spoiled. So we marched quickly along the road, which was just visible, and mile after mile of the black moorland passed away to the rear unperceived.

At last we came to a village, and seeing, by the glimmering light from a window, a crooked branch of oak, without bark or leaf, suspended over an open door, I knew that we were at the sign of the Crooked Billet in Worsthorn, and entered therein and lighted my long-deferred cigar and refreshed myself and Jamie with hot ale and the contemplation of a brightly-blazing fire, and then we came home.

Barbarous is the artistic design of the old carved bed I slept in here last night, and slender are its claims to a sculptor's admiration, but as I lay meditating in it after a luxurious bath, and watched the firelight glance unsteadily on grim visages carved deep in the dark panels, and on the absurd old pillars rashly built to outrage all the laws of construction and common sense, with their huge carved blocks of timber, held together by weak and slender shafts—and on the great oak tester these pillars painfully carried century after

century, they themselves trembling at every sound under their ponderous burden—I forgave for once all these picturesque barbarisms, and thought myself happy to lie once more under that threatening old tester rather than out on the wet moor with the cold, low rain-cloud for a canopy.

CHAPTER II.

THE AUTHOR INVENTS A NEW HUT.

I AM quite determined to encamp to study heather, there is none of it near enough to go to every day, and I must have a few careful studies of it, no matter what trouble and inconvenience they cost me. These green fields and pleasant pastures are all very well in their way, but no preparation for the Highland foregrounds; I hate prim hedges and smooth meadows, belted with plantations. The only valuable bit of study near at hand, is a little sandstone stream, but one cannot long work at the same kind of subject without getting contracted ideas.

If I go and live a month on the moor, I think it will be long enough to produce a satisfactory oil study of foreground detail. Then, if I find that camp life suits me, I intend to follow out the plan in the Highlands of Scotland for some months every year.

I have been very busily occupied with the invention of a new hut, which is at last finished, and which appears to promise every accommodation I require in a wonderfully small space. The hut is erected in the garden here, where it excites a good deal of curiosity. It consists entirely of panels, of which the largest are two feet six inches square; these panels can be carried

separately on packhorses, or even on men's backs, and then united together by iron bolts into a strong little building. Four of the largest panels serve as windows, being each of them filled with a large pane of excellent plate-glass. When erected, the walls present a perfectly smooth surface outside, and a panelled interior; the floor being formed in exactly the same manner, with the panelled or coffered side turned towards the earth, and the smooth surface uppermost. By this arrangement, all the wall-bolts are inside, and those of the floor underneath it, which protects them not only from the weather but from theft, an iron bolt being a great temptation to country people on account of its convenience and utility. The walls are bolted to the floor, which gives great strength to the whole structure, and the panels are carefully ordered, like the stones in a well-built wall, so that the joints of the lower course of panels do not fall below those of the upper. The roof is arched, and covered with waterproof canvas. I have been careful to provide a current of fresh air, by placing ventilators at each end of the arch, which insures a current without inconvenience to the occupant.

This hut is a perfect master-piece of joiner's work, and I have no doubt will completely answer my purpose. It would have been a great treasure in the Crimea, but the design is too expensive and too elaborate for military purposes. For the study of snow in windy weather, when the drifts are most beautiful, it will be a most precious addition to my artistic apparatus, for I shall be able to sit comfortably inside, and still see my subject through the plate-glass just as well as without

it, and yet be perfectly protected from the wind. I have described this little hut in detail, because I think some such invention might be of real service to our modern school of naturalistic landscape-painters, whose work from nature is of so exceedingly arduous a character, that it ought to have every facility that human ingenuity can contrive for it. I hope, ultimately, to ascertain experimentally how far inventions of this kind may assist artists in their endeavours after truth, and to publish for their benefit any results I may arrive at.

Since the hut was set up in the garden, many of our friends have seen it. One young lady thought it would make a good kennel for my big Newfoundland dog; but an old lady of rank would not hear of any such disparaging comments upon it, and declared very positively that she considered the hut a bit of most refined luxury, adding that she could live in it herself very happily indeed, if necessary.

I have invited one of my most intimate friends, and we have inaugurated the hut with a small banquet, at which we two only were present. The house being at no great distance, everything passed off satisfactorily enough, but I look forward with some anxiety to the difficulties of the culinary department when I am alone on the hill, with no friendly kitchen within call.

CHAPTER III.

UNDER CANVAS—THE WEATHER UNPROPITIOUS.

I AM in camp at last, on the frontier line between Lancashire and Yorkshire, on a vast moor which extends far in every direction. We carted the hut over the hills, and have erected it in a very convenient position. The road led us over ground so treacherous, that we were often axle-deep in the morass; but we arrived here safely after all and built the hut in its place before night-fall, when the men left me.

The rain pelted furiously in the evening, and I was fortunate in getting my house built during the fine hours of the afternoon. The wind, too, rose at night and howled wofully enough over the moor; but the hut seemed wonderfully snug and cosy, when I lighted my pipe and made myself a cup of tea.

When the pipe was finished, I slung my hammock and fell asleep; but during the night there came a storm of wind and rain, that made the hut tremble and quake before it. I awoke suddenly, and when restored to a full consciousness of my position, found myself alone in a sailor's hammock in a slight little wooden cabin, on the stormy heights of a northern moor.

My first sensation was that of imminent danger at sea. I thought the spray beat against the window of my cabin, but it was only the furious rain. I thought the sails

flapped above me in the storm, but it was only the canvas roof; I expected the cabin to pitch and roll, but it remained steadfast, though trembling in every fibre.

Then, at last, I became aware that I was not at sea, but only alone on the hills, a thousand feet above it; and I turned in my hammock with an ineffable sensation of profound comfort and satisfaction.

On awaking the next morning, I felt so warm and comfortable, that the idea of getting up was exceedingly repugnant to me; but, having reflected that I had no servants to prepare my breakfast, I came to the wise conclusion, that I had better bestir myself and get forward with my work. I had done very little towards effecting a convenient arrangement of all my things, when a boy arrived with milk, and offered to fetch me water and show me the nearest spring.

Whoever would realize my position here, should read "Jane Eyre" over again, and pay particular attention to her descriptions of the moor country. I am at the highest point of the mountain road from Burnley to Heptonstall, about two hundred yards from the border line of Lancashire. I enjoy my rambles on the moor exceedingly. I like the long lines of these hills, with their endless variety and sweet subtlety of curve. They are not mountains, nor have they any pretension to the energetic character of the true mountain-form; but they have a certain calm beauty and a sublime expression of gigantic power *in repose*, that we do not find in the loftier ranges. If I were not determined to study in the highlands of Scotland, I could find work enough in these Lancashire and Yorkshire highlands,

to last my life. They are deficient, however, in the grand element of *water*, and that is a sufficient reason why I have no business to remain here very long, when thousands of noble effects are passing every day from the great northern lakes unobserved and unrecorded.

I am down in a little dell, for shelter, and because the foreground here suits me; but I have only to walk a few yards, to see Pendle and all the blue Craven hills, which, from this elevation, look exceedingly grand; a few hundred feet lower, the base of Pendle shuts out all the others. There is a perfectly delightful little dell close at hand, that is completely hidden from the road, and I half repent I did not establish myself there instead of here, where my hut is visible to the passers-by, which will probably cause me some annoyance. As to the other hollow, I found it out by accident, and too late. It is a sweet natural lawn of short, soft grass, surrounded by a gigantic wall of ponderous rocks, all crowned and tufted with purple-flowering heather. A tiny stream of crystalline purity winds through this exquisite hollow, and one cannot help imagining that the fairies dance by moonlight on its delicate grass, and revel by its little stream.

I mentioned in the first chapter what a noble valley there is near here, and what magnificent stones. For studies of massive individual *stones*, the Flask Moor is as good as a Highland glen. Blocks equal in size to a good dining-room are strewn about with such colossal energy as almost to revive in one the infantine conception of Divine operation, and to lead one to imagine that a giant-god of mighty muscle and sinew had

hurled them about in the sportiveness of supernatural strength.

There are a few farm-houses in these wilds, some of them old, but for the most part not picturesque, and especially deficient in colour. The stone walls, that cut up the country into thousands of parallelograms and trapeziums, do not carry their geometry over the great heights of Boulsworth; but wherever land is enclosed in this region, it is always by these dull brownish-grey stone lines, hateful alike to the hunter and the artist.

The weather has been exceedingly rough since I took up my residence here. The first night was wet, as I said above, but the second a storm came on at dusk, and during the whole night a hurricane blew from the east, catching one end of my hut, and making it tremble and vibrate all night long. I had some fears for the gables, which are not so well supported as the other panels. However, they stood perfectly staunch; but often during the night, violent squalls shook my frail habitation and rattled its contents loudly. My tin salt-box rattled the whole night, or at least was busy rattling every time I awoke. A gust of extraordinary violence would come at intervals, flapping the canvas, so that it gave loud reports as a ship's sails do in a tempest. The driven rain whipped the window, pans danced and jingled on their shelves, the boards of the hut shrieked in the storm's path, and the canvas flapped with sharp reports like pistol-shots. I determined quietly what I would do if the wind tore the roof off, and having arranged all the details to my satisfaction in a sort of programme, turned over and fell asleep; and though

sometimes awaking afterwards to find myself in the dark, with such a confusion of noises about me as might almost have frightened me, I always immediately recollected where I was, turned over quietly, and fell asleep again. Sometimes the flapping of the canvas sounded unpleasantly like the efforts of some robber to break into the hut; but I did not think a thief would have the sense to choose a confusing night. My dog was well off the wind, as his kennel is to the west. In the morning, I made an unpleasant discovery. Before the hut was bolted together, I wished to grease the joints with tallow; but the joiner who made it, being very proud of his workmanship, had persuaded me that the joints were so exquisitely fitted, that there was no occasion for tallow at all; so I omitted that precaution, and the water gets in. I tried to tallow the joints inside, but could not keep the wet out.

The morning was terrific, and it rained incessantly all day; still I worked very steadily at my foreground. I drew the ground with perfect ease in all its detail, as deliberately as if I had been copying a picture in the Louvre. The subject I intend to paint here is an admirable study of foreground, rich in every variety of moorland vegetation, and I shall stay here until I have every leaf and blade of it on canvas. The season is already too far advanced for the finest purple of the heather bloom; but what remains of it is still precious, and an infinite variety of colour lies half-hidden under the blasted stems of the burnt heath. Delicate little ferns of the purest green lie close to spots of scarlet, as bright as the plumage of tropical birds. Then there

are those exquisite oases, where the grass is shorter and softer and greener than palace-lawns, and where, when you go near enough, you may see that a spring, pure and abundant, washes continually every blade with its sweet waters.

The evening did not promise much comfort: it was excessively stormy, and I did not lay my carpet down, on account of the wet. I did contrive however to give some appearance of comfort to matters, and drank my cup of tea in peace; after which, I got a pipe and a book. I set pans to catch the water, which now dropped at many places, and having hung my hammock in the middle instead of at one side of the hut as usual, and unscrewed the legs from my table to get it out of the way, got into bed and fell asleep directly, in the midst of a thousand noises.

The storm went on, I suppose, during the night with its old fury; for this morning it seems not at all abated. The wind, however, has veered to the north-east, and so I am better sheltered than yesterday. I am getting a little tired of hearing the water drop into my pans, and beat against my house; but so accustomed to it, that it is beginning to seem quite the normal state of things, and an odd sort of feeling begins to gain upon me, that I am alone in a dreary land, where it raineth for ever and for ever.

CHAPTER IV.

THE AUTHOR HIS OWN HOUSEKEEPER AND COOK.

WHILST writing a letter this evening to a friend at a distance, it occurred to me to give him a detailed history of one day, as the most likely way to make him understand the sort of life I am leading here. Before sealing the letter, I will copy out that passage for my portfolio.

A.M.

6.0.—Awake, and feel far too comfortable to get up, especially on wet mornings, so turn over on the other side and go to sleep again.

6.45.—Begin to think seriously of getting up.

7.0.—The absolute necessity of getting up presents itself to my mind with terrible distinctness. Begin to feel hungry, and remember that there is nobody here to care whether I am hungry or not, and that if I don't want to perish of sheer famine, I had better get up without farther hesitation and make myself some breakfast.

7.10.—Rise vigorously and make my bed. This operation is performed as follows:—I fold the blankets and sheets together till they assume the dimensions of a cushion, about three feet six by one foot three inches. This cushion, decently inclosed in a railway rug, forms a truly decorous

and even luxurious protection from the hard oak military chest I sit upon during the day. The hammock being rolled up into the compass of a cylinder two feet six inches long, by four inches in diameter, is strapped well out of the way against one wall of the hut.

7.15.—Make my toilet out of doors in all weathers, often in a neighbouring stream. Brush my clothes, oil my boots, and dress. Having trimmed and lighted my spirit-lamp, and set the pan on with water in it for porridge, rewash my hands and make a large mess of porridge, one half of which I commonly consume myself, whilst the other is destined for the dog, who is the *gentleman* of the establishment in the vulgar sense of the title, as he does nothing whatever for his living.

8.0.—Milk-boy arrives punctually. I eat my porridge with new milk. After this the inevitable toils of washing-up.

8.30.—Go out for half an hour, and walk a mile on the moor with my dog.

9.0.—Set to work at my painting. Paint four hours.

P.M.

1.0.—Lunch, and take another ramble with the dog.

2.0.—Resume painting.

5.0.—Cease painting for the day. Clean brushes, then set about cooking, and generally produce dishes of great novelty, entirely different from anything I intend. The totally unexpected character of these results lends great zest to

my experiments in culinary science. Dine. After dinner the woful drudgery of washing-up! At this period of the day, am seized with a vague desire to espouse a scullery-maid, it being impossible to accommodate one in the hut without scandal, unless in the holy state of matrimony; hope no scullery-maid will pass the hut when I am engaged in washing-up, as I should be sure to make her an offer.

7.30.—On fine moonlight evenings take a walk on the moors, on wet ones stay in-doors. The hut is delightful at night, when my curtains are drawn and candles lighted. The wilder the night the better. When the storm-wind sweeps the desolate moors, I only feel that extreme sensation of comfort that one experiences in the snug cabin of a nobleman's yacht far away on the dark seas. Fancy a miniature interior, wainscotted with white panels like those in old country houses that some Vandal has whitened in Queen Anne's classic time; fancy this interior arched over with a roof of emerald green, with little curtains of the same colour before its windows, and a dark red carpet on its tight wooden floor; the walls hung with choice little engravings, a book or two on the table, a cup of tea, and the kettle singing over a spirit-lamp. Then, with a cigar, or perhaps a long, grave-looking meerschaum, and a favourite author, I recline luxuriously in this miniature palace, and chuckle inwardly as I think of

certain friends who fancy me shivering with cold and half frozen in the long, dark nights. My great dog, too, lies stretched on the warm carpet till the time comes to break up this pretty picture of repose, and then he goes to his canvas kennel, where he has plenty of clean straw to lie in and a big bone to play with.

11.0.—Sling my hammock. Put a loaded revolver on the table, then spread on the stretched hammock a sack of white counterpane containing two inner sacks; one of blanketing and the other of sheets, cunningly sewn together according to a plan of my own, whereby the chief inconvenience of a narrow bed, namely, the certainty that the clothes will be all on the ground before morning, is happily overcome. So I enter with much circumspection the narrow neck of this treble sack, and having fairly bagged myself, extinguish the candles and thus conclude the day.

If ever again I spend a few months in France, I shall certainly apprentice myself to a cook. Every one who has the most remote chance of being thrown on his own resources, should study cookery as a science. Here am I in the wilderness, incapable of preparing the plainest English dinner without some inevitable catastrophe! Any handy little French soldier would live here like a prince.

There is but one thing I can cook tolerably, and that is, porridge. I always make porridge for breakfast and

eat it with new milk. The advantages of hot porridge over coffee and eggs are numerous, chiefly on account of economy of time. Porridge, however, requires salt, which, of course, I continually forget to put in, as, if there is any possibility of making a mistake, I am sure to make it. One does not recognize any saline taste in good cookery, but when the salt is omitted, there is an unpleasant insipidity.

My dinner to-day was rather ambitious, being an attempt to imitate the Parisian *côtelette de mouton aux pommes de terre.* The potatoes are cut into thin slips and the cutlets fried ; but I entirely failed to obtain that dry yellow crispness that the French cooks give to their potatoes, and I cannot conceive how they manage it.* I cannot say much for my cooking apparatus. It consists of two spirit-lamps, one under the other. With one alone the heat is insufficient. With both it is so excessive as to spoil not only the viands, but the apparatus itself, which is only soldered, and solder is easily fusible. My stove is all in pieces, and now my frying-pan is ruined, for the tin lining has melted, though there was plenty of grease, and I turned the cutlet continually. I must have a little iron frying-pan.

The result of these annoyances is, that I mean to get as much provision as I can eat whilst it is good, by a weekly messenger from home, and to confine my cookery

* I ought to have used more grease. The French cooks fry potatoes in great quantities of melted lard, so as to immerse them in a sea of boiling oil. Thus they may be sufficiently cooked without losing that artistic gold-colour I was trying for. It is very well, however, that I knew no better. If I had suspected that plenty of lard was all that was wanted, I should infallibly have set fire to my habitation.

to porridge, coffee and tea, eggs, and a cutlet occasionally. I expect Jamie here one of these days with a basketful of roast beef, roast grouse, potted partridge, and other provisions; in the meantime, I have nothing but raw meat in a safe outside the hut, and must struggle bravely against adversity. O for the skill of a Soyer!—and materials to exercise it upon.

But what I hate most is the washing-up. I tried it once with cold water, but it would not do, the fat stuck faster than ever to the plates. I know better now, and heat the water, which melts the fat, and so I get my plates tolerably clean. How I do admire and respect all scullery-maids! What skill and industry do they not all exhibit! these young ladies whose profession, in this wise country of ours (as Thackeray said of painting), is scarcely looked upon as liberal.

How pleasant it would be if one could live upon the incense of cigars! A cigar needeth not to be cooked, and it entaileth not the subsequent troubles of washing-up. A cigar will keep for years, it is light and portable, it is a very miracle of convenience! It yieldeth its sweet smoke in a moment, and wearieth not the patience of him who desireth its consolations. O how happy would that painter be who could dwell for weeks upon the lonely hills, with no other provision than the contents of a little pink-edged box of cedar-wood, decorated with outlandish heraldries, and an inscription in the Spanish tongue!

CHAPTER V.

ADVANTAGES OF THE HUT.

HERE am I, painting from nature on a Lancashire moor twelve hundred feet high, in the month of October, in a storm of wind and rain, with my colour-box on a table by my side, and every convenience and comfort about me. Any one who doubts the utility of this hut may come and do without it what I have done to-day. For six hours I have calmly studied the heather tuft by tuft, and the grass blade by blade, and the green mosses and delicate small fern, when you would not have turned a dog out of doors, and the shepherds themselves refuse to wander on the hills. On such a day what painter could work outside in the wind? I can scarcely conceive the results to my success in art that may follow from this contrivance. My winter studies will be as perfect as my summer ones.

The weather is of little consequence now, as far as work is concerned. I shall keep steadily to my painting, however wet it may be, unless the wind should cover my plate glass with raindrops, which will only happen when it is in the west, and even then I could study out of another of my four windows. An exceedingly heavy fog would also interrupt even foreground study, but from mere wind and cold I have

nothing to fear. Every morning I awake close to my work, and, as the place is lonely enough, may reasonably hope to pursue it in peace. The bitterest gale that ever stiffened the morass would not benumb my hand, and I could copy the storm-sculptured curves and azure shadows of the snowdrift as deliberately as the purple heaths of autumn, or the tender flowers of spring.

Yes, the hut is a success! Greater space with greater portability might perhaps be desirable, and in some future embodiment of the same idea not difficult to realize. Still, the plan has succeeded to the full. I can study nature now in winter as well as in summer. I have gained six months a year for my art. Ten years of life are as good to me now as twenty were before! There will be no limit to my progress in the knowledge of nature but the limits of life itself. I shall not have to shut myself up and fret my heart out in a studio every wet day. In the Highlands I shall not lose sixty or seventy per cent. of daylight hours on account of the climate.

I begin to see already how this idea may be expanded into still greater usefulness. The heat and glare of summer are almost as troublesome to a painter as rain and cold. I perceive that this hut, which protects me well enough against cold, would be no protection whatever against heat; it is not lofty enough, nor large enough. But no mere inconvenience of climate ought to conquer a painter who is really anxious to study, and at the same time both ingenious in devising expedients and determined in the application of them.

The study of nature having been hitherto the smallest and most neglected part of the labours of the landscape-painter, instead of the great enjoyment and aim of his existence, it is not wonderful that an age so fertile in other useful inventions should have been able to hit upon no better contrivance to shelter a painter during his hours of study than a white cotton umbrella, or a little tent with one end open. The truth is, nobody has cared enough about the matter to be thoroughly in earnest. Turner's work, and Stanfield's too, and all the work of the minor painters who aim at the same results, is essentially a matter of memory and invention—memory as to effect, invention as to sub-ordinate detail and arrangement of subject. To paint well on these principles requires colossal powers, and even granting him such genius as occurs perhaps once in several centuries, the painter who works on such principles is liable to frequent failures, and failures precisely of that kind which a fastidious public is less and less disposed to tolerate in every successive Academy exhibition. But since in the study of nature there are two distinct classes of difficulties, the intellectual difficulties, which affect only the mind of the artist, and the physical difficulties, which affect first his body, yet necessarily the mind also through the body, it is evident that whoever will entirely eliminate even one class only of these difficulties will have rendered an inestimable service to art. By relieving the painter from all physical inconvenience you also assist him in his intellectual labour, and that to a degree scarcely conceivable by any one not practically an artist. For

the unrecorded tortures of burning sun, and bitter wind, and biting frost, and penetrating rain, the Egyptian plagues of flies, the Russian plagues of hail and snow—all hard enough to be borne even by strong soldiers in constant exercise—are terrible trials to a refined artist, delicately organized, who has to support them with the quiet patience of a martyr.

Nobody knows what it is, who has not tried, to sit from morning till night before an easel in the open air, exposed to every caprice of the weather, with a pulse not quickened to resistance by vigorous exercise, but languidly yielding to the gradual mastery of the cruel cold. The policeman and the sentinel may march about, the disengaged cabman may beat his blood into something like circulation by throwing his arms across his breast, but the painter is employed on work so delicate, that, as he lays on his tenderest touches he cannot even breathe, respiration itself being too disturbing a movement, and the only chance of stirring he can hope for is in deserting his post altogether from time to time. Then the rain comes to dabble his drawing, and he puts it hastily by, and waits perhaps half a day for a chance of returning to his work. So his precious time for study slips out of his hands and leaves no complete or perfect result, but only unfinished fragments, discouragement, and vexation.

Does not the intellectual labour of the artist provide trials enough for the saintliest patience, without joining to its inevitable difficulties the simultaneous sufferings of the body? We painters have no particular vocation

for voluntary martyrdom. The mortification of our bodies will not make our pictures perfect, but the reverse. It is not amongst our duties to injure or destroy the delicate machinery with which we produce our results, but rather to protect it from every adverse influence, and preserve it in the highest attainable state of efficiency.

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT THE PEOPLE THINK.

"WHAT I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think. This rule," says Emerson, "equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness."

When art shall be better understood, its followers will have less occasion for the spirit of self-reliance, but in our day the only philosophy for the painter is the Emersonian doctrine of individualism. It is, however, very unpleasant to have to assume this ungracious attitude of resistance and opposition. It is especially distasteful to persons who, like myself, have a keen relish for friendship, and to whom the society of cultivated persons is a necessary of life. And yet there is no help for it. I find it quite impossible to make people understand what I am here for, all explanation is useless. There is nothing left to me but quiet persistence and the patient endeavour to keep my temper, with God's help.

With one or two honourable exceptions, the good folks here, whenever they hear of a painter, think it is a sort of artisan whose trade it is to draw their horses and dogs, and they cannot comprehend, for the life of them, what I can find to paint in such an out-of-the-way place as this. People who are not only no judges

of landscape-painting, but not even aware of its existence as a living and progressive art in England, are of course astonished when they hear me assign as a reason for my hermit life on this hill that I am painting a study of heather.* They have a dim notion about painters that they go to Rome when they can afford it, and copy Claude, but as for painting on a moor, why, moors were made to be shot over. Rich people often suppose the end of art to be the direct adoration of Wealth; either by painting its portrait, or its wife's portrait, or its horse, or its dog, or its dwelling-house, or anything that is its. This is quite a country gentleman's conception of art, and we ought to regard it leniently, for it requires much education to enable a man of property to comprehend that objects of little value in themselves may be inestimably precious to an artist, and that even the squire's big house, and his well-groomed hunters, and rich, neatly-fenced fields may not be worth so much, artistically valued, as a poor cottage on the mountains, with a goat grazing at the door, and a half-wild fawn crouching in the heather, that the children feed, for it is motherless.

It would be exceedingly weak and silly to allow oneself to be angry with kind friends on this account, especially since it is quite clear that their comments

* The son of a Lancashire country gentleman once observed to the author, "There is no painting now; we never hear of any painters." He did not know that there was a Royal Academy in England; he had never heard anybody mention modern painters. The father of this youth declared to the author that he would not give ten pounds for the finest picture in the world, unless to sell it at a profit; and these were people of property, and belonging to a family whose descent was not merely ancient, but illustrious.

proceed less from ill-nature than honest, unaffected astonishment; still, to be frank, I am getting somewhat weary of the polite expressions of wonder that have reached me from every quarter for some time now. The marvel is a month old, at least, and nine days is the extreme degree of longevity to which any marvel, even a provincial one, ought legitimately to attain.

I do not think this little enterprise has much affected my standing with the upper classes. I have a convenient reputation for eccentricity, which allows me to do whatever I will. After the first wonderment about my hut-life has exhausted itself, I should think it probable that it will be remembered only as a mere whim or freak. It may perhaps excite a little hostility amongst the more ignorant sort of gentry, but they will be too polite to trouble me very much with their impressions, and I don't care what they say behind my back.

But I have certainly lost caste in the popular estimate. I am even beginning to feel that I am not respectable, and to lose the relish for respect. If any one were to treat me as a gentleman now I should be very much astonished, and hardly know how to support the dignity.

In what consists this subtle element, this etherial emanation, this transient halo of glory that shines on high caste? In modern society what *is* caste?

That it is easily lost is evident. Mine evaporated in an hour over the heat of Soyer's magic stove. The first time I cooked my own dinner all my forefathers disowned me.

The popular notion of a gentleman is that he has

plenty of money and nothing to do. If you are not utterly helpless you are no gentleman. If you would be respected, be lazy. Beware of the sin of self-reliance. It is very well for great men like the Czar Peter, the Emperor Napoleon, and the Duke of Wellington to be active and self-reliant; we of the middle class must be lazier than they if we would inspire awe in the bosoms of our inferiors.

I knew an Oriental Envoy once at the Hôtel du Louvre, at Paris; we studied French together for some weeks. The waiters called him "the Prince"—he was no prince at all, but only a rich private gentleman. A brother of one of the kings of Europe was staying in the same hotel at the same time, but my friend outshone the genuine blood-royal, and remained *the Prince* during our stay there, though he refused the title twenty times a day. At last he asked me why the people would persist in making him a prince against his will. "My good fellow," said I, "it's because you are so royally lazy. These people have a graduated scale by which they measure a man's rank. 'Man,' they argue, 'is naturally an idle animal, only when poor he is forced to do everything for himself. Therefore, the less a man can do for himself, the richer he is likely to be. Now this Eastern gentleman is absolutely helpless—as helpless as a baby a month old, he cannot even put on his slippers without assistance, and therefore, of course, he is somebody very great indeed. He is a prince, at least, that is certain!'"

The peasants on these outlandish moors argue precisely like the Parisian waiters. "A real gentleman

is as helpless as a child, but this man can cook for himself, and seems quite independent of assistance, *therefore*, he is no gentleman." There is no danger of *my* being inconvenienced by princely honours. On my arrival here I found that a gruff gamekeeper looked upon me as a possible poacher, farmers asked me what I hawked, and drovers thought I kept a dram-shop. Women came to have their fortunes told, and children to see a show.

Since I neither poached game, nor sold spoons, nor retailed gin, nor told fortunes, nor exhibited wild beasts, these several hypotheses are by the most part abandoned. I am still, however, so far from being respected, that of the thousand questions put to me by curious peasants who flock from all parts of the country to see me, not ten per cent. are without insolence, at least of manner.

I never before thoroughly understood the contempt the English have for poverty. A gentleman who fancied his inferiors very civil and polite, would learn to distinguish between the deference yielded to his money and the true politeness which is universal as the sunshine, by abandoning for a week or two the external advantages of his position, as I have done here.

The notions of the peasantry on the subject of the art itself are, as is to be expected, even less elevated than the ideas of the upper class. The country people always suppose landscape-painting to be land-surveying; a mistake likely to be universal throughout England, since the Ordnance surveys. I was painting an oil study of an oak tree some time ago, and a gamekeeper

in going his rounds came every day to see how I got on. A quiet expression of contempt, mingled with pity, and tempered with a lively sense of the ludicrous, illuminated his intellectual physiognomy as he watched me at work. He evidently did not think such a valueless old tree worth "mappin" at all, and, as my study advanced towards its conclusion, asked every day with something of impatience, when I "should a' done mappin' th' oud tree?"

Droves of pack-horses cross these hills frequently with lime. I know the owners of them tolerably well, having sometimes had occasion for their ponies. Meeting one of these drovers the other day, I recognised in the driver an old friend of mine, who always keeps up the acquaintance with much polite assiduity, having ultimate views to pints of ale. The following conversation on the fine arts then took place between us.

DROVER.—Eh, why, Mestur Amerton, is tat yau?

THE AUTHOR.—Yes, you did not expect to find me here?

DROVER.—Why, noah, it's sich a lonesome sort of a place, loike.

THE AUTHOR.—Well, but I live here now, I'm not far from my new house—you must come and look at it, and have a drop of whiskey.

DROVER.—Thank ye, sir, thank ye, but I'n never yerd tell o' yau biggin a new ayus, I allus thout yau're livin' at th' Ollins.

THE AUTHOR.—Oh, I've built a wonderful house—about the size of a hen-cote, it's only a wooden one, you must know.

DROVER.—Why, an' what are ye' livin' up 'ere for, i' sich a mooryet place? Are ye shootin' loike, Mestur Amerton?

THE AUTHOR.—No, I have not killed a grouse since I came here. I came here to paint a picture.

DROVER.—A *picthur?*—why, an' what's tat?

THE AUTHOR—(*adopting the drover's dialect to be better understood*). It's one o' them things as rich folks 'angs up i' their 'ouses i' goold frames, yau know, to make their walls look fine. Yau'n sin picthurs wi' shaps o' Prince Alburd, an' th' Queen, an' th' Duke o' Wellinton, an' sich loike, i' o colours. Them's picthurs; naah yau knaw, dunnut ye?*

Then glimmering visions of cottage art arose before the soul of the drover, dim recollections of saints and soldiers in gorgeous hues, and his old eye brightened with a beam of intelligence. We had now arrived at the hut. Gratitude for the whiskey, and perhaps also the pleasing influences of the cordial itself gave my poor friend such sudden power of criticism that he expressed his appreciation in the warmest manner, and as politely, in his way, as the most complimentary after-dinner connoisseur.

It being universally settled and decided for me all the country over that I am land-surveying, it is no use contradicting the good folks any longer. Why not accept the position?

* For the convenience of Southrons I translate the above learned definition of a picture. "It's one of those things that rich people hang up in their houses, in gold frames, you know, to make their walls look fine. You've seen pictures with shapes (likenesses) of Prince Albert and the Queen, and the Duke of Wellington, and such like, in all colours. Those are pictures; now you know, don't you?"

I am, however, considered a very slow surveyor. There are men in the neighbouring towns who could survey the whole mountain in a week, and here am I, wasting a month over a few square yards of it. The people say that I am the slowest and most incapable bungler that ever measured an acre of land.

There are two exceptions to the general impression that I am engaged in surveying land. But the estimate which these two superior persons have formed of my capacity for art is not flattering. It is true that neither of them has seen my picture, but that is as unnecessary for these rustic judges as for a London journalist. My country critics ground their argument simply upon the length of time which I bestow upon the work. One of them has proved to the satisfaction of all his friends that I am a great fool to come here and spend whole weeks on the production of a picture, when I might buy one equally good at Colne fair, with frame, glass, and all, for sixpence. The other has heard that my canvas is only three feet square, and has demonstrated from arithmetical data that I am the slowest workman in Lancashire, as there are plenty of painters who could paint all the wood-work in a farm-house in less than a week.

CHAPTER VII.

TROUBLESOME VISITORS.

AS I lay in my hammock in the dark—I know not at what hour of the night or early morning—I heard a horrible yell. It was close to the door of my hut; so close that it seemed to proceed from some idiot, or wild beast, or fiend, that had already penetrated to the interior. I was startled out of my sleep, and grasped my revolver before I had any clear notion of the kind of attack I had to apprehend. A minute afterwards, wide awake, I sat listening to the most virulent abuse imaginable; holding all the while the loaded revolver, and watching the door noiselessly; ready, on the first attempt against it, to send a bullet or two through its thin wooden panels. A large stone through the window seemed more to be expected than an attack upon the door; but, unless the stone disabled me, I felt sure of wounding the besieger in any case, and so reserved my five barrels for the last extremity.

I cannot repeat, in a paper intended for future publication, the particular phrases of invective directed against me by my visitor; and it is impossible, without such repetition, to give a true idea of their bitterness. It is enough to say that he exhausted every term of reproach, and every expression of hatred, which is to be found in such English as they speak in this desert;

that he poured upon me the whole vocabulary of foulness, and that the delicately-chosen theme of his discourse was the death of my own mother.

It was a genuine commination—a denouncing of God's wrath—a worse than priestly anathema—a great and mighty cursing! The theological hatreds of centuries have not produced a more powerful formula than the simple improvisation of this man's anger.

Now I reasoned with myself, "This fellow may attack me, and I have certainly a good chance of preventing him, for the deal door is no impediment whatever to a bullet; still, though his talk is irritating enough, I have clearly no right to shoot him merely because he calls me hard names. So I will be as quiet as I can till he attacks me with some other member than his tongue only." Wherefore I sat up in bed as calmly as my now increasing irritation would allow, and directed my revolver to the door or the window as the voice changed its direction.

It was a queer position, certainly. "What if this fellow is only vexing me," I thought, "so as to make me open the door of the hut to him and his accomplices?" He called out continually, "Shoot! shoot, man, shoot!" which might mean that he wanted me to discharge any firearms I had before he attempted to break in upon me. This was a proof that the fellow knew I was armed, but there was nothing remarkable in that circumstance, as I had taken especial care to make my means of defence generally known by practising often with my pistol. So I thought the wisest plan would be to sit still for the present and do nothing, as it would be an embarrassing position for me if the

country people found a dead man at my door next morning, with a bullet in him, and a little hole through the door, indicating whence the bullet had come. "There is no telling how stupid a jury may be," thought I; "and, besides, if I shoot this fellow, I shall be served up by ten thousand penny-a-liners in all the newspapers in England, and a pretty affair they will make of my camp life here, and the reasons for it."

Suddenly the commination came to a close, the torrent of anathemas was arrested, the horrible howls, the demoniac laughter, and the piercing yells which had succeeded each other now for many minutes, ceased altogether, a wild shriek or two came from the moor, fainter and fainter, as if retiring in the distance, then all was still.

A little suspicious at first of this sudden stillness, I listened attentively for some sound that might indicate a less noisy but more dangerous attack, but I was soon tired of listening, and so laid my revolver in its case which I left open, and then fell asleep.

Again I was roused suddenly by the same voice, but this time it was in daylight. The cursing was renewed in all its old vigour, but as I now felt sure that the fellow, though noisy enough, was a thorough coward, and dared not attack me till I had first discharged my revolver, I paid no attention, but got a book and tried to read. When the man left me the heathcocks crowed, and the early sun shone through the green curtains, and it was time to get up. So the affair ended in nothing after all.

During the whole time my big dog never even growled. He is quite worthless.

They call the poachers here, "the Night Hunters." I expect a visit from them every night, and queer visitors they are likely to be. I have a revolver and dog, but the revolver has only five barrels, and the dog is the most amiable and hospitable creature imaginable, and would receive a fellow that came to murder me as politely as my most intimate friend. If the Night Hunters do me the honour to call upon me, I mean to pursue a peace policy. For the present I keep within doors at night, when these banded outlaws range the moors.

The Night Hunters in this neighbourhood are as determined a set of blackguards as ever leagued themselves together for a lawless enterprise. Fancy thirty or forty of them in a gang, well-armed, and with blackened faces. On one occasion a company of sixty set out on a shooting excursion, some of them dressed in women's clothes, others as devils with straw tails, and all of them in the wildest masquerade, and not to be recognised by the sharpest of detectives. The keepers would as soon have thought of attacking a French army as this gang of desperadoes. If they take it into their heads to upset my box when I'm inside it, that will be pleasant! Nothing could be more likely to afford the fellows congenial amusement, and then, perhaps they may set fire to it, and the pitched canvas of the roof would burn delightfully on a dry night! Then it would be quite a clever and facetious practical joke to send a charge of shot through the window, a witticism all the pleasanter that the modest author of it could so easily remain anonymous.

Some years ago these merry foresters took it into their heads to have a day's shooting on the cultivated lands nearer the valley. They made a descent on three estates belonging to friends or relations of mine. It was quite a Highland raid. The Night Hunters brought with them people to beat the covers, and others to carry the game, and, in spite of landlords and game-keepers, bagged a rich booty of hares and pheasants, with which they returned unmolested to their mountains.

The proprietor of the best moor in this neighbourhood is organising a little regiment of rustics for the protection of his grouse. They say that each man will have half-a-crown and his supper every time he goes on duty. This will be too expensive to be continued long, and therefore the protection will be only temporary, whereas, to be effective, it must necessarily be permanent. All systems of defence are useless, which have only an intermittent character when the danger to be apprehended is constant.

As for the poachers themselves, they are partly actuated by the love of adventure; partly by the hunter's instinct, which they share with their betters; and partly by a rude but half-chivalrous desire to avenge such friends of theirs as have found their way to the penal settlements in consequence of similar irregularities.

The Night Hunters have left me unmolested. No excursion of theirs has hitherto extended so far as this place. Still I have plenty of visitors, and instead of being weary of the loneliness of this place, as all my friends think I must of necessity be by this time, I am constantly wishing it were much lonelier.

I am the centre of attraction to all the country people within a circle fourteen miles in diameter. Immense numbers of women and children come to see the hut; the male visitors are less numerous, but more troublesome and impertinent. If my dog were worth anything I could keep these people at a respectful distance, but I have no means whatever of doing so on my own responsibility. Without being bloodthirsty, I confess it would give me much pleasure to shoot a few spectators occasionally, by way of teaching them to be civil; but prudence compels me to keep the revolver in its box, and put as good a countenance on the matter as my feelings of irritation will permit.

I can fully understand the refined tortures of a monkey of modest disposition exhibited in a menagerie. I am like one of Wombwell's animals, shown daily, without either pleasure or profit to himself, to a pitiless crowd at a village fair; but I have the peculiar disadvantage of understanding the language in which the various commentaries on my person are expressed.

My plate-glass windows are exceedingly convenient, since they allow the public to inspect the animal at its usual occupations; most interesting observations in natural history being thus rendered possible, as in the case of the glass beehives at the French Universal Exhibition. From frequent observations of this kind, made with the utmost care by several eminent zoologists, it appears that I, the animal in question, am not of a gregarious disposition, that I eat the flesh of birds and other animals, but not in a raw state; and that I am remarkable for my industry, being continually

occupied with a kind of labour whose object and utility are still the subject of various learned conjectures. The important question whether I am acquainted with the use of fire is not as yet satisfactorily settled, but there are reasons for supposing that I am, since the flesh I devour has evidently been subjected to the action of heat; still this question remains somewhat obscure, no trace whatever of fuel having been discovered in my cell, nor any orifice for the escape of smoke.

Years hence, when this is printed, the reader will think these passages exaggerated; he will not believe that I am stared at like a wild beast. I tell him that the manners of a set of villagers to an itinerant brown bear are pleasanter and more courteous, and in every way less intolerable, than the manners of these Lancashire and Yorkshire clowns are to me.

Take last Sunday as an example. I was walking on the moor, with my dog, and rested on the hill whence I could see the hut. Groups began to collect about it soon, and when it was time to lunch, I had to make my way through a little crowd of forty spectators, who did not seem in the least disposed to abdicate the seats they had taken possession of when the principal attraction came upon the scene. Any properly disposed dog would have resented this impudence, but mine walked pleasantly up to the forty spectators, and wagged a canine welcome. As for me, being hungry, I got into my hut as quickly as possible, shut the door, and put up the little green curtains. I could hear very plainly all the lively talk outside, and was soon aware that the crowd was increasing fast. I had a cold grouse or

a partridge to lunch, I forget which; but I remember it was unfortunately necessary to get it from the meat-safe outside, and the innumerable observations that this simple action gave rise to, were really wonderful in their variety and interest. But to be so near the animal at feeding-time, and not to see it feed, was a bitter disappointment! Fifty or sixty of the spectators (their numbers had now immensely increased) attempted, therefore, to obtain a view through the four windows, but without much success, on account of the curtains. One man, however, effected the discovery that, through a crevice between the curtain and the window-frame a portion of my neck was visible, and forthwith there were twenty candidates for his advantageous position. Having finished luncheon, I determined to remove the curtains one by one, long enough to stimulate, without satisfying, the curiosity of the spectators outside. As I lifted each curtain, I found the pane pressed by a dozen noses; then rose a sudden shout, followed by an intensely eager enumeration of whatever peculiarity each had observed; so that, although the time I allowed was scarcely long enough for the wet collodion process, the combination of many observers, with retinæ more highly excited than any film of collodion, realised a tolerably characteristic portrait.

In short, the hut is a fashionable lounge. Girls come here to see their sweethearts, and young men to see the girls. On Sunday came a great bevy of bright-eyed damsels out of Yorkshire, led by a fine young Yorkshireman, and escorted by others. The leader of this fair procession silenced me by a very cleverly turned

compliment. I said, "Well, you're a lucky fellow to have so many fine girls with you!" whereupon he replied, on behalf of his companions, "Why, sir, you see they've heard tell, where they come fro', 'at there's a feefil * 'ansome young chap 'at's comed a livin' 'ere fur a bit, an' they couldn't 'old fro' comin' to see 'im." One old woman came seven miles to see me, so I asked her in, and explained to her my cooking apparatus and hammock. She went away delighted with what she had seen, and rewarded for her pilgrimage. With strangers I always feign total ignorance of English, answering them only in French, to cut short the else inevitable string of questions. These questions are rather imperative than interrogative, and I have commonly remarked that certain classes of people, in asking the most ordinary question of any one whose appearance does not altogether command their respect, have the air of demanding information rather than requesting it. It was by accident that I happened to think of this expedient of answering in French. One afternoon I was singing one of Frédéric Bérat's delightful songs, when a gruff Yorkshireman presented himself suddenly before the window I was looking through as I sat at work, and, naturally enough, my thoughts being at the moment far across the Channel, I told him in French to get away from between me and my subject. He stared very oddly, I thought, and then I remembered that I was by no means in the country of Frédéric Bérat, but in the

* *Feefil* is an old Saxon word which now answers to the English *very*. I do not remember whether its meaning has changed since the Norman invasion.

land of the Lancashire dialect; yet, seeing that the happiest results followed from my mistake, I have since put it into common practice. It was fatiguing to have to explain twenty times a-day that I didn't hawk anything, but was there to study landscape, and that landscape painting was not land surveying, and that I cooked with a spirit-lamp, and that my Newfoundland dog was young, and that the hut was easily taken to pieces, and that it came in a cart, and so on.

I have a mad friend who comes and sits in the hut whilst I paint, and sings psalms. He dreams dreams, and has the gift of prophecy. He predicted the erection of a house in this place, and regards me with a peculiar affection, as the fulfiller of his sayings. He is civil and attentive in his way, and always calls for letters when he goes to the town in the valley. This crazed creature has many good qualities. He lives in a farm-house near here, where no woman is kept, and does all the work of a farmer's wife and woman-servant: they say too that he does this unmasculine work very well indeed, being exceedingly cleanly and industrious. He is a good workman, too, in his masculine capacity, and very strong, physically. His mental ailment produces great wildness of manner, varying in intensity from time to time, but he is not dangerous to anybody who is kind to him, as I am. The enthusiasm of this poor fanatic adds to the wild character of the place. I can fancy myself on the moors above Wuthering Heights, and certainly, if Southern critics had lived here, they would be better able to understand the power and truth of what must seem to them a very strange story indeed.

CHAPTER VIII.

TENTS AND BOATS FOR THE HIGHLANDS.

SINCE writing the last chapter, I have descended from my hermitage on the hill, but not without having brought my picture to a satisfactory conclusion. I am none the worse for the experiment, in any way, and have learned more about camp life in one month of actual apprenticeship than if I had studied it in books of travel for twelve.

I intend to go to the Highlands in the spring, and encamp there several months. I cannot settle down, as Constable did, to paint subjects of inferior interest, when an inexhaustible land of pictures lies to the north at a distance of only three days' journey.

In the midst of mere green fields, the higher artistic faculties, such for instance, as the sense of colour, must get debilitated from sheer want of exercise. The pleasant green of a good pasture is all very sweet in its way, especially to cockneys who live surrounded by streets of hideous brick, and to whose sight anything green is therefore of itself a wonderful refreshment, but I like green best in the little lawns that Nature puts in the middle of purple heather, and I appreciate the richness of these Lancashire pastures

considerably less than the farmer who calculates their annual produce, or the cows that consume it. Everything seems quainter and more formal than ever now after my month amongst the heather, which I got as much attached to as any grouse. An enclosed meadow gives me an uneasy sensation, as if it were a fine drawing-room. I pine for the purple moors.

The shepherd lad who used to bring my milk on the hill is permanently installed here as my servant. He is green and awkward yet, having been so recently caught, but I hope to be able to tame and educate him in time. A more fashionable domestic would not serve my purpose, so I must even accept the trouble of teaching this wild moor-bird. In the course of these papers I shall call him "Thursday," that being the day of his arrival here.

A fine Newfoundland pup I had intended to take with me died during my absence, and the dog I had on the hill is not worth his railway fare, so he must remain in Lancashire. I have bought a magnificent bloodhound-mastiff at a menagerie, where he was exhibited in a cage. He is very young, and of most powerful build, besides being one of the handsomest dogs I ever saw.

The little lawn in the old-fashioned garden here has quite a look of Chobham or Aldershott. There is my hut erected upon it, at present, and two tents.

In the neighbouring town they are busy making two life-boats for me. When they are finished I will continue this chapter with a description of the launch, and conclude it with a dissertation on Boats, which may be

broadly divided into two classes, *Life*-boats and *Death*-boats.

The largest sheet of water in this neighbourhood is a canal reservoir at Colne, covering rather less than a hundred acres of land. I have been passing a few days very pleasantly in teaching Thursday the mysteries of rowing and steering on my new craft by way of preparation for the Highland lochs.

The launch came off gaily. Colonel C. very kindly lent me his fishing cottage at the reservoir, and I invited all my friends to see the boats launched, giving them afterwards luncheon in the cottage. Then, after the launch my good friend the seigneur of that country took me and all my guests up to the Hall to spend the evening, and I have been staying there ever since, leaving Mr. Thursday at the cottage to look after the boats.

Before the launch my crew was a singularly inexperienced one, he never having even floated upon water in his life; but now, after an apprenticeship of less than a week, he can row, and steer, and take in a reef, in a tolerably tidy manner for so green a hand.

The reservoir being no bigger than Rydal Water or Grasmere, there is not much sea-room, nor can we hope for an opportunity of observing how the new boats would behave in a heavy sea, but everything hitherto has been satisfactory enough.

Amongst other voyagers, two young ladies did my boat the honour to go on board of her for a cruise, and, having explored the hundred acres of canal water, returned without accident to port.

My boats are an adaptation of the double canoe, constructed in galvanized iron with watertight compartments. Each canoe has its rudder, and the two rudders work together by a connecting rod. The deck is roomy and firm in proportion to the draught of water, and the larger of the two double boats carries a lateen-sail with singular steadiness. In adapting the old savage idea to my own use on the Northern lakes I wish to have a craft that will possess the following qualities in combination.

1. She must never require *baling*. Any water she may ship must discharge itself.
2. She must be incapable of being capsized.
3. She must not draw more than nine inches of water.
4. She must have a large, flat, steady deck, that I can put an easel on, and a chair, and a table in calm weather, just as well as in my painting room.

No common boat could possibly possess these qualifications. It became therefore necessary to set one's inventive faculties to work.

In the Marine Museum of the Louvre there are some interesting models of South Sea canoes, both double, and with the balancer. During a stroll through that Museum I found something which seemed to promise all I required, with a little careful adaptation.

The result is a craft which, though utterly unorthodox, the reverse of nautical, and a piece of open rebellion against all the traditions of old England on the subject of boats from the days when painted Britons paddled about in coracles, down to the last University boat-race, may, nevertheless, be of much utility to me.

I have then two boats, each of them double, and I call them the *Britannia* and the *Conway* in honour of the tubular bridges, to which they bear some resemblance, being tubular, double, and of iron.

A little incident which resulted from some mismanagement on the part of the crew, Mr. Thursday, served as an excellent test of the strength of the *Britannia*. In order to teach Thursday a little more rapidity in his movements than he had acquired during his years of contemplative pastoral life, I purposely delayed my orders as long as I dared, and then thundered them forth as if I had been commanding a company in the militia. Yesterday, the wind being stronger than usual, and squally, I sailed at the stone embankment of the reservoir, intending to lower sail in the last thirty yards, and make Thursday break the violence of the concussion with an oar, thinking some practice of this sort might be useful in case of meeting suddenly with rocks. So I went at the stone wall very courageously, and when within thirty yards thundered out to Thursday to lower sail. Now the halyard was fastened to belaying pins, and Thursday had contrived to fasten it in so exceedingly effectual a manner that it would have required at least ten minutes of patient labour to undo his knots. We are now ten yards off. Thursday is too confused to get the oar out in time. If I attempt to turn the boat's head into the wind, I shall damage the rudders or bulge her side against the stones. There is nothing for it but to go straight at the solid embankment. The embankment is strong enough, at all events, and

the shareholders of the canal company have less to fear than the owner of the *Britannia.*

The wind astern is furious. At it we go!

A shock—enough as I thought to shatter the whole boat to pieces—a slight rebound—another, but less violent shock, and the prows rested on the stones of the sloping bank. Two small grooves were neatly chiselled in the stones by the two iron toes of the double boat, but the boat itself was not injured in any way.

My hospitable friends here would have me stay longer, but I think that the rudiments of Thursday's nautical education being already theoretically acquired, the rest will be best learned on a stormy Highland lake.

At the beginning of this chapter I promised to conclude it with a dissertation on life-boats and death-boats. An unexpected accession of material illustrative of that subject has just come to my hands.

A paragraph recounting the launch of the *Britannia* and *Conway* life-boats having appeared in all the Lancashire papers, an unforeseen consequence has resulted from the extraordinary publicity thus given to our little picnic. Mr. Wilman, the ironmonger, of Burnley, who very innocently made the boats after my drawings, has received an angry epistle from a Manchester agent demanding royalty upon them as an infringement of some Mr. Richardson's patent. I regret to say that I never heard either of Mr. Richardson or his patent, having found the type of my boat in the Louvre; however it seemed my wisest plan to put

myself into communication with Mr. Richardson himself. An amicable correspondence between us has ended by confirming my views on the subject of life-boats to a degree altogether unexpected, and it is with the greatest pleasure that I find myself obliged to yield any credit of adaptation or invention I might else have claimed in favour of a predecessor in the same path, who has richly earned whatever fame may hereafter reward his exertions. The only fault I find with Mr. Richardson is that he should have patented his improvements. To restrain, for selfish ends, the general adoption of any invention which, as in this instance, is likely to preserve human lives, is to abandon at once the high ground of humanity. Besides, although Mr. Richardson's practical energy in proving the value of a well-known principle deserves the willing recognition, I here accord it, the adaptation of the South Sea model to English materials was so obvious and easy that neither Mr. Richardson nor myself have any ostensible claim to originality.

My correspondent has sent me a most interesting little book published by Pickering, and entitled, "The Cruise of the *Challenger* Life-boat, and Voyage from Liverpool to London, in 1852." It is one of the most delightful little narratives I ever read.*

After a series of experiments, extending over many years, Mr Richardson had a life-boat constructed for him at Manchester, on the principle I have adopted

* Not for literary merit, which it does not pretend to, but for manliness, which is better. The frankness of its jealousies and animosities is quite pardonable under the circumstances.

for my own, but with several minor differences, as, for instance, an open grating instead of my flat deck, differences occasioned by the rougher service to which his boat was destined.

This boat of Mr. Richardson's, the *Challenger*, has challenged all the life-boats in England to such a stern trial as no boat-builder ever before imagined. Amongst other startling novelties in this challenge was a proposition that the rival boats should be torn through a tremendous sea, by steamers, and anchored *broadside* to the surf, with the crew on the windward gunwale. It is scarcely necessary to add that this challenge has never once been accepted. Why these life-boats are not adopted, but, on the contrary, resisted and ridiculed, seems sufficiently intelligible.

They are not *orthodox;* they are contrary to immemorial usage; they have not the sacred, traditional form of boats. Newspaper writers call them *rafts*. People attached to conventionalisms will not even look at them. Such persons, who take all on hearsay, and refer nothing to nature, never can believe it possible that a form of boat which has always been used by the first maritime nation in the world, is not the best conceivable form. They do not know that our sailors have, until quite recently, been far better than our ships, which, such as they were, the French taught us how to build; and that ship-building, *as a science*, is one of the latest of discoveries. And now everybody admits that the common life-boat is full of danger—and innumerable accidents have proved the very title a mockery, so that "*death*-boat" has been more than

once suggested as an amendment—still the old vicious form is not to be abandoned because it is orthodox; it is conservative, it is nautical, and respects the consecrated tradition of old England.

And is it not better to perish thus respectably in a boat of the true nautical model, than to save one's miserable life at the price of such a violation of established custom, as this revolutionary Mr. Richardson proposes? For what true Englishman would basely save his life on a pair of tin pipes, on a wretched, uncomfortable-looking raft? You would rather drown in dignity, reader—of course you would.

To this, Mr. Richardson may answer with great truth; that the main question is not whether his tin tubes are nautical, nor yet whether they ought more justly to be classified as a boat or as a raft, acccording to the somewhat arbitrary rules of maritime nomenclature; but simply whether they are efficacious instruments for the saving of shipwrecked men.

Another reason why such inventions as these, which appeal to natural law (being intended for use on a planet where, so far as all experience seems to tend, natural law is omnipotent) cannot be immediately recognised, is the inconceivable ignorance of the commonest facts of science, in which the great body of people who call themselves educated lie as yet like brute beasts. Thus it has constantly happened both to Mr. Richardson and myself, that our boats have elicited questions indicating a degree of darkness, which no intelligent person would suppose possible in any civilized country, and proving that one may be highly educated in the conventional

sense, and yet remain plunged in the profoundest intellectual barbarism.*

To have a just idea of the real merits of the common open boat, it is only necessary to consider the following facts.

A most important contribution to physical geography has been made by the agency of a very unpretending little vessel. This little vessel has no qualities of water-line to recommend her; she is singularly ill-adapted for sailing—does not sail at all, in fact, but only drifts, for it is her business to drift. She has, however, one very valuable quality, which is, that so long as she does not run foul of anything hard, she is particularly safe. True, she has a great objection to hard things, being in fact herself made of glass, a brittle material for a boat. Her market value is two-pence, and she will carry her cargo over three or four thousand miles of ocean-waves, as cleverly as many a big ship that has cost a fine fortune. This wonderful little vessel is simply a corked bottle.

An open boat that could bear any comparison with a corked bottle would deserve our respect; but open boats with shipwrecked sailors in them are not in the habit of making such long voyages as corked bottles do.

Here is an experiment in nautical science.

Take, on a windy day, to the nearest fish-pond, a tumbler-glass and a corked beer-bottle, both empty.

* Such questions, for example, as this: "How did you put the air into the tubes?" proving absolute ignorance of the nature of all fluids, even of the very atmosphere we breathe. Other people often fancy that the buoyancy of the tubes must be obtained by filling them with *gas*, as if the difference in weight between a few cubic feet of air and a like quantity of hydrogen were of any practical importance whatever, in comparison with water.

Let these be your vessels. Set them a-floating from the windward shore. Your corked bottle will arrive quite safe on the other side of the fish-pond (aye, or of an Atlantic Ocean), but the tumbler glass will be swamped by the first ripple.

The tumbler-glass is the common open boat. The corked beer-bottle is the closed tubular life-boat.

Again, here is another very simple experiment.

Stand on one leg on a ship's deck in a breeze.

Having stood as long as you can on one leg, try two.

Then see which way of standing is the easier, on one leg, namely, or on two.

You have now the two great principles of a true life-boat. First, she must be closed like the corked bottle. Second, she must have two supports on the water instead of one, exactly as a two-legged sailor has on a ship's deck.

Now, after having got well hold of the principle, let us see how it answers in practice.

On Tuesday, the 15th of February, 1852, Mr. Cuiball, the proprietor of the *Conqueror* steamer of Liverpool, had a carte blanche to upset, swamp, or tear the *Challenger* life-boat to pieces, if in his power. A northerly gale being then at its height, Mr. Cuiball towed the life-boat four or five miles head to wind. After this, she was towed *with her crew on board* through the worst seas up the river.

After all this, no baling of course was necessary; nor was the slightest injury to the fabric of the boat perceptible. No other life-boat in existence has undergone this test.

Again: eighty persons leaped at once on one gunwale of the *Challenger* without upsetting her. No other life-boat in existence has undergone this test.

These two trials prove the validity of the principles laid down above. The first trial, by towing, proves the value of the closed tube or corked bottle principle. The second trial, by fourscore persons leaping together on one gunwale, proves the *stability* gained by the double tube or two-legged principle.

As for my boat, she was not built for hard service on the sea-coast, but merely to be safer and steadier on fresh water than the common open boat. Let us compare her in these two respects with the common open boat.

First, then, let us examine such a familiar specimen of the common model, as we may find at any watering-place on the coast.

She reminds one, rather, of half a walnut-shell. She is probably half full of water, if it has rained all night; for she serves not only to float on water like a ship, but to hold it like a cistern. There is a little rusty iron can in the stern, with the handle broken off. This is the instrument with which she is to be emptied, and as the can holds a quart at most, you may calculate how long it will take to empty a hundred gallons, which may be thrown into her at any moment in a rough sea; and this may lead us to reflect further, whether, in every case, the little tin can would quite clear out the hundred gallons, before another wave splashed another hundred into the cistern; so that the question of Life and Death reduces itself into a contest between one little tin can,

the Protector of Life, against an innumerable army of breakers, the Menacers of Death; for, if the water comes in faster than the tin can empties it out again, you are lost. But there are heavy iron weights in her, you see, as well as the tin can. These weights constitute, to any one in the habit of reflection, a still more damaging confession of dangerous construction. Without them, the boat could not carry sail ten minutes in a breeze, and with them, if once the boat fall on her side and the weights tumble to leeward, nothing can save you; whilst, in case of a big wave dropping into the boat with that clumsiness peculiar to plethoric masses of water, down she goes at once to the bottom, like a dead sailor with cannon-balls to his feet. So the tin can is a confession that water is expected to enter, and the ballast is a confession of instability.

My own double iron tubular boat, the *Britannia*, offers a striking contrast to this.

In the first place, there is neither tin can nor ballast to be seen about her; for the sufficient reason that, being closed against the ingress of water, she never requires baling; and again, that being wonderfully steady under canvas, by reason of her double construction, she is wholly independent of ballast.

Nay, more. If you choose to send a bullet through one of her tubes under the water-line, so long as the bullet does not pass through her from end to end, still she shall float lightly; for she is divided internally into little watertight chambers, each of which has a separate life and buoyancy.

With regard to speed, though not built for speed in

any way, but for stability, that I may draw from nature on her deck, she is yet not inferior to ordinary boats of her own length, and sails well to the wind, owing to her two keels, which give a double hold on the water.

As to Mr. Richardson's object, the saving of life from shipwreck, it is enough to say in order to prove that the subject deserves some attention, that the average annual catalogue of wrecks on the coast of Britain alone *exceeds a thousand.*

And as for my own object, which is to render boating a safe recreation, instead of one of the deadliest ever invented, I believe all Europe may be challenged to name any lake or river of importance where fatal accidents have not occurred, in consequence wholly of the unsafe construction of the common open boat.

Good people fancy that the loss of life by drowning is an inscrutable dispensation of Providence. When it happens on Sunday, it is for Sabbath-breaking; when, however, it happens on Tuesday or Wednesday, what then? Are we to be told that it is for Tuesday-breaking or Wednesday-breaking?

It is very convenient to lay the blame of our own imbecility on Providence; yet, as it seems to me, it were not only more prudent, but a great deal more pious, to pay some attention to those laws of nature under which Providence has placed us.

Lastly. If any reader is disposed to be angry with me for getting prosy and argumentative in this chapter, let him reflect a little on the condition of certain widows and orphans, who need never have put on mourning, if the principles here laid down had been generally applied

to practice for the last half-century. There have been tragedies enough of the unproductive sort. If there is a superabundance of manly life in England, there may be bloody wars ere long that will quench it in salt water, under clouds of cannon-smoke; and it were wiser to reserve our victims for this nobler sacrifice, than to let them slip unprofitably out of the world by the upsetting of treacherous toy-boats in ditches and fish-ponds.

CHAPTER IX.

THE AUTHOR ARRIVES AT LOCH AWE.

A FEW nights since, there rested on the highest point of the Highland road in Glenara, a singular group. It was past midnight. Far down in the valley lay the expanse of Loch Awe, gray and mysterious in the dim twilight. A vast range of mountains rose beyond, whose outlines and summits were confounded with fantastic cloud of exactly the same colour and character. There was just enough light in the sky to show the group of travellers as they halted. Three men, a horse and cart, a great tawny bloodhound, and a shepherd's dog, were easily made out by two graziers who passed that way, but a strange machine on two wheels in the rear baffled them altogether. They passed on, however, without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion.

The three men, the horse and cart, the great bloodhound, and the shepherd's dog, remained where they were; the strange machine in the rear stood by itself. It had no horse nor shafts, yet it went on wheels, and the difficulty was, how to get this queer machine down the hill, for it was huge and unmanageable.

"Will she no come doon the brae?" said one of the men with a pure Highland accent.

"Who'll come fast enoo; that's all as I'm feared on," answered another in unmistakable Yorkshire.

" Hold on, Campbell, and let us think the matter over a little," said a third voice in plain English. " I remember that the road is steep from here to Cladich."

" The warst brae from Inverara to Lochow, sir."

" Then we cannot 'old her fro' runnin' over us, for who's th' 'eaviest consarn as ever I tackled sin' I 'ere wick."

" Hold your tongue, and do as you're told, and we'll get her down safely. Get the plank out."

The Yorkshireman found a loose plank in the strange machine.

" Tie one end of the plank to the axle, about a foot from the ground. That'll do. Now go in front and guide her, and I'll keep the plank down for a drag."

Here the speaker took his stand on the plank, and held to the strange machine, which started down the hill, and went tolerably well till it came to a short level.

" Halt! this is all very well here, but when we come to the real hill, it won't answer. Campbell, will the mare hold back?"

" Aye, sir, the beast 'll do that."

" Then suppose we tie *her* behind the machine instead of me, and then I can help my man to guide it in front. One man isn't enough there."

" The beast would be the better o' the cayrt behind her. Het would keep her back if the wheels were dragged."

Hereupon horse and cart were fastened to the rear of the strange machine.

" And how will you drag the wheels, Campbell?"

Before the Highlander could answer this question, the Yorkshireman, with great alacrity, seized the loose plank and passed it through the wheels between the spokes.

"There, sir," said he confidently, "that's the way we drag wheels up i' Widdup."

Off started the whole caravan.

"What are you stopping for now?"

"Marecy upon us! Guid guide us!"

Here the Englishman, finding the body of the cart on the ground, with the wheels and axle considerably in the rear, the horse standing stock still, and the Highlander lost in wonder, burst incontinently into peals of laughter.

The Yorkshireman stared through the dim twilight, and having *felt* the cart, satisfied himself that it was without wheels. Then he scratched his head.

The Highlander became very grave, and solemnly said, "I doot we'll no get hame the nicht." And, in truth, there seemed slight hopes of getting there.

At last, after careful examination by *touch* (it was impossible to see), it turned out that since the Highland wright who built the cart had omitted to put nuts to his bolts, the Yorkshire expedient for dragging the wheels had done it more effectually than was desirable, by lifting the body off them altogether and dropping it down in the road.

After a long delay, the cart was lifted upon the axle and reladen; the mare replaced in the shafts, the strange machine tied in front, the cartwheels locked with ropes, and the whole descended the hill.

"Hae ye lost something, sir?"

"Yes, I don't see my dog,"—the great bloodhound was missing. "We must not go on till he is found; he will worry every sheep on the hill."

Here the speaker took a dogwhip from his pocket,

and applying the end of it to his mouth, whistled for ten minutes without ceasing.

Then all listened silently. A faint, distant howl came from the moors.

Again the shrill whistle sounded for some minutes. A still pause succeeded, and a great spectre-like blood-hound as large as a wolf cantered up.

At the inn, the inn-keeper came out with a candle in his hand to welcome his expected guest. The light fell on the strange machine. It seemed like four great black tubes of iron, a large pair with a lesser pair upon them.

"What are these, sir?"

"Only my boats."

"Well, sir, if these are boats, the like was never seen on Lochow."

The next day the baggage-waggon came on from Inverara, where we had left it, and after having stayed a day or two at the inn, that I might choose a good site for the encampment, I decided, finally, to establish it on a large green island in the middle of the most picturesque part of Loch Awe.

Astronomers teach us that if we could visit a heavier globe than ours, we should find everything increased in weight, and that the strength which suffices for all ordinary work on the planet Tellus, would be prostration and debility on Jupiter.

It is not necessary to go to Jupiter for an example of this. A load for one horse in England is more than enough for two in the Highlands. When I left home, my light waggon, full of camp materials, the whole weighing less than a laden cart, was bravely taken to

the station by one mare; little, old, and out of condition. She had a terrible hill to descend, but did it quite coolly, without dragging a wheel, the driver walking quietly by her side. To take the same waggon from Cladich to Innistrynich, a shorter distance, *two horses, six men, and two boys were found necessary, with ropes to hold back, and a shoe to lock the wheel.*

For the first few hundred yards all went well; but when we came to a little descent, the shaft horse stopped, and, on being remonstrated with, lay down very quietly in the ditch on the road-side, twisting the iron-plated shafts out of shape.

"Tonald, Tonald, what gars the beast do the like o' that?"

But Tonald kicked the beast.

Then the beast rose up and groaned, but refused to labour. And there was a wonderful clamour in Gaelic. As for me, notwithstanding the injury to my shafts, I laughed till I was faint. At last, as soon as I could speak, I suggested that the leader be tried in the shafts. But it fell out that this beast was no better than the other, so since the horses could not draw the waggon, I proposed to draw it myself.

Just then came a little one-eyed man, who shrieked with laughter at my Highlanders and their steeds, and swore roundly that a common railway porter would have carried the whole on his back. He could speak Gaelic too, and so ridiculed the Celts in their own euphonious tongue, that at last they sent the horses back and took the waggon down to the lake without them. Still the horses figured handsomely in the bill.

CHAPTER X.

THE AUTHOR ENCAMPS ON AN UNINHABITED ISLAND.

THIS island of Inishail, where I have pitched my tents, is a long green pasture in the middle of Loch Awe, of a very tame and quiet aspect, broken only by one rocky eminence, crowned with a few straggling firs. There is a miserable patch of plantation on the eastern side which adds nothing to its beauty, and a ruin at the other end surrounded by tombs, but the ruin has no architectural value. The shore of the island curves beautifully into bays. Between the ruin and the plantation stand my tents. The island is all one blue field of flowers, as if the sky had fallen; it is always so in spring; in summer it is covered with green fern; and in autumn, when the fern dies, it reddens the whole island.

This bit of pasture land would be nothing anywhere else, but here it is remarkable for its admirable position. It is placed in the very centre of the most picturesque part of Loch Awe. From it you can see Kilchurn Castle, and Ben Cruachan, and Ben Anea, and the Pass of Awe. What Inishail itself lacks of picturesque beauty is compensated by the close neighbourhood of the Black Islands, as exquisite a pair of wooded isles as the most fastidious artist could desire. In short,

this spot of green earth is the best head-quarters I could have chosen. It has been inhabited before, long ago, by a convent of Cistertian nuns. They were turned out at the Reformation, and their poor little chapel has been left for the winds to sing in ever since. Not many stones are left of it now, and its foundations lie low amongst the moss-covered tombs of the old chieftains. But the people bring their dead here yet, and lay them under the shadow of their broken walls, so that the island is a land of death, of utter repose and peace. Was it not well in barbarous mountaineers to bury their dead in lonely isles, where the foot of the marauder trampled not the grass on the grave, and where the living came not, save in sorrow, and reverently? The mainland was for the living to fight upon, to hunt upon, and to dwell upon; but this green isle was the Silent Land, the Island of the Blest. Hither the chieftains came, generation after generation, borne solemnly across the waters from their castled isles: hither they came to this defenceless one, where they still sleep securely, when their strongholds are roofless ruins; their claymores dissolved in rust; their broad lands that they fought for all their lives, sold and resold; and their descendants sent into exile to make a desert for English grouse-shooters.

On this island, then, inhabited by the dead, stands at length my little hut, cosy as ever. Thursday's hut has a good wooden floor, and wooden walls roofed over by a pyramidal tent, strong and impervious, and heated by a capital little cooking stove in the middle, whose pipe serves for a tent pole. An old Crimean

tent stands beyond Thursday's white pyramid, valueless, indeed, for shelter, but useful as a receptacle for fuel, and as a sort of kitchen, being provided with a grate and chimney.

And there, in the beautiful bay, the "Britannia" rides at anchor, and the "Conway" is drawn up on the sandy shore of the island.

And down by that sandy shore, still and cold in his grave, lies my poor hound. An uncontrollable thirst for blood, making him utterly ungovernable where sheep were to be got at, has led to this fatal but foreseen result. I try to console myself for having passed sentence upon him by observing how happily the little flock on the island gathers round the camp, and how the tender lambs graze peacefully even on the shore itself, down by Lion's grave.

CHAPTER XI.

EDUCATIONAL.

AMONGST other labours that I have proposed to myself during my Crusoe life on the island is one worthy of Robinson Crusoe himself, namely, to teach Thursday pure English. Hitherto he has spoken a rich mixture of the Lancashire and Yorkshire dialects, an uncouth and barbarous patois, which, though interesting in a philological point of view, preserving, as it undoubtedly does, many words of Saxon or Danish origin long since lost to refined society, does not possess equivalents for those respectful forms of expression commonly used by servants in speaking to their masters. I therefore told Thursday very decidedly that he must do one of two things, either learn English, or leave me; and he preferred learning English. Now this Thursday was a raw shepherd lad from the moors, ignorant of everything but pastoral life; and pastoral life is not quite so sentimental on the Yorkshire moors as it is in the foolish poems of cockney writers of the last century. Thursday had, however, a strong desire to improve himself, and, as I was willing to help him, soon fell into the position of a private pupil rather than a domestic servant; and, indeed, many private pupils pay dearly for instruction of a much less profit-

able nature. But old habits are not easily rooted out, and the gradual replacing of words peculiar to a barbarous patois by words belonging to the accepted language of all England was a very slow and very tedious business, and one which cost me an infinity of trouble, and him innumerable blows.

Yes, I thrashed him daily, and that severely, for weeks together; yet he was a voluntary victim. There was one unlucky word of his, which on the Yorkshire hills stands for our words *only*, *but*, and *except*; I mean the word *naut*, which is much in vogue in that country, where the people are of so cautious a disposition that they can never state anything roundly, but must always qualify every statement with a drawback or an exception. Against this detestable word *naut* my first efforts were vigorously directed; so in exchange for it I gave Thursday the three words, *only*, *but*, and *except*, —an excellent bargain for Thursday, since in place of his single coin, whose origin was obscure and circulation limited, he received three pieces of royal English, current wherever that language is spoken on earth. But my unhappy pupil, notwithstanding the most hearty and laudable desire to get rid of his word, and the most perfect willingness to replace it with the three I had given him, found that the old word stuck to him like a burr, whilst the new ones were never at hand when wanted, but required to be sought for, and, when found, inserted into the phrase with the utmost neatness and care, like a patch in a garment. One day, therefore, when the obnoxious word had occurred a dozen times in as many minutes,

the following conversation took place between myself and my poor pupil :—

THE AUTHOR.—There seems to be only one way left for you, Thursday; and that is, that you consent to be thrashed every time you use that word.

THURSDAY.—Well, sir, I'm sure I'd be rid of it fast enough if I could *naut* cob it away like a stoan.

THE AUTHOR.—There, *naut* again!

THURSDAY.—Confound it! eah,* its allus† comin when it isn't wanted—Dang thee (apostrophising the word itself), dang thee, thou's noan wanted; go thee back to Widdup and dunnot thee come back again *naut* when they send for thee.

THE AUTHOR.—There, Thursday, *naut* again.

THURSDAY.—Bless me, sir, that word's allus comin! I think it mun‡ be the devil hissel as sends it; if I could *naut* be one day bout‖ sayin' it I s'd be contenter by th'auve.§

THE AUTHOR.—*Naut* again, Thursday.

THURSDAY.—Well, sir, you may lick me, then, for I see I's never get no larnin' *naut* it's licked into me, same as a whelp.

In short, the poor fellow came to me that evening, and said that he had taken the resolution to bear patiently any personal chastisement I might think proper to inflict, if only I could make him learn English. He said he believed seriously that it was the only

* Corruption of *yea*, used constantly in Lancashire for *yes*.

† Always. ‡ Must.

‖ Abbreviation of *be*out for *with*out. The word *be*out, unabridged, is common in Yorkshire. § More content by half.

way he should ever learn, and that he had determined to submit to it as a necessity. The day after, accordingly, this system of instruction was put into practice; and I am really afraid that, when Thursday went to his hammock at night, that heroic martyr to learning scarcely found a bone that was not too sore to rest upon, so often had he been punished during the day. The next day these inflictions were, however, a little less frequent, and at the end of a week a very remarkable diminution was observable. Gradually the obnoxious word fell into disuse; and although, after the commencement of this excellent course of discipline, Thursday got into a rebellious habit of running away from correction, he steeled himself into fortitude when I pointed out how this resistance to correction would defeat his own ends. The truth is, that Thursday ran much better than I did, so I could never come up with him; wherefore I preached him a little sermon, and made an appeal to his feelings of honour and duty, rebuking him in a touching manner for his want of gratitude in thus refusing what was intended solely for his benefit. But on board the boat escape was impossible, and it was there that the most wholesome lessons were given and received—given, not without sorrow, for it is at all times a sad necessity to inflict chastisement; all school-masters are agreed upon that—and received, not without occasional murmurs of impatience, such as idle threatenings on Thursday's part to throw himself into the water, threatenings which, as I very well knew, were in no danger of being fulfilled. Then I, on my part, would threaten to abandon my pupil to his ancient

ignorance of polite letters, rather than relax for an instant the severity of discipline. And I am happy to be able to add, to Thursday's immortal honour, that he refused not the rod, but gave his back to the smiter!

This system of punishment was never abandoned, nor even relaxed,* but has already become practically obsolete, for the reason that the word against which it was directed has been, by its means, totally banished from Thursday's vocabulary. O all little schoolboys who read this, think how happily you are situated, and what blessings you enjoy! you, my dear and fortunate young friends, who have had the inestimable privilege of being thrashed from your earliest years! this poor boy, Thursday, had not your advantages.

* The system remained in force for several years after the above was written. It was not confined long to the word *naut*, but removed successively almost all Thursday's habitual faults in speaking.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ISLE OF INDOLENCE.

IS this a place of toil or a haven of rest? What living thing toils here? Why should I fret myself, and paint under the intolerable glare of this dazzling, cloudless noon? The sheep lie panting round my tents. The white gulls rest on the rocks. My boat sleeps motionless on the still water; she floats on a vast liquid mirror, so perfect everywhere, that the eye can find no flaw. The splendid lake, from shore to shore, lies hushed in a long, deep trance of calm, that has lasted I know not how many burning days. I count the days no more. They have been still, and burning and blue like to-day, now for I know not how long. Why should I count the days? Somebody else will count them, far away in the stifling towns.

I will float on the lake like the boat, I will rest on the shore like this little flock, I will sit on the dark rocks in the lake like those indolent fowls of the sea; but one thing I will not do, I will not blind my eyes with staring at that sapphire-flaming sky, nor weary my soul with mixing dull imitations of it from the costly dust of the lapis lazuli. All is rest here. The dead rest in their cool, dark graves, out of the heat and glare, there not far from my tents, round the little ruined

church. The countless streams of Cruachan have ceased to flow; they too will have their week of rest, and they lie in the cold granite heart of the hills, safe from the fierce god who would change them all into pale white clouds if he could find them.

I begin to have vague impressions of unreality. This life does not seem quite real. I am dreaming, and expect to be awakened some ordinary common-place morning as usual. But for the present let me at least enjoy my dream. I will eat lotos. Alas, the lotos blooms not here! I will smoke a yet more flagrant plant, and envy those lotos-eating Greeks no more. I will sit with my pipe in the tent's cool shadow.

The tent, I perceive, suffers a degree of lassitude, and is sensible of this Indian heat. It hangs in careless curves, and has lost its tightness and trim. Well, we are none of us very much on the stretch just at present, and I see no reason why the tent should not participate in the general relaxation.

I have only bathed eight times to-day. I live like a seal, in the water and out. But I have an advantage over the seal. I found out this morning that I could smoke very comfortably in the water, whereas the unfortunate seals cannot smoke.

It is pleasant to lie on one's back in the bay, smoking cigars. The combination of sensations is curious and interesting. And there is a certain feeling of triumph in being able to keep that little spark of etherial fire alive above the abyss of waters. I fancy then that the cigar has a finer flavour than on land, at least I like it better; probably, I unconsciously sympathise

with the cigar, when my life, like its little fire, is kept burning on a fearful deep, which could so easily extinguish both.

Thursday tells me that the candles melt in the candlesticks, and fall down when the sun puts forth his strength in the morning. It is an act of becoming humility on the part of the candles. But what is more distressing is, that Thursday and I are in a fair way for being prostrate also before long, and I don't see that we owe the sun any such homage.

This I take to be due only to our diet. I lived very much better on the Lancashire moors. Now, animal food becomes tainted in a day, and the whole country cannot supply vegetables. Neither beef nor mutton are to be had 'all round these sixty miles of shore. It is true I might purchase lean kine and bony sheep, if I were willing to take them alive; but after the first joint what could we do with them but salt them? and who but a Highlander or a sailor can live long on salt food without suffering from it? I have sent for beef to Inveraray; but the lowland poet gave so damaging a report of that city that I never expected to find good flesh of oxen there, nor have I found it. If I send to Glasgow, what then? the beef will be rotten before it arrives, this hot weather. There is nothing left for it but patience—and a little bread and butter.

An Englishman out here, accustomed to good keep, is like a corn-fed hunter in a field of thistles. Thursday is getting weak, and complains, in his way, of exhaustion. "I feel quite *done*, somehow, sir," he says.

And no wonder, for the poor fellow has not had a dinner this month past. Once, by some miraculous good fortune, we had gathered together with infinite pains the materials of a substantial repast. Smiles of contentment shed their lustre on Thursday's countenance on this auspicious occasion. He strutted about rather proudly, I thought, as one well-fed. "You seem very happy to-day," I said. "Why yes, sir," answered Thursday, "it's such a *h*onour to a man to have eaten a *real dinner*."

It never answers to slight the laws of our nature, and pretend to be independent of common necessities. The inexorable master of every man is his belly. HUNGER is the most terrible of all besiegers, the strongest fortress in armed Europe cannot contend against *him;* and from the poor tinker under his rag to the emperor in his war-pavilion, no one who undertakes camp life can afford to neglect his warnings.

Day after day the lake has been sinking lower and lower into its bed, and black stony islets lift their sinister-looking heads above its polished surface in a hundred places. And now, when the water is at its lowest, there has come an Egyptian plague of flies. Even the water is full of little poisonous red creatures that bury themselves in the skin, and have to be picked out with a penknife. And we have thousands of big flies on the land, that settle continually on our faces and hands, and send a needle-like proboscis down through the skin, leaving on Thursday an envenomed swelling after every stab, but on my own more happily-constituted cuticle nothing worse than a minute puncture. Water and air are filled with a million foes.

Dim in the upper air rises the red peak of Cruachan. There is a strange patch of white upon it. It is a little field of winter lingering into June. It is pure, cold snow! O what a sensation to melt a little of it in this mouth that never tastes anything more refreshing than tepid water! What pleasure ineffable to plunge these hot and feverish hands into its crystalline depths! But that little patch of Paradise is three thousand feet above me! How shall I ever climb those arduous heights? Day after day I look at it with longing eyes, but it descends no lower—comes no nearer; only I fancy its precious area has somewhat lessened, for it seems not so broad to-day as yesterday, and yesterday it did not seem so broad as the day before. Its shape, too, alters somewhat. It is melting away in the sun's eye; and tiny rills, cold and pure, are draining its dazzling field.

I am on the highest peak of Cruachan. I drink fair water of the rock sublimed with snow; for the snow rests yet in the stone crevices high above the burning valleys, and the air is still fresh and sweet on the mountain, though the vaporous atmosphere that broods on the low lake is heavy with a deadly languor and weariness.

Weak and exhausted as we are by the overpowering heat, we are in poor condition to climb mountains; but to breathe for one hour such a delightful air as this that fans my temples now, and to quench one's thirst with one draught of such divine coolness as that bottle of snow-water at my side, is enough

to repay one for any toils such as we have gone through.

When we got into the great desolate valley that lies a thousand feet above the sea, as if the mountain were a colossal statue of granite that held a site for a city in its lap, I realized more distinctly the exquisite truth of John Lewis's Frank Encampment on Mount Sinai; for here, after the burning drought of June, the dry, red precipices far from us stood out with all their peaks clear in stony detail against a shadeless sky.

Having climbed the great shoulder of the hill instead of following the stream in the corrie, we found that a huge chasm still separated us from the peak, but that this chasm might still be in some measure avoided by creeping along the face of a precipice several hundred feet high. Thursday preferred to try the precipice, being an active mountaineer; but I descended patiently into the chasm, and laboriously toiled out of it again up the stony peak. Thursday, however, very nearly lost his life on that precipice.

He had proceeded safely along a narrow ledge of the rock, till he came to one particular point, dangerous enough to frighten a chamois. The path was broken in places by fissures two or three feet wide; and, having crossed one or two of these, Thursday found that the ledge of rock he had hitherto followed either ceased to exist altogether, or was at least interrupted by a massive buttress of granite that projected from the face of the cliff. Now, as it happened, on the buttress itself were two little projecting points; and Thursday, partly in fool-hardiness, partly, I believe, in that healthy

unconsciousness of danger, which is a common characteristic of sound nerves and a clear head, thought he should like to look round the corner. But in order to effect this, it was necessary for him to put one knee on the lower projection and one hand on the upper; and that accordingly was the position he took. It was not an enviable one. Under him was a depth of above a hundred feet of sheer precipice, and below that a long slope of granite debris; and everybody knows how hard granite is, and what unpleasant-looking edges its fractures offer. Thursday looked round the buttress. There was not a ledge big enough for a sparrow to perch upon; it was one smooth wall of rock. He told me afterwards that he had given himself up for lost, but thought he might as well try to get back again as drop helplessly from fatigue and giddiness. The projection he held on by was a loose broken bit of granite; he knew it might come away at any time, and then there would be no hope. So he *felt back* cautiously with his foot, and in some inexplicable fashion regained gradually, but in going backwards all the time, the narrow ledge he had left, and, so returning, escaped death.

He rejoined me on the great rough pyramid of the peak. The impression of John Lewis's Sinai was so strong upon me that I could have believed we were climbing some great stony mountain of the East; for there was no mist, and the heat was almost insupportable. The stones themselves were warm when we touched them, and yet down in the deep fissures the snow lay white as if in winter.

We rest at last on the summit. The effect of the Highlands of Scotland seen from one of their highest peaks resembles nothing so much as the ocean in a gale of wind fixed for ever in a photograph. It is a sea of mountains, sublime in its vastness and in the huge proportions of its granite waves, yet not satisfactory to the artistic sense. It offers a splendid panorama, but not one picture. The sweetest and even the sublimest pictures are laid in the habitable earth, and we need not go to the snowy summits to seek them. Still, if you would feel the immensity of the world, go to the mountain tops, and reflect that the vast circumference of your horizon is but a round spot on its mighty sphere.

The great precipices of Ben Cruachan are capital subjects for study. I think they are the sublimest walls of barren rock I have yet seen. One of them, on the Loch Etive side, rises grandly between us and the sea. We see nearly the whole length of Loch Awe, the upper end of Loch Etive, and the great calm ocean in the west, dim with heat and vapour, with mountainous islands rising out of it mysteriously. But to the east are the Highland hills, clear and sharp in their innumerable multitude of peaks, some brilliant with snow, others pale with inconceivable distance, all various with exquisite changefulness of hue, pale purples, and tender greens, and far away the hues of heaven itself, rose and blue of ineffable delicacy.

The great lake spreads out below us calm like a sea of glass. It stretches far away into the pale haze of the high horizon; and on its whole length, from end to end, not a single breeze dims its exquisite surface. Floating

on it, like fallen leaves in a still basin in a garden, lie the green isles; and on one of them, a speck of dazzling white, stands the little lonely camp. The moors are spotted with miniature lochs, set like shining mirrors in the hot heath.

It is time to leave off sketching, and this scribbling. There is a long line of glittering light on the mysterious Atlantic. In half an hour the sun will set.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE THREE MAD MEN OF THE ISLAND, AND THE MAD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

THERE dwells by Loch Awe a mysterious personage, concerning whom circulate the strangest rumours. Wherever I go I meet him, for he wanders continually. His face is sunburnt and weather-beaten, and his full, handsome beard has the delicate variety of colour a painter loves; the moustache dark brown, and the beard itself passing into cool dark greys. He wears the Highland costume, with a pair of sabots, such as are common in the provinces of France. His frame is powerful and muscular. No one has ever seen him without a silver-mounted meerschaum, which he smokes leisurely. Like himself, it is brown and well-seasoned.

This mysterious personage is always attended by a young man with long black hair, commonly supposed to be his son. As to the actual relation subsisting between the two, or their purpose in remaining at Loch Awe, no one has any knowledge whatever. It is said that he has before visited the lake under another name, so that the one he now bears is not considered to be his own. In the course of the present narrative we will call him Malcolm.

What has most excited my interest in the rumours concerning Mr. Malcolm is the prevalent opinion of his hardihood. It is commonly believed that he is entirely independent of the comforts so generally sought after by tourists—that all hours and all weathers are alike to him. He has a tiny boat upon the loch rigged with jib and mainsail, and in the stormiest gales she may sometimes be seen, like a little white bird on the great waves, flying before the wind. Often in the dead of the night, when the ferryman carries some belated farmer over the lake, he sees this white sail glide across his path till it fades away in the pale grey of the distant waters; and sometimes, on sunny days, the miniature craft comes gaily with flags and music, and a silver horn wakes the echoing hills.

I determined to seek this man's acquaintance. I felt sure that the secret of his wanderings was less the pretext of sport than the love of nature; and it seemed to me that we should have this at least in common, and, it might be, other feelings also. So I gave chase one day, and took him and his friend prisoners on board my craft, and towed his ship like a prize to the green island where my tent was pitched.

He had been fishing all night, and one of his prizes was a fine twelve-pound trout; so, knowing very well that Thursday had never seen a trout weighing above half a pound, the ordinary weight of the great prizes of his piscatorial youth caught in Yorkshire rivulets, I told him to "go to the boat and fetch a trout he would find in it." Off he went, and to see him returning with the trout was exceedingly amusing. He

stopped frequently to look at it; then he talked to it, and told it in pure Yorkshire that there were no such fish as it where he came from. At last he arrived at the camp, his astonishment still unabated, and burst forth into enthusiastic admiration of the fish, when Malcolm told him that trout twice the weight had often been taken in the lake, and that once or twice an instance had occurred of a capture reaching above thirty pounds, all which wonderfully enlarged Thursday's views on the subject of trout-fishing, and, I believe, sometime afterwards furnished matter for a letter to his father, a Yorkshire gamekeeper.

Malcolm left half the trout at the camp, and sailed away in the evening. Two days afterwards, I being at work with Thursday repairing the sail and fitting new stays, a faint bugle-note came with the breeze, and soon a little white sail glided between the wooded islands near Inishail, a red flag flamed against the green foliage, and Malcolm landed.

That night he fished in the Pass all night long without sleeping. I know very well the fascination that held him there. You will not find a scene in all Scotland more impressive than the Brandir Pass, when the black narrowing water moves noiselessly at midnight between its barren precipices, or ripples against them when the wind wails through its gates of war. Malcolm said it seemed fearful and horrible that night, as if inhabited by supernatural powers; and truly, to glide before the invisible breeze into its gloomy mountain portals at black midnight would take the frivolity out of any one, even, I do believe, out of a holiday

tourist. It is no time for levity when you hear before you the roar of the rapid Awe, seeing nothing, gliding as it seems to inevitable destruction, in so frail a bark as Malcolm's. On, on glides the fragile thing, on to the stony river!—on to the gates of death—gates once barred by brave men when the Bruce fought John of Lorn. The bones of the slain lie there yet, under their grey cairns.

In the early heat of the next morning, I went down to the beach of the island, and found Malcolm and his friend there, lying sunning themselves on the sands; so I addressed them after Robinson Crusoe's fashion, and invited them to my castle, where they breakfasted.

Malcolm's way of eating is peculiar. He has accustomed his appetite to such irregular supplies that it has gradually acquired the power of storing up materials for future nourishment whenever opportunity offers. It is not unusual with little boys, after having eaten as much as they possibly can, to fill their pockets with oranges and cake by way of providing for future necessities. But Malcolm has no occasion for such supplementary magazines, his own natural one being elastic enough to contain provision, not only for present use, but future. This vaccine accomplishment of his has proved at times rather inconvenient to his host when neither meat nor bread would keep, and the stock of both was necessarily limited. The ancient philosophers who objected to the use of the egg as human food on the sufficient ground that it contains the four elements are practically disregarded by him, and the quantity of incipient chicken life sacrificed annually to the support

of his would afford matter for calculation. By way of preparing himself for the more serious business of breakfast, it is a custom of his, when eggs are attainable, to beat a dozen of them together in a basin with whisky and sugar, and eat the whole raw mess with a spoon, like soup. That morning's breakfast in the camp was no unworthy proof of Malcolm's valour. We sat very comfortably in my little hut, with the door open, and the great calm lake around us seen from three of its four windows, like three exquisite pictures painted with supernatural splendour on its walls. We had capital trout to begin with, that Malcolm had caught a few hours before, with rosy flesh as firm as salmon. How many of these delicious fish we consumed, I cannot tell. To these succeeded mutton chops and boiled eggs, and here lay the most serious deficiency. Thursday had only boiled half-a-dozen eggs, he having destined one for me, one for Malcolm's friend, and four for Malcolm. But his calculations availed him nothing. When Malcolm perceived that the dish was empty, after having broken his fourth egg, he inquired politely if I would allow him to ask Thursday for another egg, then called out—

"Thursday, how many eggs did you boil?"

"Why, sir, I boiled *six!*" said Thursday aloud; then muttering to himself, "and plenty too for three people, after all them trouts and mutton chops."

"Six?" said Malcolm, interrogatively.

"Yes, sir, *six*," replied Thursday with firmness.

"Do you mean to tell me you only boiled six eggs, sir?" repeated Malcolm, severely.

"I thought you'd had enough mutton-chops and fish beout heggs."

Now this answer, which implied that Mr. Malcolm was, in Thursday's opinion, eating more than was good for him, was not, I admit, characterised by becoming humility; for Thursday, in his position in life, ought not to have presumed to set bounds to the fleshly appetites of his superiors. Neither does the wording of his reply leave nothing to be desired. I know that *beout* is not considered so elegant as the more classic "without," for it is in this latter form that the word is found in our best writers; and I am aware that the aspirate before the word "eggs" is, in fact, superfluous. But on the part of Thursday, I ought to say that he was not yet disciplined into the submissive manners required from servants; and as to any little defect of language that may have crept into his reply, I may observe that, in every case, people in anger speak the language which long habit has rendered most natural to them. Recent refinement is a thin disguise worn only in good humour; put the wearer out of temper, and he doffs it in a moment.

"Go and boil six-and-twenty," said Malcolm.

"Very well, sir; but where am I to find them?"

"You'll find two dozen in the box in my boat."

Then I told Thursday, privately, not to mind Malcolm's order, but to boil him four eggs only; which, with the four he had eaten, the plates of mutton chops, the plates of trout, the loaf of bread, and the six cups of strong coffee, I considered a sufficient breakfast.

After breakfast Malcolm always smoked several pipes

of tobacco; and as we smoked together, he told me a good story of some ladies he had met with on the shore of the lake. They were escorted by gentlemen, and Malcolm exchanged a few words with them about the scenery. "Have you been to the island?" said one; "there are three men there, living in tents; each has one tent, and they are all mad." Then, turning towards Ben Loy, the fair speaker continued, "You see that tent up there on the mountain; it belongs to another mad man of the same party."

"Well, but," said Malcolm, "that happens to be snow."

The idea of snow in June afforded them infinite amusement, for snow is not often observed at this season on the Alpine heights of the London hills. Malcolm gravely reiterated the truth about the matter, but drew down upon himself nothing but ridicule, and so left the tourists in disgust.

These people had not learned the use of their eyes. The snow on Ben Loy covers, at this moment, a larger area than twenty bell-tents; and the outline of the patch indicates so plainly that it fills a concave surface of rock, that even a cockney might see what it is.

The cool, round assertion that three mad men live in this camp tickles my fancy exceedingly. I remember that some days ago a yachting party from Inveraray came to see the island. I was painting in the hut, and at the same time giving Thursday his reading lesson, when we found the camp suddenly surrounded by the enemy. I went on with my work and took no notice of the invading forces, but heard a male voice say very

distinctly and positively, "You see there are three tents, and one man lives in each tent."

"By Jove!" cried Malcolm, who had finished his third pipe, and was amusing himself in the interim with his telescope; "by Jove, there they are again, the Oxonians and their sisters!"

"So much the better. Since we are here, three of us, why not affect madness, to confirm their idea that the camp is a species of lunatic asylum?"

So we rigged ourselves out oddly enough. As for Malcolm, he required little embellishment. He wore a pair of white sailor's trousers and a blue shirt. His long beard looked wild enough to frighten young ladies whose papas, and uncles, and brothers, and lovers were most probably all shaven like dead pigs. By way of a companion, Malcolm said he must have his big pipe. "Thursday," said he, "will you fetch the rosewood box out of my boat, please?" Thursday brought a thing like a large writing desk. Malcolm found a key, and opened it. There, in a bed of crimson velvet, lay the friend of his bosom, the delight of his eyes, the solace of his soul! It was his favourite pipe. How glorious was its mighty bowl! What soft and mellow tints the strong oil of a thousand replenishings had given it! From the pale yellow of the sea-foam clay it had darkened in its ripening, till you might trace in its exquisite gradations all the intermediate tints, down to a rich brown, like the brown of a deep pool in a Highland torrent. Its broad lid was of massive silver, surmounted by a magnificent cairngorm. By its side, in separate lengths, lay a long tube of the same metal,

embossed with rich designs, and the mouthpiece was made from a lump of pure yellow amber.

Malcolm's friend seemed wild enough with his long black hair and red shirt.

For myself I reserved a costume such as never was seen in the Highlands. It happened that, last winter but one, I had enrolled myself amongst the pupils at the celebrated Gymnasium of Monsieur Triat, in the Avenue Montaigne, at Paris. Having fortunately finished my course of instruction at that excellent institution without breaking my neck, I bore away, as a memento of it, the costume used in our exercises. This somewhat gaudy uniform consisted of a pair of tight red drawers, a tight blue jersey, a long red sash, and a pair of yellow boots. It had been slipped, amongst other things, into one of my portmanteaus, and so Thursday found it for me that morning.

So we spread the deck of the boat with a great buffalo skin and carpets, and set sail, not forgetting Malcolm's cornet-à-piston and his big pipe.

As we stepped into the boat Malcolm cried out, "Robin Crusoe! Robin Crusoe! here's a footprint in the sand!"

Yes, there on the beach of my desolate island was indeed visible, with fearful distinctness, a footprint in the sand! Sharply impressed it was, not by the naked foot of some cannibal savage, come to banquet horribly on the shore; but by a pretty Parisian shoe, worn by some delicate lady.

Then we gave chase to the tourists; we, the Three Mad Men of the Island. But the Mad Man of the Mountain rested still in his tent of snow.

Malcolm's pipe was exchanged for the cornet-à-piston, and, with martial music sounding over the water, we were soon in hot pursuit. Alarmed at our possible intentions (and what evils might not be apprehended from three mad men?), these unhappy tourists, pale with fear, hastened by furious rowing to regain the land. Once landed, they escaped to the woods. Malcolm wished to land also, and continue the pursuit; but being unwilling to bring about a meeting under such circumstances between him and the prettiest of the ladies, I felt it my duty, in his own interest, to oppose that proposition.

Their idea thus confirmed, I have no doubt that these tourists will long embellish their tales of travel with accounts of their courageous conduct in that terrible meeting with the Three Mad Men of the Island.

After this pardonable practical joke, I proposed to Malcolm to have a swim in the loch, but he excused himself at first on the plea of headache. At length he consented, and I plunged in before him, expecting him to follow. Some minutes afterwards I saw a venerable man approaching me in the water. He was bald and majestic, and as he swam towards me—and he swam remarkably well—I saw that his beard swept the ripples, and behold, it was Malcolm's beard; but the head was not Malcolm's, for my friend had a profusion of dark brown hair, whereas this strong swimmer was as bald as a phrenological bust. The riddle was explained, and the apprehensions of headache also, by a handsome wig which lay with Malcolm's clothes in the boat. It turned out that Malcolm was a vigorous man of sixty, with all

the strength and buoyancy of youth. How elastic his spirits were, and how hardy his frame, I had an excellent opportunity of observing during a voyage we undertook that evening to the other end of Loch Awe.

This man must have drunk of the fountain of Eternal Youth. After fishing during a long, sleepless night in the Pass of Awe, in a little cockle-shell that a strong salmon could upset in a moment, he had gaily taken part in a boyish frolic, then sported in the water like a young Etonian, and now, finally, at sunset accepted, without any pause or hesitation, my proposal to sail twenty miles and back on a cabinless raft.

I insert in this place an extract from a young lady's journal found in a bedroom at Cladich Inn some days after the occurrences narrated in the foregoing pages, and after the departure of the tourists. I tipped the chambermaid heavily before she would let me have it.

"*Wednesday, June* —. 1857.—The morning being beautiful, we all went down to the lake, the gentlemen to fish, and we ladies to watch them. Oh, how beautiful it looked under the bright morning sun! We rowed about a long time without catching any fish. Edward says that the fish won't bite on fine days. We came quite near the pretty islands, but did not like to land because of the three horrid men that live in three tents on one of them. They are quite mad, and I wonder very much their friends do not take better care of them; but I suppose they are put on this island to be out of the way. There are four altogether, but one has gone and put his tent

right up on a mountain, where we saw it very plainly. A gentleman in a kilt said that it was snow; as if snow could remain through June in this hot weather! it is astonishing how silly some people are. James says it is a tent; of course it is. I can't tell what people want living in tents, when they might be in a house; and I am sure the friends of these poor madmen are very much to blame for letting them be so near the water, as they might drown themselves. Jane declared she *would* put her foot on the island, so we landed her, but, just as she was stepping ashore, Edward called out, "See! here they come!" and she was so frightened, that she got back into the boat as soon as possible, and we rowed away. Before we reached the side James wanted to try his luck again in fishing, so we stopped, and then I do think we saw the strangest sight that ever was. A queer sail left the green island—James says it is a lateen sail—and we heard a beautiful air on the horn. We could not see any boat under the sail, and we waited some time to look and try to make it out. At last it came quite close to us, with flag flying, and the horn playing. Such a boat! It was not like a proper boat at all, and I wonder how it swam. Fancy two narrow sharp black things, very long, and boarded over. I could not tell how it was made, but Edward says it was two long narrow boats joined together. Then it had one mast with a gilt top, and a large white sail with a silk flag. But I never saw such men as there were in it. The steersman lounged on the skin of a bear or some such animal. He had a box of cigars close to him, and was smoking one. He was dressed in the

queerest dress I ever saw. He had red trousers, only they were as tight as what circus-men wear, and yellow boots, and a blue, tight jacket, with a red sash; everything as tight as one's skin itself. The two others were differently dressed. The one who played the horn had a blue shirt, and white sailor's trousers, with a Scotch cap, and a great ugly black beard. The steersman had a red beard, which is worse, only not quite so dirty-looking. I can't bear beards! When I'm married, if my husband does not shave himself every morning, I'll not give him a kiss till he does. The third of these men had long black hair and a red shirt. I thought him rather good-looking, but he did nothing but smoke, which is a very dirty habit, and almost as bad as a beard; but the two together are horrid. We got out of the way of these madmen as fast as we could.

"I wish Edward would call and see whether they are really very mad. But, perhaps, they would do him some harm, and I think, after all, I shan't ask him to go. I think I should like to know the one with the dark complexion and long black hair; only he smokes so dreadfully.

* * * * * *

"*Saturday, June*—. O dear me! Jane has put me into *such* a fright! She says the one with the black beard is very like the gentleman we met in the kilt. Edward declares it is the *very same.* And there I went and told him that three madmen lived in the tents, and he is one of them himself! The Highland boatman says after all that it *is* snow on the hill.

"*Monday, June*—. The innkeeper has just told Edward that the tents and boats all belong to one young gentleman, who lives there with his servant. They say he is painting pictures now, but that he is a poet besides, and has written a book on Loch Awe. He says the other two are living at a farm-house near the lake. No doubt they all dressed themselves up that way because I went and told the one with the black beard that three madmen lived on the island."

Dear, dear young lady! we may never meet again in this world; but if, perchance, in some distant land, thou shouldst peruse these pages, believe me, I implore thee, when I swear that I, the Three Mad Men of the Island combined in one person trebly mad, dared not have, would not have harmed thee! Softly would I have elucidated to thee the various mysteries of my simple life, and willingly would I have guided thy faltering steps up the distant mountain to the white tent of my lonely brother! Pleasing would it have been to me to cradle thee tenderly in thine innocent illusion, and then at last to observe its sudden flight before the cold, barren reality of winter's last remnant, that tent-like patch of snow!

CHAPTER XIV.

A LAKE VOYAGE. LOG OF THE BRITANNIA.

AFTER having chased the silly tourists, we made rapid preparations for our long voyage. I left Thursday in the camp as garrison, having an able crew in Malcolm and his friend. The following narrative of our voyage is condensed from the log of the Britannia.

The wind fell at sunset, and during the whole of that calm summer's night we floated so quietly, that our motion was utterly imperceptible. It was a delightful voyage; the very slowness of it was a great charm. Slowly the scenery changed, and slowly the dim shores faded away behind us—before lay endless mysteries. It was like a glorious dream; it was like a fair mysterious picture of a great white sail, curved by some faint breath of imaginary wind ever going we know not whither, yet resting there eternally! I lay on the buffalo skin on the deck, warmly clad in fur, and Malcolm sat for hours at the helm. Many a pipe did we smoke that night as we talked over his recollections of forty years, we two watching there together, whilst his friend Campbell slept. At last the dawn came, and we were in another scene; for we had floated into the second of the three reaches of Loch Awe.

When the sun rose, we landed in a little rocky bay, and made preparations for breakfast. A foolish trout or two had snatched at our lifeless flies as they floated behind the boat on the calm water; so we gathered a few dry sticks and made a little fire between two stones, to cook the fish and boil our coffee. Then Malcolm, great in culinary science, acted as *chef*, and soon we had a capital breakfast of trout, and eggs, and ham. We had a square stone for a table, and Mr. Campbell, as waiter, covered it with a clean little tablecloth, and laid covers for three. And a merry meal we made of it, we three.

This was just at sunrise, and we enjoyed that spectacle whilst we breakfasted. After a due number of pipes, the sun began to be pleasantly warm, and we resumed our voyage. Reclining on the deck, we attained the marvellous speed of half a mile an hour, and floated lazily into the magnificent bay that lies opposite to the ruined castle of Ardhonnel. It was a glorious morning, and we sailed quite fast enough. There is a time to be swift, and a time to be slow. Across ploughed fields, the express from London to Glasgow may go twice as fast as it does, and welcome,—the faster the better; and over the Atlantic waste the mighty steamers may traverse their twenty knots an hour, without drawing forth any other feeling than our most cordial admiration and good wishes. But the traveller who truly understands the uses of the world, only hurries over the dull desert that he may linger in the fair oasis, and there *are* scenes which excite in us no other desire than to behold them thus for ever.

We three, at least, were determined not to be hurried.

It is a notable fact that, on a certain day of June in the year of grace 1857, three Englishmen were travelling in the Highlands at the rate of half a mile an hour, and would not have thanked anybody to get them forward a bit faster: they were not tourists.

We three tortoises, then, or snails, or whatever you like to call us, floated thus lazily into a great bay; and as the sun was by this time hot, we two younger ones refreshed ourselves in the water, whilst Malcolm looked on from the boat, and criticised our bad swimming. After our bath, we resumed our attitude of profound repose, and lay on the deck luxuriously with our heads on air-pillows, and our bodies stretched on the buffalo skin. My recollections of the rest of our voyage are strangely confused and indistinct. I remember a ruined castle, ivy-clothed, on a beautiful island. I remember the pale peaks of Cruachan rising far away in the sultry air; and then the castle changed as if by enchantment, and its broken battlement assumed loftier proportions and a more fantastic form: then I heard at intervals the music of ripples on the boat's side, as if she danced before a freshening breeze; and there were intervals of absolute silence, as if I had become suddenly deaf. And at last I heard the ripple no more, and forgot all about the boat and the lake, to dream of a garden at home in England with six old yew-trees and a sundial.

"Captain, I'm sorry to awake you, but I wish to know whether we are to enter the harbour at Feord, or to lie out for the night."

It was Malcolm's voice, and I awoke to find myself in a scene quite new to me. During eight miles of our

voyage, Campbell and I had slept side by side like two children, and Malcolm had been watching over us all the time, and steering the boat patiently, though he had not so much as dozed for sixty hours. It seemed as if we had sailed into other, and to me unknown, waters; for the third reach of Loch Awe is as distinct from the second and first as if it were another lake. We sailed towards what seemed an ironbound coast with smooth precipices of rock enclosing a little bay. But in the bay, behold a little narrow opening just wide enough to admit the boat; and through this strait between the rocks we glided softly into the sweetest miniature lake I ever saw, guarded all round by most picturesque miniature mountains, and fed by a tiny stream. I should never have suspected the existence of this exquisite natural harbour, if Malcolm had not told me of it before.

We selected, however, another bay for our bath; and as Campbell and I bathed together, the boat rode at anchor and Malcolm slept at last. After my bath, I lay reading on the deck, and fell asleep too. Shortly after, Malcolm awoke me.

"Captain, what's to be done? This is not a good anchorage, and a strong breeze is coming from the east which will be a gale o' wind at night. Look how the sky is overcast already; there is going to be a great change in the weather."

I jumped to my feet at once, and saw the white waves up already. Even in our sheltered bay the boat dashed and splashed, and tugged at the cable violently. There was a total revolution in the weather. "We must go

back to the harbour, Mr. Malcolm, and at once, or we shall not get through the strait without danger."

So we double-reefed the sail, took off our shoes and stockings, rolled up our trousers, packed all the things to secure them from the spray, weighed anchor, and sailed into the white breakers. It was now dusk, and I stood at the bows on the windward tube to act as man on the look-out. Wave after wave came over the tube, and I was often up to my knees in water; but I knew the boat, and trusted her.

Then we rushed forwards to the gloomy precipices, and it seemed in the twilight as if the wall of black rock before us could afford no refuge. Any stranger to the place would have thought we were rushing on certain destruction. Our only chance of hitting the entrance to the harbour, for it was already nearly dark, was to keep quite close to the shore on our right that descended perpendicularly into the deep water, a tremendous wall of solid rock, stained and polished as if it had been built of black marble by an enchanter in the Arabian Nights. So we darted swiftly between the sombre portals, impelled by a howling gust, and in a minute afterwards found ourselves floating on calm water, in a little quiet lake, our speed decreasing as the impetus died away. Then we dropped anchor and arranged ourselves for the night, in some haste, for the big drops were beginning to fall.

Now the way we arranged matters was most equitable and ingenious. The deck afforded a spacious bed, big enough for three persons, and we gave the middle place to Campbell, he being younger and more delicately

constituted than we were. I was enveloped in a huge coat of sheepskin that descended to the ankles, and I wore on my head a seal-skin cap, with flaps tied down over the ears by way of night-cap, and a pair of seal-skin boots to keep my feet warm. I had supplied Campbell with a costume exactly similar. Malcolm had a seal-skin coat of his own, and huge knitted stockings that did just as well as our seal-skin boots. These stockings were a valuable addition to the picturesque of Malcolm's costume, being of a most brilliant red.

So we went to bed, not supperless. Our counterpane was quite waterproof, and we arranged waterproof sheets over our heads in such a manner as to protect both heads and pillows from the rain, without in any way interfering with respiration. Sheltered thus, we lay on the deck as snugly as possible, in a state of comfort really wonderful when you consider that a strong gale was blowing all the while from the east, which entered our harbour in the form of violent gusts from every point of the compass, and that the rain was heavy and incessant the whole night long. As for me, I slept so pleasantly, and felt so delightfully warm and cosy in my seal-skin boots and night-cap and my great sheepskin coat, that I was quite angry with Malcolm when he disturbed me at five o'clock in the morning.

"Captain, I say captain, sorry to disturb you as you seem so comfortable, but I'll tell you what it is, I must be put ashore."

"Confound you—ah, I beg your pardon, Mr. Malcolm, was it your voice I heard?"

I opened my sleepy eyes, and a more pitiable yet

ludicrous sight they never beheld. There stood Malcolm in the cold light of early morning, drenched with rain, and presenting an appearance so utterly forlorn and miserable, that he might have made a guinea in an hour or two as a street beggar, if he could have transported himself in that plight to the metropolis.

He had slept comfortably enough during the night, but, owing to some movement of his, the waterproof counterpane had hollowed itself into a perfect cistern or reservoir of water, and, another unlucky movement having formed a fold in the counterpane which acted admirably as a conduit, the whole contents of the reservoir had been precipitated upon Malcolm's neck, whence its chilly stream penetrated to his body and even to his innermost apparel. Thus inundated, Malcolm had endeavoured to console himself philosophically with a pipe, but his matches were wet too, and wouldn't burn; so he yielded to his fate, and prayed to be put ashore that he might seek shelter from the bitter rain. I argued that it was very comfortable where we were, and preached resignation, being warm and dry myself, just as Dives says Lazarus ought to be thankful for his lot, and cheerful under it; whereas God knows Dives would be anything but patient if he had to take upon himself the lot of Lazarus. At last we went ashore, and walked on to a little Highland village, where we found an inn.

In ten minutes after our arrival, there was Malcolm all right again, and merry as good-humour could make him. I rather suspected the reason, when a particularly pretty Highland girl came into the room to light a fire for us. She was willing to learn the art of cookery, and

our excellent *chef* most kindly undertook to be her instructor. And this it was which produced those beaming smiles of satisfaction on good Mr. Malcolm's face! Such is the power of benevolence, that the mere hope of communicating to a poor fellow-creature instruction of a nature calculated to mitigate the hardships of her lot is sufficient, as we see, to shed a pleasing radiance on the countenance in circumstances the reverse of luxurious!

We had a capital breakfast of ham and eggs; and when Malcolm saw that there were only a dozen eggs in the dish, he requested our fair waiter, in the most polite and charming manner, to fry a few more immediately. I must confess I felt a little ashamed of Malcolm and his appetite, but without reason; for he soon ingratiated himself so well with every inhabitant of the inn, that I believe he might have stayed there a week for nothing, notwithstanding his appetite.

It was really delightful to see our friend's happiness; how he enjoyed his mighty breakfast, and his pipe after it, and how he chatted with the inn-keeper and the old mother in the chimney-corner, and the pretty serving-maid.

At last we decided, in spite of the gale, to try to beat against it as far as the next inn, at any rate, which would be eight miles nearer home. We got out of the harbour, and, under a double-reefed sail, *did* beat to windward for a while; but Malcolm was at the helm, and I fancy he regretted the black eyes of his pupil at the inn, for the boat did not sail so near the wind as usual, and we decided to return and wait twenty-four hours for a change of weather.

On our return, the most important question was, what we were to have for dinner. Our experienced *chef* charged himself with the organization of this repast. At the mention of dinner, the Highlanders seemed as usual much astonished; for dining is a habit by no means universal, and, like many other southern usages, has as yet acquired but an uncertain footing in the north. It seemed, however, to Malcolm, very much to be regretted, that so excellent a custom should be here comparatively unknown, and he busied himself in the kitchen with the instruction of the beautiful maiden in the elements of culinary science. Two or three unlucky chickens were running about before the door, whose lives he ruthlessly sacrificed, and then proceeded with an unheard-of quantity of eggs to make us a capital pudding. Add to this ham and potatoes, and it will be evident that we had as good a dinner as any traveller need wish for.

After dinner came grog and tobacco; for were we not sailors in an inn? and who shall forbid us the sailor's luxuries? And so we three sat pleasantly by the great peat-fire whilst the tempest howled outside, and were as merry as if we had been staying there of our own free-will. I can't say much for our beds, because, though not proud, I confess to a certain degree of daintiness as to my bedding. I like sheets, for instance, and clean ones, and I don't like dirty blankets wherein Highland drovers have preceded me. Now there were no sheets whatever on our beds, and as to the blankets—but these are not agreeable reminiscences.

The next morning we quitted the inn, and the land-lord, according to the courteous old Highland custom,

gave us each a glass of whisky for nothing after the bill was paid, and then walked with us down to the boat. How astonished he was! "Never was the like seen on this loch; she was a wonderful boat; them that made her was surely clever—they had great schooling."

The wind was dead against us, and quite strong enough to be agreeable. The waves were five feet high, which indicates rough weather on a narrow, land-locked sheet of water. We packed everything with great care in the waterproof sheets, and laid all the luggage in the middle of the deck, binding it down with cords. Then we pulled through the little strait, and ten minutes afterwards were beating to windward. The landlord and a friend of his followed along the shore, watching us with fear and wonder; for a true mountaineer dreads water, and the art of sailing against the wind is ever to him an incomprehensible mystery.

For eight miles we worked thus in the teeth of the wind, and so got to Port Inisherrich. Malcolm looked forlorn as he stepped ashore. He had been sitting barefooted in the stern of the boat in his white sailor's trousers; and now the trousers, which were wet with rain and spray, clung to his manly limbs, and our friend resembled exactly a professional London mendicant in the character of a shipwrecked mariner. Malcolm had but that one pair of trousers on board our craft, so in order to dry them it was necessary that he should submit his person to the process of roasting. There being an excellent fire in the kitchen at Port Inisherrich, he took his station before it, and bore with great courage the

inevitable torture. It is, in truth, a most uncomfortable way of procuring oneself the luxury of a dry seat. When the evaporation begins, one experiences sensations of an alarming character; yet so mixed, that it would be difficult to analyse them satisfactorily. As to prudence, when the caloric imparted to the person by the fire is in excess of that which is carried off by evaporation, there is not the slightest danger to be apprehended. When Malcolm's trousers ceased to steam, and the fine sculpture of his legs was no longer visible, his spirits rose rapidly to their usual degree of good humour; and having replenished the inevitable pipe, he took his old station at the helm, and we again set sail.

It was now late in the afternoon, and the wind had fallen. Still, a light breeze blew sufficiently in our favour to allow us to hold our course; but at night this also fell, and we passed the whole night on board, steering and sleeping by turns, except when we rowed occasionally to get an offing to catch some transient breath.

In all that night we only made eight miles, for the sun rose as we reached Port Sonachan. And a more magnificent sunrise I never saw. Slowly the dawn came in the east, and gradually the sky brightened; then, suddenly a flood of light illumined every crag and mound on the hills, every tree in the forest, every tuft of grass on the sloping pastures.

We floated in a glassy calm. Malcolm lay on the deck with his face turned westwards. I was sitting at the stern looking to the east.

"There is a delightful breeze in our favour," said Malcolm; "it is coming up from the west."

"And there is a tremendous wind against us," I answered; "it is coming down from the east."

We were both right. We looked westwards, and saw a steady ripple advancing towards us; we looked eastwards, and the white waves were foaming under a violent east wind. We ourselves lay becalmed in a neutral sheet of glassy water that separated the hostile winds.

The west wind came up quickly and filled our sail. The east wind came down and met the west wind. Our sail flapped and shivered as the two winds struggled for the mastery, and then strained tight under the pressure of the conqueror.

So it was the old story, and we were again beating against a foul wind. Malcolm lay fast asleep on the deck, weary of watching; and as for Campbell—but to explain the peculiar precariousness of his position, I must revert to the construction of my boat.

She has four rowlocks, two on each side. Commonly, she carries only two oars. The rowlocks revolve in iron sockets which stand on the gunwales. The boat has no bulwark, except a little one three inches high, because bulwarks are an impediment to sailing; but when we are not rowing, the oars rest in these revolving rowlocks, parallel with the keels, and so serve the purpose of rails. It was on one of these oars that Mr. Campbell took his seat, and I observed with alarm that occasionally, when we fell into the trough of the sea, Mr. Campbell was within a very little of falling backwards into the water. He was fast asleep. So as I did not consider a boat's rail on a rough day the best seat for a sleeper, I made my friend lie down on the deck, and did all the work of the boat.

Malcolm awoke soon after, and we beat up to the green island; and Malcolm was cunning enough to sound the trumpet under pretext of explaining to me the mechanism of the instrument, but in reality to warn Thursday of our arrival, that he might make culinary preparations for our reception. And then we breakfasted in the most copious manner on the grass under the shadow of the tents, and after breakfast fell fast asleep, all three of us, then and there.

As for Thursday, he had lived alone in the island during these days and nights, sleeping with no other neighbours than those silent ones, the dead people in the graves; yet we found him in health and safety, and mental calm, with hair unblanched by fear.

CHAPTER XV.

FARTHER EXTRACTS FROM THE LOG OF THE BRITANNIA.

As the reader will probably be troubled with a good deal about sailing in the course of the present work, the author has mercifully decided to spare him for the present, when treating of that subject, a minuteness of detail which would be likely to prove monotonous. It is very possible that the reader regards all boats with dislike or fear—as murderous inventions for the destruction of human life ; or with indifference—as things which do not concern him ; or with contempt—as toys : and a person who does not look upon them with quite other feelings than these would never hear with patience those endless histories of alternate storm and sunshine, foul and fair wind, which possess so inexhaustible an attraction for better-constituted minds.

So I propose to myself in this chapter to conclude what I have to say of the *Britannia;* to give some farther account of her voyages, and to state fairly the qualities and defects which frequent trials have discovered in her.

I have planned a tent for the deck. This gives more comfortable accommodation on a wet night than Malcolm enjoyed when, as narrated in the preceding

chapter, the rain-water ran down his neck. I extract from the log the following account of a night passed under this new tent.

"In the little basin at Feord, which we entered at nightfall, we cast anchor at once, without landing, and Thursday soon erected his new boat-tent, which I found to be a decided improvement on the former open-air arrangement. There was room in it for two persons in a sitting or recumbent posture; and I rejoiced, on entering this hospitable pavilion, to discover that Thursday had spread the deck with india-rubber cloth, and had laid over that several strata of dry carpet and skins of beasts, so that, propped up by air-pillows at the end of the tent, which lay to the head of the boat, I reclined luxuriously like a Turk, and dined in great state, being waited upon by Thursday on his knees. A regard for veracity compels me, however, to observe that these genuflections are not to be understood as a proof of humility on the part of Thursday, nor of inordinate pride on mine, since they arose simply from the deficient height of the dining apartment, which necessitated this abridgment of my domestic's person. After we had both dined, Thursday, whom I had taught to read, lay at a distance as respectful as the narrow limits of our lodging permitted, and was soon absorbed in the surprising adventures of Robinson Crusoe, which for him, enviable student! still possessed the first charms of novelty. His master, however, less intellectually inclined, lighted his evening pipe, whose incense-cloud crept to the roof of the tent like a wreath of mist, and thus escaped at the open end at the stern.

Then, when the last fibre of tobacco in the bowl of my brown meerschaum was turned to pale dust, and the history of Robinson Crusoe had no longer power to keep poor Thursday's eyelids from falling, I told him to make my bed, and turned in and fell asleep at once to a strange lullaby of pattering raindrops and wailing winds, and so never stirred till Thursday awoke me in the morning, and the bright sunshine streamed in at the open end of the tent."

There is a great advantage in a boat-tent which no land-tent can ever possess. It is possible in any boat-tent to combine narrowness of dimension with an abundant supply of air. This may be done by simply leaving that end of the tent quite open which is at the stern of the boat. No matter how the wind changes during the night, the boat will always keep her head to it, and therefore neither wind nor rain will ever enter the open end; but the foul air is sure to escape as fast as it is generated by running along the roof (just as the tobacco smoke did), and as fast as it escapes its place is supplied by fresh air from without. Often that evening in one quarter of an hour the wind would come from every point of the compass, but the boat swung round and round, and always kept the closed end of the tent to windward.

Being occupied with my drawing the next morning, it was after one P.M. when I left the bay. I may remind the reader that this bay is at the western extremity of Loch Awe. We left it with a fair wind, sailing through the narrow channel that unites it to the great lake, and then, without a minute's pause or interruption, the same

fair wind wafted us up to the river Orchay at the other extremity, a magnificent and memorable voyage on a sunny inland sea as long as Windermere and Ullswater put together.

It was the perfection of freshwater sailing. There I lay, hour after hour, in one long trance of tranquil happiness, two instincts strong in me from childhood, the love of landscape and the love of boating, feasted and gratified to the utmost.

We passed the castle of the Black Knight. We passed the isle of Erreth, the isle of tombs. We passed the castled Ardhonnel, first nest of feudal Argyll. We heard the roar of Blairgower, where the stream plunges into its deep abyss. We watched the magnificent range of Cruachan, forming the background to an infinite succession of wonderful natural pictures. And all this time the sky above was blue and bright, with only a few white clouds sailing majestically before the wind, and the broad waters, of a yet deeper blue, were broken only by such laughing waves of summer as dance about the golden bark and bear the beautiful swimmers, in Etty's poem of Pleasure.

Thus, without haste or effort, but serenely as the white clouds above us, the white sail of the *Britannia*, curved by the constant breeze, drew us with a gentle, luxurious motion through twenty miles of the fairest scenery in Europe. It was nearly sunset when we passed through the narrow strait that separates the Black Islands, then we glided swiftly along the green coast of Inishail, passed the beautiful Fraoch Elan, famous as the enchanted Hesperides of the Highlands,

shrouding in thick growth of wood the remains of a little castle whose lords were most chivalrous gentlemen, and whose guests were anointed kings. Then we sailed where the lake is dark and deep, under the shadow of those frowning hills which had shone so pale from afar in the morning. And so we held our way towards Kilchurn, and then into the stream of the Orchay, where we furled sail and cast anchor.

Thursday erected the boat-tent which had served us so well the preceding night at the other end of the lake, and I was examining the contents of the provision box with a view to supper, when a friendly voice hailed me from the river side, and, looking up, I recognised my friend the doctor, who invited me to land and spend the evening with him. The doctor had rooms in a comfortable farm-house close at hand, so we spent a merry evening together, Thursday all the time being under the boat-tent, absorbed in the study of the provision box and the adventures of Robinson Crusoe. Late at night I went on board to sleep, the doctor having pressed me in vain to accept a bed. What did *I* want with a bed, with so noble a yacht at anchor in the river?

It is singular that, though everybody has been finding fault with the *Britannia* ever since she was built, no one ever finds out her real faults. In kindness to these people I here propose to point them out.

The greatest fault is want of sufficient bulk and buoyancy in the tubes. An enormous reserve of floating power is essential in a double boat. For want of it, the *Britannia*, in heavy squalls, submerges her lee tube when there is any burden on her. She is, therefore, not

fit to carry heavy luggage in rough weather. This want of buoyancy is a great fault.

Proofs of this have only been too frequent since my arrival here; for instance, in the following extracts from her log:—

"We had to beat against a stormy wind in thick, blinding rain from the river Orchay to the bay of Innistrynich. Though we sailed under double reefs the wind was yet violent enough to snap a strong sheet like packthread, and if a snug little bay had not been close at hand we should have lost way whilst replacing it. The waves were high and fierce, with white crests that the gale carried off in a fog of spray. The spray and rain together concealed at times the shores of the loch, so that it seemed as if we were out at sea, far from the land. *A heavy squall caught us once, and buried the lee tube entirely. I was up to my knees in water, and the baggage was floating about the deck,* but the good boat rose again immediately, the deck cleared itself of water, and yet we had never to trouble ourselves with baling. In a common open boat, after shipping a sea like that, a desperate contest would have begun immediately between Thursday, armed with the orthodox tin can, and an endless succession of breakers."

Here is another extract. It describes my removal from the island of Inishail:—

"In crossing the lake with the *Britannia* laden to the water's edge, we found ourselves in rather an unpleasant predicament. The walls and floors of the encampment, piled upon the deck, raised us high above it. The sail was double-reefed, and the tiller-ropes exceedingly

inconvenient to work. The novelty of finding oneself raised up to so lofty a position above the water had a certain charm, and I was expatiating to Thursday on the desirableness of having a deck at the height of the floor we were standing upon, with a snug little cabin under it, when a tremendous squall, from which there was no escape whatever (for we were in the very middle of the lake), came whitening the waves to the eastward. I tried to get the sail lowered, but there was no way of doing it without cutting the halyard, because the winch was hidden under a quantity of luggage; so I determined to let the squall do its worst, and leave the sail to shiver in the wind. *It was very soon upon us, and drove the whole of the lee tube deep under water; indeed, the whole boat rushed under water, six feet of her length being invisible under a boiling surge.* I expected everything to be washed off the deck, ourselves included; but managed to bring her up to the wind, when the bows rose, and shortly afterwards the squall abated. We had passed a cord or two over the cargo, which probably saved it from being washed away. Of course the boat was none the worse for having been under water, as not a drop could ever enter."

Another fault, also due to want of buoyancy and height in the tubes, is the comparative ease with which the *Britannia's* bows may be forced under water when going before the wind. Often, when sailing before a violent wind, I have let it force three or four feet of her length under water. No real harm comes of this, except that it stops speed, and wets the passengers with showers of spray. This is disagreeable, but not dangerous.

In common boats, this vice is often the cause of fatal accidents. A yacht on Derwentwater, over-masted, went down head foremost in this way, and those on board were drowned.

As a piece of construction, another glaring fault of the *Britannia* is, that *she is two whole boats joined together by beams, and not two half-boats.* This defect I owe to the South Sea models in the Louvre, and therefore it is none of mine, though I had no business to imitate it. It is indeed a very great defect, and the usual ingenuity of the savages failed them entirely here, or they would have found this out by experience, and discovered the remedy. In every double boat the inner sides ought to be smooth and straight from end to end. If you choke up the channel with bulging forms inside, your boat can never attain high speed. The *Britannia* only sails six knots an hour at best. When I study the currents and eddies produced between the tubes at five or six miles an hour, I see that her wedge-shaped bows drive two currents of water inwards, which meet each other like the two lines in the capital letter V. Where they meet they have to rise into a wave, because at that point the channel between the tubes is exactly a foot narrower than it is at the cutwater. This wave is maintained nearly at its first height till the tube begins to narrow again towards the stern, and the force expended in raising this weight of water is of course deducted from the speed of the boat.

Again, in the construction of a double boat, as much attention ought to be given to her lines as if she were a single one. We have all gone wrong hitherto in this

respect. The South Sea savages were wrong with their straight-sided, double canoes,* and straight balancing-logs. Mr. Richardson was wrong with his straight-sided, round, iron tubes, and I was wrong with my straight-sided boat-shaped pontoons.

Now, when I indicate these faults, I know beforehand that all those kind friends who were always finding imaginary defects, but lacked the wit or discernment to discover the real ones, will cry out together, "We told you so!" Pardon me, good friends, you did *not* tell me so. You told me the boat would sink, and it has not sunk; you said the tubes would be torn asunder —they are as stiff and firm as ever, bound tightly to their strong beams; you told me the boat would be capsized, and she has not been capsized; you said she would never sail to windward, and I have sailed against a gale from one end of Loch Awe to the other. Of all your idle predictions, *not one* has been verified. And now, when I tell other and more intelligent readers of real faults, in order that future constructors may avail themselves of my experiments, do not pretend you knew them before. You had all the will to discover defects, and all the desire to make predictions of disaster *which might be fulfilled,* but you lacked the sense to see the really weak points, and the foresight to prophesy the degree and kind of failure.

* In the old quarto edition of Captain Cook's Voyages, which I have at hand, I find elaborate drawings of the South Sea double canoe, with plans and sections; and in all these drawings, the sides of the canoe are parallel, except at the extremities. In the Louvre, however, the lines of one or two models of double canoes are almost as good as those of a Venetian gondola. The balancing-logs, though, are merely logs of timber pointed at the ends, as one cuts a common lead pencil.

As to safety, the object I proposed to myself, I have succeeded completely. The boat is safe to that degree, that any one who has been accustomed to her is unfitted for all common boats ever after. I have got so used to carrying canvass in all weathers, that henceforth I feel myself disqualified for all other craft. I have lost that wakeful apprehension of possible danger which is so essential to a yachtsman. Safety breeds carelessness. But are we to place our lives voluntarily in constant jeopardy that we may not grow careless? Is not careless safety better than careful peril? I would rather sing merrily at the helm, when the storm is raging, than count in anxious silence the chances of Life or Death.

CHAPTER XVI.

FRIENDS IN THE DESERT.

MALCOLM is not the only person who has visited the camp. Lonely as I am, I have friends and visitors. These visitors are of all sorts, from the peerage down to absolute pauperism.

One day, on the island, an old man of eighty came to see me. I knew him here several years ago. He is not very rich; indeed, some people might find it difficult to live on his income, which does not exceed threepence-halfpenny a day. He is a householder, but his household is limited to himself; and his house is worth, as it stands, from three to five pounds, exclusive of the site. A house worth five pounds, and an income of threepence-halfpenny a day, not a soul to help one, and the burden of eighty-two years on one's back! Somewhat meagre materials for happiness, these.

The people say he seeks me from selfish motives; that because I rendered him a little service years ago, he thinks I may do as much to-day or to-morrow. Well, and if a little self-interest *does* urge his old tottering limbs to the camp, what harm is done? Is poor old Duncan the only person in this world who keeps up an acquaintance which is likely to be advantageous to him? I think I know others who have not the same excuse of

iron necessity, and who yet pay court to more powerful men, with more of slavish sycophancy than this poor simple old peasant is capable of. His little wiles are so plain and on the surface, I can read them all beforehand, so that there is really no deceit. He knows that I know what he wants. It is all quite straightforward between us. He comes to me, to the camp, and he gets a cup of hot tea or coffee—beverages rare to him, and precious as the nectar of the gods—and while he drinks his coffee, he enjoys a conversation in which he finds endless novelty, and a pleasant stimulus to an aged but by no means worn-out brain, which still retains its appetite for information. And then, he knows that when he goes away, there will be a silver shilling in his pocket that was not there when he came. And with all these inducements, is it not rather a proof of great delicacy in my poor neighbour not to come ten times oftener? He was with me a few days ago, and I know he will not come near me again for six weeks, unless I send for him. And what sort of a life will he have of it in the meantime? In the morning, when he awakes in that little damp cottage by the stream, who lights the old fellow's fire? who gets him his breakfast? If you, Mr. Dives, who read this somewhat unsympathetically, if you live to fourscore years, you will be petted and nursed like a new-born babe. Petted and nursed you entered upon life, nursed and petted you will go out from it. If your lordship's little finger should happen to ache when it shall be venerable with the wrinkles of four-fifths of a century, respectful envoys will come galloping on swift steeds from distant castles and halls, to express the deep

interest and anxiety of their several masters in the well-being of that important member of your lordship's person. A maiden, swift and silent in all her movements, shall light your fire whilst you are yet in unconscious sleep in the great, curtained, tented bed. Kind eyes of son or daughter shall watch for your waking, and your wrinkled yellow forehead shall be kissed, let us hope, with true affection, by children whom poverty does not detain far away at relentless labours. Then, when the bright fire is burning in the grate, and the lofty chamber is gay with sunshine, you shall be lifted by strong yet gentle arms out of that soft recess of sleep, and washed and swathed and brushed and combed till you revel in that delightful cleanliness which has nothing to do with godliness, but is the most precious result of wealth. And then your easy chair shall be wheeled over the velvet floors into another atmosphere, fresh, fragrant, pure, yet warm and genial as summer; and there shall you be read to, or talked to all day long, as you will. And, lest your strength fail, there shall be delicate dishes provided for its continual restoration, and the most precious juices of the grape shall fire your thin blood with their sweet stimulus. O Dives, Dives! not thus is your poor brother attended at *his* levee.

When he wakes, what then? There is not a soul to help him. He is eighty years old, remember; and at that age one may chance to feel a little tired or faint in the morning. And then the fire, is it alive yet under the heap of ashes, or has it gone out? That is a serious question, especially in winter frost. Well, by chance there *is* a smouldering yet in the ashy peats. And now

for the breakfast. The old man dresses himself with trembling hands. Perhaps he is not over cleanly. Perhaps he does not take a cold bath from head to foot every morning as you do; but, in truth, his circumstances are not so favourable to that health-giving observance as yours are, my dear sir. He would have to fetch the water from the stream, and then, where is the sponge-bath to come from? Would you have him flood his clay floor, and make a puddle of it? And then, dirt is a garment, and poor folks, when they are prudent, don't like to throw it aside until they can afford to buy another to supply its place. So I dare say, on the whole, my friend dispenses with the rite of ablution. He is not a Mahometan Turk, you see, but a Scot and a Christian, so washing is not amongst his religious duties.

Yet, he will say his prayers and read his chapter in the old bible, if, perchance, this time he find his spectacles. And as for the wants of his body, there will at least be none of that hesitation in the choice of dishes which may perplex your old stomach, Mr. Dives; for if you would live on threepence-halfpenny a day in the Highlands of Scotland, there is only one thing for you, and that is oatmeal. Water, of course, you may have (of a brown colour), for the trouble of fetching it; and, as salt is cheap, you may salt your porridge; but to porridge you are bound irrevocably. Porridge three times a day for a year makes a thousand repasts, all porridge! Old Duncan thanks God humbly and sincerely for his eighty thousandth basin of that delectable aliment, and sits down on the untidy bed with his old brown bible.

Now, porridge, as I take it, is not a bad thing occasionally, with plenty of thick cream; though, for my own individual organization, I find it rather too heating, and not supporting enough to do hard work upon; yet the most fervent believer in the virtues of that over-extolled mess, oatmeal porridge, would, I fancy, demur to eighty thousand repetitions of it. One could smoke eighty thousand good cigars, if one had a long life to do it in; but eighty thousand messes of oatmeal porridge—a southern stomach sickens at the thought!

And if that judicious old Duncan prefers what he gets here to that eternal porridge, little do I blame him. On the contrary, I applaud his taste and discernment. And if I fancy that he may relish my society as much as the society of his clock, I hope I do not flatter myself unwarrantably. My talk may not always be very wise or very good talk, but there is, at any rate, more variety in it than in the monotonous tick-tack of an old cheap clock. But I declare we get positively intellectual together sometimes, Duncan and I. We talk about London, and the electric telegraph, and the Leviathan, and Louis Napoleon, and other vast and mighty subjects. I believe my conversations with my old pauper friend are a great deal more interesting than much of the talk I have had to do at rich men's feasts. Here is a specimen of it. I do not pretend that we, either of us, threw any very bright or novel light on the subjects we touched upon, but we were both in earnest; he entirely interested in the talk, and I in him.

Fancy the Isle of Inishail on a glorious summer's day, the camp upon it, white and brilliant; on the green

grass in front of the tent a grey-headed Highlander and a young Englishman sipping their coffee together; Mr. Thursday standing a little way off, astonished and scandalised at so unwarrantable a degree of friendliness towards a ragged old fellow, living on public charity—"a regular common beggar, for he's naut else."

DUNCAN.—Well, sir, and they're sayin' noo that London's an awfu' big toon; noo, is it as big as Glasco'?

THE AUTHOR.—Yes, it's six times as big as Glasgow.

DUNCAN.—Sax times as big as Glasco'; gosh me! what a fearfu' place! And they're sayin' that there's a deal o' money in London, and all these rich English shentlemen come frae London, and I'm thinking it must be a ter'ble rich place. Mr. Cool, and Mr. Smith, and the Capt'n that was with them, came frae London, and I hae the address o' Mr. Smith's hoose, that he gave me, ye see, and I wrote tull him wi' my ain hand, and I'm eighty-two years of age.

THE AUTHOR.—Yes, you write uncommonly well for your age. I've seldom seen a clearer hand.

DUNCAN.—An' please, Mr. Hamerton, can ye tell me noo, if it's true what they're sayin', that the letters are goin' frae Glasco' to London in one nicht. They're sayin' that it's the railway that takes them.

THE AUTHOR.—Yes, it's quite true. I've come from London to Glasgow myself in one night, in the same train with the letters.

DUNCAN.—Its fearfu' fast, gosh me, gosh me! An' is it true that they've a way o' sendin' word by long wires

that reach frae Glasco' to London? They're sayin' that they're sending word by wires instead o' letters.

THE AUTHOR.—Yes, you mean the telegraph. It's quite true. But I'm afraid I cannot make you understand it very well; indeed, nobody quite understands it. They know enough about it to make it act, but not enough to give good reasons why it acts. The news is sent, as you know already, by means of wires.

DUNCAN (*with eagerness*).—An' please, Mr. Hamerton, can it go fast, the word that they're sending by the wires?

THE AUTHOR.—Yes, very fast indeed; a great deal faster than your letter to Mr. Smith, and that, you know, went from Glasgow to London in twelve hours.

DUNCAN.—Gosh me, gosh me! they hae great schoolin'. Gosh me! faster than my letter to Mr. Smith, that went frae Glasco' to London in twelve hoors!

THE AUTHOR.—Yes, ten times as fast—twenty times as fast—a hundred times as fast!

DUNCAN (*astounded*).—A hunder times as fast! Gosh me! gosh me! it flies on the wings o' the wind!

THE AUTHOR.—Yes, you may say so; only the wind does not go half as fast. I've sent messages myself that have gone hundreds of miles between two ticks of your clock at home. The messages go so fast that it really takes no time at all.

DUNCAN.—Gosh me! and they didna ken hoo it flies, and it flies sae fast! And does the word come right as ye sent it?

THE AUTHOR.—Yes, yes, just as if you wrote it in a letter.

DUNCAN.—An' please, Mr. Hamerton, is it true what they're sayin', that the Emperor o' France is going to make war against Scotland? And has he as large an army as they're tellin'?

THE AUTHOR.—He has a very large army indeed, but I don't think it likely that we shall be troubled with it over here.

From the Emperor of France, Duncan naturally diverged to the Queen of England; and after various minute inquiries respecting her Majesty's personal appearance, the number of her children, the size of her establishment, and the extent of her revenues, we got somehow to Balmoral, and thence to the subject of English visitors to Scotland in general, when I asked Duncan what he thought of my tents. Duncan, with much tact, replied that he had a great respect for tents and for them who dwelt in them; and when I demanded in some surprise the reason for so unusual a sentiment, he answered, "because the Scriptur' says that Abraham dwelt in a tent."

As the reader, in all probability, shares to a certain extent Thursday's prejudice against paupers, the next conversation I will attempt to report shall have a nobleman in it. Thus we shall rise from this low and degrading atmosphere of poverty and ignorance to the most elevated regions of society, and breathe a purer and more etherial air. Our horizon thus enlarged, we shall receive, no doubt, ideas of a corresponding grandeur and vastness, and things will become quite plain and clear to us which are for ever hidden from the grovelling inhabitants of the inferior world.

The conversation which follows really took place, as did the preceding one. I am not inventing imaginary conversations to amuse the reader. The astounding sentiments which follow are not put into the mouth of an imaginary English lord. This speaker lives. He is heir to a name and title famous wherever the literature of England is known. He is thoroughly educated, in the conventional sense, and a man of really very extensive acquirements, but entirely ignorant of art, and quite insensible to it. As he is sure to read this, I shall tell him why I report this particular conversation. I wish to assure him at the same time, though I fancy there is no need, that our quarrel is limited to this particular topic, and that while his intellect seems to me to be without a trace of the æsthetic faculty, so that to reason with him about art is hopeless, there is, nevertheless, kindness enough in his nature to atone even for *that* deficiency.

I report this conversation because it contains the most honest expression of hostility to art that I ever met with. Art is generally looked upon as too trifling and contemptible a thing to be vigorously scorned and hated. But my new friend has raised it from the despised list of human follies to the more dreaded catalogue of crimes. Henceforth the painting of pictures, which we have hitherto been accustomed to class along with the more pardonable occupations of human indolence, imbecility, or fatuity, will be ranked by serious minds with those real crimes at which the world shudders and trembles; and the bearded artist who yesterday excited no deeper feelings than those of

contempt for his poverty, or amusement at his eccentricity, will to-morrow be held up to a graver reprobation as one justly doomed to the fires of the nethermost hell!

HIS LORDSHIP.—I condemn the purchasing and collecting of pictures as an abominable sin when men are perishing from want of food. What sense of religion can a man have who can so hide his talent under a bushel as to purchase an expensive picture to be nailed up in his house to hang there till it rots? How can he account to his conscience for this idle waste of wealth?

THE AUTHOR.—All very reasonable, perhaps, if you would only be consistent and refuse yourselves *every* luxury so as to feed these poor hungry people; *but you don't.* You try to reconcile your conscience to expenses for things you like, by condemning other people's outlay on things you are indifferent to. As an instance of utterly useless extravagance, take gold embroidery. Has it never occurred to you, when at some court ceremonial, what an enormous amount of labour is consumed in producing all that glitter?

HIS LORDSHIP.—It is absolutely essential to the maintenance of dignity that magnificent dresses should be worn by the great; and besides, embroidery occupies people in a useful way; but painting is only a sentiment, and mere idleness.

THE AUTHOR.—Employs people more usefully than painting?

HIS LORDSHIP.—Certainly, embroidery is a more sensible occupation than painting, for at least there is

no pretence at sentiment about it. Needlework is a very rational business, whereas painting is mere sentiment and does no good to anybody.

THE AUTHOR.—I don't accept your distinction between the two arts as they concern the artists, but I won't stop to argue about it now. Let us keep to the question of their value to the public generally. As a member of the general public, independently of my character of artist, I have invested a little money both in embroidery and works of intellectual art. I once had a company in one of the most expensively dressed militia regiments in England. The silver epaulettes and embroidery on my coatee cost as much as I have since spent on two or three of Albert Durer's best engravings. The engravings are, to me, more precious than the embroidery, which did me no good, and gave me no pleasure. The Albert Durer engravings, on the other hand, have helped to teach me to see, which is something.

HIS LORDSHIP.—But the embroidery was essential as a mark of military rank.

THE AUTHOR.—Not at all, for officers of line regiments wear simple lace, and Napoleon managed to conquer half Europe in an old grey coat.

HIS LORDSHIP.—Well, well, but I really don't see how royalty in general is to get on without embroidery. It is absolutely essential. Daniel, you know, never rebuked the magnificence of kings. Besides, all that sort of thing, fine clothing and great state, maintain numbers of people in a sensible, useful way; but painting is mere idle sentiment, and painters a pack of

vagabonds. And I say this—we have death at hand, and heaven or hell before us, and we cannot be idling and trifling about these things. What better will a man be at the Day of Judgment for knowing anything about pictures? I have no patience with such a pursuit—it has nothing good in it.

THE AUTHOR.—Art is, however, generally supposed to have a refining influence; and if it renders men's perceptions clearer, and their manners gentler, that is certainly an appreciable benefit. As to death, it is a topic we are not bound to dwell upon to the exclusion of every other, or else the world would be full of monks and hermits, and there would be an end to all the innocent, health-giving occupations of the human race. Even from the religious point of view, I don't see how a man can be better occupied than in studying God's work.

HIS LORDSHIP.—I tell you that your cant about art being a refining influence is all nonsense. It refines nobody, and if it *does* cultivate the intellect, which I doubt strongly, what is the value of such cultivation? Raphael, at the very time he painted the Transfiguration, was living in fornication with the Fornarina; and your refined and cultivated artists, what are they but a set of low, immoral fellows? Why, I have heard them crack their jokes when painting the Crucifixion. Your painting will never help a man to Heaven, nor deliver him from the jaws of hell. It is useless, idle sentiment—sentiment—sentiment.

THE AUTHOR.—The chief good of art I believe to be that it leads people to observe nature, and so

prepares them for nature's finer influences. People who are quite indifferent to art are always insensible to natural beauty. True artists are mainly useful to other people in this manner, that they teach them to *see*, and so immensely enlarge the circle of their pleasures, and add to the zest of life. And whoever teaches people to be happy, wisely and innocently, is, in my opinion, what people call a benefactor to his species, and I look upon all true and great painters as general benefactors in this sense. But I take it for granted that, as you don't care for art, you are indifferent to natural beauty, so it's no use talking to you about it.

HIS LORDSHIP.—No, no, I am not dead to all this beauty myself—I assure you I can admire a fine red sunset like other people; but no beauty, either of nature or art, ever had any power to benefit a man's soul; and as to the power of art—if a man is already cultivated he may possibly feel it, but it can never civilize the ignorant. Look at the Manchester Exhibition—what good did it ever do to the common people? A tired mechanic cares not *that* (here his lordship snapped his fingers)—cares not *that* for the whole collection. "I'm dry," says he; "I want a pot o' beer, and I'll have it. What the devil do *I* care for pictures?" And I say again, what right have we to waste time in studying nature when hell is gaping before us? Hell, sir, is real—there it is, ready for us. Is it not, then, culpable trifling to study nature, as a pack of these artist-fellows do? and is it not an abominable sin in purchasers of pictures to encourage such idleness by buying their daubs?

THE AUTHOR.—I don't see why Landseer should rather be put to the torture for painting stags than you for shooting them. I think his occupation quite as innocent as yours. Even landscape-painting is not more wicked and cruel than fly-fishing. I confess my conscience is exceedingly at its ease on this matter. You came here to fish, and I to paint. I don't see that I am going to perdition any faster than you are. But we shall never agree about this. Puritanism and painting appear to be antagonistic. Let us change the subject. I think we'd better have a song.

The reader very likely thinks his lordship would be irritated at this retort. Not at all. Our controversy ended there, for that time. I gave him a glass of good whisky, and he sang a pretty air from the Traviata. His lordship's puritanical notions, you see, did not extend to music, which he enjoyed very keenly. I am afraid we are all liable to be a little biassed in our religious views by peculiarities of bodily organization. According to this excellent nobleman, the education of the ear was quite innocent, whilst to educate the eye was to incur, and incur justly, all the torments which the ferocity of demons could devise, or the endurance of the deathless bear.

Yet these ideas, so far as they go, are extremely interesting, because consistent at least in this, that whilst denying the influence of art, they deny also, and that absolutely, the influence of nature over men. I have met with hundreds of people who could not feel the power of human art, but I know only this one who ever

had the frankness, and the honesty, and the courage, to say boldly that the art of the Divine Artist is just as futile and vain as ours. I wish everybody would say what he thinks in the same fearless manner. Out with it! say you don't care for natural beauty either, and don't pretend to feelings and sentiments you are incapable of! Are you afraid of irritating the Divine Artist by saying you don't think very much of His work? My dear friends, let us humbly hope that God is great enough to be independent of *your* praise and appreciation. These sheep here do not seem to appreciate the splendour of the sunset, for, I observe, most of them have their tails to it; yet God, in my way of thinking, is surely not irritated at the sheep because they won't make a pretence of admiring His sunset. Nor is He likely to be displeased with His other slenderly endowed creatures when they innocently avow a like indifference.

And if we, God's little human imitators, feel that our task is somewhat God-like, and thus made great, and almost sacred, to our imagination; when we, too, in our little way, create a dingy sunset on canvass, ought we not, since we imitate the Divine art, to imitate also the Divine superiority to applause and appreciation? So let us paint away, and never mind the sheep, though they *do* turn their tails to our pictures. Pray let them eat grass in peace, if they prefer it.

A few days since I heard Thursday in conversation with a stranger who had come to see the camp. This man described himself as servant to a gentleman, who had arrived at Cladich the evening before, and brought a

light boat with him. I was dining that evening with my noble friend the art-hater, and so had the opportunity of meeting the stranger, whom we invited to join us.

He has often been to the camp since then, and he is every time more heartily welcome. I allude to him here, because I never yet met with a tourist who so well understands the art of seeing a lake district. I will call him here Sir Launcelot; partly because he is for the present a wandering knight addicted to lakes, and partly because—when I say here that this gentleman's father was Sir Launcelot S——, his own friends will recognise him, whereas to the public he will remain in a still impenetrable incognito.

And why am I so particularly anxious that this gentleman's friends should all know whom I allude to?

Merely because I hear—not from himself, but by other channels—that most of his friends think him a fool for taking his tours in this extraordinary manner; carrying a boat with him wherever he goes. Couldn't he hire boats like other people?

O friends of Sir Launcelot, it is not *he* who is a fool in this matter! If folly there be, on one side or the other, the folly lies with you. Sir Launcelot's reasons do not seem to me very difficult of comprehension. You say "he could hire boats," but how could so skilful a rower as Sir Launcelot endure to pull in such unwieldy barges as he would find on these Highland lochs, where nobody can feather an oar? And then, you say, his light, delicate craft is dangerous, especially with that auxiliary sail. Well, I am no advocate for open boats

in general, especially when equipped with mast and sail, but in cases like this I waive all opposition. I preach against open boats in general, because they are very dangerous things in careless or unskilful hands; and most people are either unskilful or careless. And I say that, for comparatively unskilful persons, like myself, and most other amateurs, or careless people, like most sailors (especially men-of-war's men, who always act as if little open boats had the stability of a seventy-four), open boats are not the right thing at all; most of us having no business with any but closed, double, insubmersible boats. But in Sir Launcelot I find united the most perfect prudence and the most consummate skill. I have seen him sail his boat through a hundred squalls, I sailing by his side on my tubular life-boat. Little skill was required on my part to keep the *Britannia* on her way, but the amount of calm courage, and watchfulness, and prudence, and skill, and science, which Sir Launcelot displayed all through those squalls, as he lay down in the bottom of his crank and fragile craft, were something astonishing. So I say to any of his friends, who may have called him "eccentric" for taking his boat on the great Scotch lochs, that his eccentricity was of that order which belongs alone to superiority, and which ordinary people usually find it easier to ridicule than to rival.

I told Sir Launcelot a few anecdotes of my camp life here, such as the reader knows already, and, in return, he narrated the following adventure on Loch Lomond:—

Sir Launcelot's cockney servant, who, having long rowed on the rivers of the South, came now to try

his skill on Highland lakes, was evidently labouring under a romantic hallucination that he was journeying in remote lands. To him still remained that sweet illusion which a knowledge of geography so unhappily dispels, that there is yet the sublime charm of mystery in modern travel; and he crossed the confines of England with the same deep sense of penetrating into the UNKNOWN that Columbus himself must have felt when he followed the setting sun out across the waste of the Atlantic. Sir Launcelot of the Lakes had, indeed, a most faithful, but somewhat simple-minded, squire on this his pilgrimage—a squire who, home-sick, looked fondly back to his beloved Thames, as a German beyond the Jordan might wander in imagination to the wide and winding Rhine. He peopled the green isles of the great lakes with zoological terrors from the Surrey Gardens, as little boys, after much study of scientific works on Natural History, are given to groundless fears of lions and tigers when they retire to protected rest in pleasant English mansions.

Once, for instance, on Loch Lomond, almost within hearing of the mighty hum of an immense city, when Sir Launcelot purposed, on a stormy night, to seek refuge on one of the islands, he observed a shade of grave apprehension settling over his servant's honest face. "Why, John," said he, "you look very serious; pray, what's the matter?"

"I don't like the island, sir; I'd rather pull all night through, sir, than land on that island. I'd rather be drowned in the lake, sir, than be torn in pieces by bears and panthers."

"Torn to pieces by bears and panthers! why, you talk like a child, John. Come, jump ashore, and haul the boat up, and don't be a fool!"

"Sir, I've been in your service since you was at college, and this is the first time, sir, as you've ever 'inted such a thing as to call me a fool, sir; but what I said then I say now, and *shall* say, beggin' your pardon all the same, sir, that I'm your man, sir, to pull you from Richmond to Gravesend, but not to land on these 'ere islands to be torn limb from limb by bears and panthers."

But the night was dark and stormy, the waves high, and the boat frail. Gradually the arguments of the wind, and those of Sir Launcelot together, produced their effect, and finally conquered the phantoms of savage beasts.

CHAPTER XVII.

A RESOLUTION.

I AM down in Lancashire again now. This year's expedition is over. As the reader has already gathered from a preceding chapter, the camp was removed to the mainland some time before my departure. The hut is still standing there, carefully guarded by a friendly gamekeeper. The tents are packed up in his cottage, the boats lie snugly in a boathouse.

The expedition has been completely successful. In reviewing its artistic results, I find in the advantages gained an ample compensation for the trouble it has cost me.

And yet I have brought very little satisfactory work home with me. The results hitherto rest mainly in my own mind, and cannot as yet be presented in a tangible form to the apprehension of others. My friends will all fancy I have done nothing whatever. They have not seen my spoiled canvasses.

I have comparatively few *sketches*. If I had cared less for truth and accuracy, I might have produced much. I have one large water-colour, and three oil-pictures, all unfinished, and all unsatisfactory. In the way of sketches, I have a few in a portfolio of no value.

And yet I never in my life learned so much in the same length of time. I have watched a thousand effects which can never be seen in a country without great lakes and high mountains. A reach of lake six miles long, and a group of mountains at least three thousand feet high, are absolutely essential to the production of large classes of effects. In this undulating hill scenery of Lancashire, never reflected in anything larger than a canal reservoir, these noblest effects are unknown.

For the present these swift and transient splendours have defeated me.* They have also impeded and

* The reader will find a chapter in this volume entitled "Painting from Nature," which accounts for this comparative failure; but as he may not care to turn to it just now, I will state briefly here that the principal reason why I finished nothing that year was that the effects were new to me, and those which I attempted I had not seen often enough to know by heart, having never before passed any months in the Highlands, but those in the touring season. Now, at the date when these sheets go to the press, I never see an effect without recognising the species it belongs to. A man who sees a particular kind of animal for the first time in his life, need not hope to paint it from memory after five minutes' observation; nor can a landscape painter, whose experience of the Highlands is limited to two months of the year, grasp at once effects which are peculiar to the others. After seeing them recur often, with various form, but all the strong likeness of things of the same species, one comes at last, after half a dozen years of unceasing observation, to know something of their character, and it then becomes possible to paint them, so far as such things are to be interpreted by paint.

I was very well prepared for Highland *foregrounds*, by previous study of heather on the Lancashire moors, and careful copying of rock by Lancashire streams; and if I could have contented myself with foreground work, I should have done something during those months which would have satisfied myself and others, at least as a proof of industry. But I was endlessly occupied with the effects, which revealed to me new sources of power, and it immediately became the great object of my life *to unite truth and power of effect to a delicately accurate portraiture of form.* Since then I have never lost sight of this object for a moment, and all the subsequent labour I have undertaken in the Highlands has been devoted to its attainment.

thwarted my efforts after *form* which I was more competent to deal with.

In some dry and comparatively changeless region, where nature was less various and less brilliant, the painter might more faithfully interpret her.

I have nothing to bind me to the Highlands. I am free to go where I will. Spain, Italy, Egypt, are countries where one might do faithful and good work and have less insuperable difficulties to contend against.

But I cannot and will not endure this defeat. I will leave the Highlands victoriously, laden with precious spoil, and master of the mystery of that scenery, or—I will die in the camp.

There—it is written now. Why should not this simple resolution be to me as strong as an extorted vow? I have made it, and I will keep it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR IN PARIS TO A FRIEND OF HIS IN LANCASHIRE.

Hotel du Louvre, Paris.

MY DEAR ——,—Why I should write to you from Paris apropos of my camp in the Highlands you will learn in the sequel, if you will have a little patience.

I have an anecdote to tell you of something which amused me very much yesterday. I often dine at the *table d'hôte* in the hotel here. Yesterday, during dinner, I thought I recognised a middle-aged bachelor whom I saw at the camp last year under rather peculiar circumstances. He was sitting a long way off, and at another table. You know that immense dining-room, so like one of the big saloons in the French palaces, and you may easily understand that without a telescope it is by no means easy to recognise an acquaintance across a *parquet* broader than many a French estate.

After dinner I got into conversation with two or three French gentlemen in the coffee-room, and, as we were smoking our cigars, I found out that my middle-aged Englishman was in the same room, looking very hard at me indeed. Then he came quite close to me that he might listen to my French, and get to know whether I were an Englishman or not. I knew he could not find

me out; English people never can unless I choose to let them, and so I went on with some story I was telling without apparently paying the slightest attention to my English friend, being too much amused with the idea that I was puzzling him; but not having any desire whatever to cut his acquaintance, which I meant to resume when it suited me. At last our little knot broke up, and I was left alone with the *Moniteur* and the *Times* on the table, a little porcelain dish of lucifer-matches, and my porcelain cigar tray, in which still lay, temptingly, a fresh cigar. In lighting this I felt that I was very keenly observed, and so took care to choose the *Moniteur*, casting a glance only at the *Times*. My English friend came and took the *Times*, then sat down and looked at me over it, shielding himself from time to time behind his newspaper. At last, after a hearty stare of full five minutes, which I bore like an Emperor without wincing, he laid down his paper and said, "Excuse me, sir, are you an Englishman?" I answered in English, but with a villanous French accent, that "I had not the honour to be the compatriot of Monsieur."

"Anyhow," he said, "you understand English?" I answered, with much embarrassment and hesitation, in English words, but with French idioms, and a French accent, that I understood English very well, though I could not speak it. On this my English friend began his story, which was exactly what I wanted him to do.

"Well, sir," he said, "this is the most wonderful instance of an almost perfect resemblance between two people I ever saw in my life. You are the exact duplicate of a young Englishman I once met with in Scotland under

very singular circumstances. Come, since you understand English, I may as well tell you the whole story.

"It is as queer an adventure as you ever heard of. I am fifty-seven years old, and what you call rich in France. Nobody was ever less disposed to adventure. I am as quiet and as respectable an old bachelor as any to be found in Cheltenham, where I usually reside. I am particularly careful of my health, at least since my great attack of rheumatism which seized me in December, 1845, and which my own prudence has kept off since then.

"Every year I take a tour. I have been up the Rhine, I have been in Switzerland, and I would have gone to Rome, but I hate Popery. Some friends of mine persuaded me in the year 1857 to go to the Highlands of Scotland, and, having no particular reason for going anywhere else, I went.

"I got safely enough to Inveraray, and thence in a pony-carriage to Dalmally. Dalmally is a very pleasant little place, with a large, comfortable inn, and a church conveniently near. They told me there was good fishing to be had upon Loch Awe, which is at no great distance from the inn, so I resolved to stay at Dalmally some weeks.

"The day of my arrival was a Saturday. Sunday I spent at the inn, with the exception of those hours which I passed in church. On Monday morning I set out for the lake. The hotel-keeper told me there was not a single man at liberty that day, all his men being engaged by a party of tourists who had set out on a pic-nic. But the hotel-keeper said I might take one of his boats, which I should find by the river-side.

"I followed the river Orchay through the fields, till I came to Kilchurn Castle. After spending an hour in exploring the castle, I determined to venture out upon the lake. There was a pleasant breeze from the east. So I let the boat drift quietly before the breeze, and fished from it, but did not catch anything.

"The wind began to freshen, and when I had got fairly out in the greatest breadth of Loch Awe, I began to feel very hungry. So I stopped at a pretty little island, where I found a small ruined castle, and ate my lunch in the castle. The wind began to blow very much stronger then, and I found, on looking at my watch, that I had idled away the whole day. It was late to begin with when I left Dalmally, and I had been botanising all the way down to Kilchurn Castle, and then I don't know how much time I had spent at the castle itself, for I am a bit of an antiquarian, but the day was far spent when I had finished my luncheon on the little island.

"I had tied my boat up in a corner very nicely sheltered from the wind, and so I found it safe enough when I sought for it again.

"I got out into the middle of the lake and pulled with all my might, but could not get fast forward on account of the violence of the wind. After rowing like this till I was quite tired, I began to see that I was making very little progress indeed, for the island where I had lunched was still not three hundred yards astern.

"I then thought that if I could get to either shore so as to walk to the inn, and leave the boat wherever I might happen to land, it would be a wise thing to do;

but the waves were by this time terribly high, and soon as ever I tried to turn the boat sideways to tl wind, a great wave came splashing into it, wetting me the skin, and putting a great deal of water into the bo Talk of the sea being as calm as a lake! the sea would l anything but pleasant if it were always as rough Loch Awe was that night.

"Though I am a prudent old bachelor for the mo part, and little disposed at present for adventuro expeditions, I have a certain amount of courage, ar have served in the volunteers when a lad. So I did n lose my presence of mind when the water came into tl boat, but tried to think quietly about my position.

"I now saw how needless it was for me to think getting back to Kilchurn, but what alarmed me more w the impossibility of rowing to the shore across such storm waves. So with all my prudence I determined to tal my chance of an attack of rheumatism, and pass tl night on a large island that lay about a mile farth down the lake than the island where I had landed, b in such a position that I could drift down to it witho crossing the waves at all.

"So I drifted very carefully with the boat half full water, and my clothes drenched, looking forward wi bitterness of soul to a miserable night and a long attac of rheumatism to follow. To add to my discomfort, terrible shower of rain came on, wetting such of m clothes as the spray had left dry, and, thus forlorn an wretched, I drifted on to the shore of the island.

"About twenty yards from the shore the boat gave tremendous thump against a stone, turned her side t

the waves, thumped again twice or three times, and was filled in a minute by the breakers. As for me, I rolled out of her somehow, and stumbled and floundered about, up to my middle in water, till I got ashore.

"'Well, but the boat,' I said to myself; 'something must be done about the boat.'

"'Hang the boat!' I answered myself, 'what do *I* care about the boat? a five-pound note will make all right when I get back to the inn.'

"'Yes; but how *shall* I get back to the inn? Here am I, cast ashore on a desolate island, as unhappy a wretch as Robinson Crusoe himself, and I cannot swim ten yards. How *can* I get back without the boat?'

"But the boat bumped and thumped against the stones, and knocked a great hole in her side before ten minutes were over, so I tried to think no more about her, and turned my attention to the subject of dinner.

"The subject of dinner was a bitter subject for me. No one enjoys a good dinner more than I do. I have lived six months in Paris, and know all about French dishes except their names, which I never could learn for the life of me. But I am a good judge of a dinner, only I must have a dinner to judge. My dinner that night on the island seemed like one of those wonderful assizes one hears of now and then, where the judge comes gravely to try cases and there are no cases to be tried.

"On examining such materials of comfort as I had about me, I found that I had a flask of brandy half-full, a box containing two sandwiches, wetted, and a cigar-case not badly replenished. But my matches were all thoroughly damped, and would not burn. So I looked

at the cigars with a bitter feeling of their uselessness, and took a pull at the brandy-flask by way of consolation. I was not yet sufficiently reduced to eat the wet sandwiches—nor my shoes.

"I found a little wood of fir-trees on the island, and lay down in it with such miserable sensations as I hope I may never experience again while I live. I was dreadfully cold. The wind howled through the little wood most dismally, and the rain, which pelted continually against the fir-trees over my head, dropped from them upon me in big drops, so that I felt as if I were under the dropping well at Knaresborough, in a fair way of becoming a beautiful specimen of petrifaction.

"I wish I could give a fair notion of my misery. When one is really and truly miserable, as I was then, it would be a comfort to think one had some chance of finding sympathy, but nobody will sympathise with an old bachelor like me. I have told this story twenty times, and people always laughed at me and called me Robinson Crusoe. But I should like to see *them* in such a position. It was no laughing matter for me. It became very serious indeed, and as I got colder and colder in the wood, I began to feel that I might be found there cold and dead in the morning, like the babes in the nursery tale.

"I took another pull at the brandy. I tried once more to light a cigar, but it was no use with my wet matches. Then I tried to get into a better sheltered place, and found a few branches that some one had cut from the fir-trees, and with them made myself a sort of a bed. O how sadly I thought on the aches and pains I might have to suffer for that night!

"I lay thus covered up with pine branches, and said my prayers. Then I tried to sleep, and I believe I did sleep some time, for when I next opened my eyes all seemed much darker than before; in fact, it was already eleven o'clock. But after this I could sleep no more, for my teeth chattered together with cold, and I was as stiff as a corpse.

"There was nothing for it, then, but to take exercise, so I walked out of the wood weary and stiff as I was, and made my way to the shore. There was light enough to distinguish land from water, and I stumbled along over the stones on the beach till I came to a piece of drift-wood, which I did not see, so I fell over it and hurt my knees. When I picked myself up, I walked on but slowly, and soon got into the thick of a wilderness of fern, but I knew that I must walk on and on to keep up the circulation. The rain all this time never ceased at all, but kept hard at it, pelting at me most cruelly.

"Well, I stumbled on till I came to the corner of a precipitous rock, and, on turning this corner, I saw the most unexpected and astonishing sight that ever I saw in my life.

"There were three tents, or rather two tents and a hut, all in a line, as I have seen the tents at Chobham camp. I went up to the first tent; there was nobody there; I looked into it, and saw a good fire burning in an iron grate. The grate had a stove-pipe for a chimney, which went through a hole in the tent. Now I could not have resisted this chance of lighting one of my cigars if I must have been transported for it to Botany Bay the next morning, so I crept into the tent and lighted my cigar at the fire.

"When I had lighted my cigar I sat down to warm my hands, which were fearfully cold. I found the interior of the tent comfortable enough, at least in comparison with the wood, but it did not seem to be inhabited regularly. Some peat and firewood were piled up in it, and a frying-pan left on the ground led me to suppose that it served as a kitchen to the other tents. The tent was comfortably sheltered from the wind, and I enjoyed the good fire. Bright as the fire was, however, I took the liberty of putting another peat or two upon it, and then I believe I fell asleep.

"When I awoke I found myself still in the same place, with the fire very low, and a chill feeling in my limbs, on account of my wet clothes. Just then I heard steps approaching the tent, and a voice singing,—

'In the days we went a-gipsying
A long time ago.'

In a minute afterwards, a sharp, active-looking servant man came into the tent. On seeing me he stopped short in his song, and started very violently, staring at me without saying a word. So I told him that I had been cast ashore on the island, and begged leave to warm myself at the fire. Then he said he must tell his master, and so left me to myself again.

"I had not long to wait before he returned, and his master with him. His master was a young man of twenty-five, with a beard and moustache, and a pleasant, friendly countenance. He shook my hand as if we had been old friends, and began to scold me for not coming straight to his 'hut,' as he called it, where he said I must have some supper; then, seeing how wet I was, 'But

first,' he said, 'you must change everything you have on. Thursday,' he said to the servant, 'put out a suit of my clothes, with flannels, and a clean shirt for this gentleman, in your tent, and let him have a hot foot-bath. Put some water on in the big pan here, immediately.' Then, turning to me, 'I must apologise for putting you to dress in my servant's tent, but we must have our supper in mine, and he will prepare it here.' Then he led the way, and I followed him out in the rain to the next tent. I found it a very comfortable place, indeed, with a wooden floor, and low wooden walls, and a stove in the middle, the stove-pipe serving as a tent-pole. Here the servant laid me out a complete suit of dry clothes, and, having aired the shirt and flannels at the stove, and put me a clean comb and brush, left me to my reflections.

"'Well, after all,' I thought, 'this is not a bad ending to my adventure. I'd rather be here than in the wood. I used to think a tent a very poor sort of a house, indeed, but, by Jove, I shall know its value for the future.' Then, looking up at the nice striped lining of the servant's tent, I thought, as I heard the rain pelting on it outside, what a blessing it was to be so well sheltered.

"In a quarter of an hour I was in a dry suit, and sat by the stove waiting for the servant to bring my foot-bath. I had not long to wait; he came very soon, and gave me a round tin foot-bath, with hot water, and a clean towel. 'Please, sir,' he said, 'master says you had better not eat anything, if you can wait a few minutes till supper is ready in his hut; but, if you are very faint, he will send you some whisky.' I thanked the lad with

all my heart, but said I could wait cheerfully enough; and so there I sat, with my feet in the warm bath, and my body in dry garments, with the pleasant prospect of a good supper before me. Then the question presented itself suddenly, why the camp should be on the island at all. Hitherto it had seemed to be there merely for my accommodation; but, as my senses recovered themselves gradually, under the pleasant influences of surrounding comforts, I began to speculate about the camp. 'Anyhow,' I thought, 'I shall get to know all in time.'

"The servant man had laid by my side clean stockings and a pair of seal-skin boots, lined with white down. I had just encased my feet in these delightfully soft and comfortable boots, when the servant came again and said, 'Please, sir, supper's ready; will you come this way, sir?' Then I followed him to the hut, or rather walked close to his side, for he held up an enormous white umbrella to shelter me from the rain, and soon I found myself in as snug a little box as one would wish to see. It was something like a yacht's cabin. The walls were painted white and hung with beautiful engravings, except where green curtains concealed four windows, one in each wall. There was a little fireplace, too, with a fire in it, and the floor, which was of wood, and elevated to a considerable height above the ground, was covered with a dark red carpet. A small square table of mahogany stood in the middle of this little apartment, with a cloth laid for supper and a little lamp burning. Two chairs were placed opposite to each other, and my host, having welcomed me afresh, and kindly inquired if I had over-

come the effects of the cold, took one of the two chairs and invited me to take the other.

"I believe I never had a merrier supper in my life. The servant brought first a dish of red lake trout, very well cooked indeed, and after that a venison cutlet. Then we had coffee and cigars; my host smoking in preference a seasoned meerschaum, evidently an old friend. Then he would have me narrate the history of my arrival on the island, but when I came to that part about lying down under the trees like the babes in the wood, he became quite grave, and said I might easily have died there if I had slept till I was benumbed; then he would have me take a glass of toddy to keep off the bad consequences of my miserable hours in the wood. And so we got very merry indeed.

"Then I thought it a good opportunity of getting at the purpose of the camp, why it was there at all on the island; but I could not obtain any satisfactory answer whatever, and was left to ascribe it to mere whim, or any better reason that I could find out for myself. There seemed to be a mystery hanging over the camp. Not a word on the subject could be got out of my host. 'Never mind,' thought I, 'I will tip the servant to-morrow morning, and so get to know all about it.'

"We talked about all sorts of things; about politics, and Paris, and Louis Napoleon amongst the rest. That led me to think you must be my host, because he seemed familiar with Paris.

"After that we talked about the French and English military camps, and then I began to fancy my host was

a military officer, but could not explain to my own satisfaction what so small a military camp could mean.

"When we had smoked, I don't know how long, my host said, 'I beg pardon for my want of hospitality, but you must really go to bed now;' and without farther preface he called for his servant, who removed everything from the table in a jeffey, and unscrewed its legs and stowed it away, putting the lamp and other things on four corner-shelves that seemed made on purpose for such services. Then, in two minutes more, by unrolling a hammock that was strapped up to one end of the hut, and fastening it with straps to staples in the other end, he provided me with a bed. Then, opening a sort of ottoman, he took out several bags of flannel and linen, put them one within another, and laid them on the stretched hammock. My host then explained to me how I was to enter with much circumspection the innermost of these bags, and so said 'Good night,' and left me. It was not without some difficulty that I introduced myself into the bags, but, once in, I felt wonderfully comfortable and fell fast asleep in a minute.

"The next morning was gloriously fine, with a brisk breeze from the old quarter. At eight o'clock my host knocked at the hut door, and told me that breakfast was ready. We breakfasted outside the hut in the open air. We had ham and eggs, and mutton chops, and coffee. After breakfast my host said, 'I have been to look at your boat, but it is quite useless for the present; you must let me put you over in mine:" and so we went down to the beach where my host had two boats, one at anchor in a little bay, the other drawn up on the sand.

"I never saw such queer boats in my life. They were something like flat rafts, being merely tin tubes supporting a wooden deck, but my host assured me they were perfectly safe; and, indeed, we sailed over very pleasantly on the larger one. All this time I could not get a word out of my host as to the nature of his occupations, or his object in living in camp. My last hope was in the rather heavy tip I reserved for the servant man.

"Watching my opportunity when we had landed on the mainland, I slipped half a crown into his hand, and then asked carelessly, 'Who is your master? and why does he live here in camp?' But the servant was a Yorkshireman, and told me such a history about his master and himself, as I could neither make head nor tail of; but not one word of direct answer could I get out of the lad.

"When I got to Dalmally, I asked the waiter if *he* knew. My host, it turned out, was a young Englishman already known to me by reputation for about a week before I saw him, as the author of a poem called 'The Isles of Loch Awe,' which I bought at Inveraray, as I was going to see Loch Awe itself and thought I might as well know something about it, though it was only poetry. I don't think he's much of a poet. He seems to me to take after Wordsworth, and the lakers, and that American poet, Tennyson; now I prefer Lord Byron to the whole lot of them. As to his purpose in encamping, it seems to be the study of landscape-painting. I know nothing about painting, and care as little; but I have learned the value of a tent, and shall never forget the lesson as long as I live."

So he ended his history. "Well," said I in pure English, "I'm very glad you enjoyed such hospitality as I was able to offer you."

"Begad! it's you after all!" exclaimed he like an Irishman. "I could not believe there was such a duplicate in the world, and I couldn't make out how one of those horrid foreigners came to look so like an Englishman, but," added he, checking himself suddenly and looking rather grave, "you mustn't mind what I said about the poetry, will you? I dare say it's very pretty; I don't know much about poetry, you must excuse me."

"No, I won't excuse you," I answered laughing, "for you have been guilty of a bit of invention yourself, and invention you know is the very fountain of poetry."

"Do you mean to say I've been embellishing a bit? Upon my honour everything happened as I've told it. You yourself are a witness."

"It's all correct but the cutlets. You said they were venison; now I remember distinctly that they were nothing but plain Scotch mutton."

On this my friend declared that, mutton or venison, they had saved his life, and he meant to repay them with interest, though he never could give me a supper which would do me as much good as that supper did him. However, next day he made me dine with him at the Trois Frères Provençaux in the Palais Royal, and invited two other Englishmen to meet me, to whom he narrated the whole adventure over again. The dinner was something wonderful, and the bill tremendous, but he paid it without wincing.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ISLAND FARM.

ALL who have read the beautiful story of Undine must remember the opening lines.

"Several hundred years have probably elapsed since a worthy old fisherman sat at the door of his hut on a beautiful evening, mending his nets. The spot of ground on which his dwelling was situated was extremely picturesque. The emerald turf on which it was built extended far into a broad lake, and to an imaginative mind it seemed as though the promontory, enamoured, strove with all its force to penetrate into the beautifully blue limpid stream, while, on the other hand, the water, actuated by mutual passion, endeavoured to encircle in its embrace the lovely spot with its undulating grass and flowers, its waving trees, and cool recesses. The one was impelled towards the other with almost human sympathy, and it was natural, each was so beautiful."

Not less beautiful is the peninsula of Innistrynich, which juts into Loch Awe, joined to the mainland only by a low green meadow, submerged when the waters rise. I have chosen this place as a kind of *dépôt* and centre of operation, and taken it on a lease of five years.

It is so rich in fair natural pictures, that I shall probably travel very little for the next year or two, till I have

painted the best of them. The old hut is erected here, and will be moved about from place to place on the island as its services may be needed.

The island rises into rounded knolls of fair pasture, with green park-like glades, and great stones of a marvellous colour, rich in wonderful lichens and mosses. There is one noble stone in particular for which I have the friendliest love and admiration, and which I visit every day. It stands about twelve feet high, and overhangs like a leaning tower. It is covered with a perfect mosaic of silver and purple and green. The broad spots of lichen upon it seem like a map of some unknown archipelago. How many thousand years has it stood there whilst those silver spots have spread!

And not only have I excellent studies of stones quite close at hand, but also most noble studies of trees. There is no better place on Loch Awe than this peninsula for rich and picturesque foliage. There are some magnificent groups of oaks, not very large, it is true, but not the less grand, artistically. These little oaks of Innistrynich, rooted in the hollows of the rock, and nurtured by a rude climate, are as magnificent in their grey, knotted, ancient, long-suffering hardihood, as a Highland bull, though short in stature, is mighty in his bold bearing, and massive build, and black, terrible mane. And there are old hollies, centuries old, not pitiful garden shrubs, but strong trees, whose twisted trunks are washed by storm waves in the winter, and there are venerable thorn-trees that stand in the spring like tall hillocks covered with the thick snow of their sweet blossom. Then there is the mountain ash, clothed with

scarlet in the season, when his million berries glow like heaped-up beads of red coral. And there are delicate little birches with silver stems, and young aspens with little leaves fluttering like the wings of butterflies in the faint breeze. But high above the oak and the birch tower the stately sycamores and firs, and there are two or three great ash-trees fit for a king's demesne.

And between and beyond these fair and stately trees, and through the intricate trellises of their leaves, there are yet lovely sights to be seen. You cannot walk twenty yards on this island without coming upon some new and striking picture. The lake, in fine weather intensely blue, shines through the lower branches, and, hrough the girdle of little shrubs round the shore, its tiny waves gleam like sapphires, and the fair mountains rise beyond it with green, soft, mysterious surfaces, and delicate untraceable edges against the soft blue sky.

And then, in front of the island, at the extremity which juts the farthest into the lake, there is a little square whitewashed cottage, with a verandah. I made it a condition when I agreed to take the island that four of the windows of this cottage, those belonging to the principal rooms, should be removed, and replaced with fair sheets of perfect plate glass. They had little lozenge-shaped panes before which no student of nature could tolerate in such scenery. The invention of plate glass is one for which we landscape painters can never be sufficiently grateful. I heard of a man the other day who put a thousand pounds' worth of plate glass windows into his house, all at once, and not only that, but paid the bill without a murmur. I sympathise with that man

—I honour him! On the other hand I hate little lozenge-shaped panes, no bigger than a visiting card, that cut up a splendid scene into meaningless fragments. They are fit only for churches and schools where nobody ought ever to think of looking out of the window.

My cottage, however, is a complete artistic observatory. I have a reach of lake before me five or six miles long to the westward visible through two of my plate-glass windows, and to the north there is Ben Cruachan, himself visible through another. So long as I remain in the house, not a single effect of importance on those broad waters and mighty mountain side will escape me, and I shall obtain a comprehensive series of memoranda, including effects of every season of the year, and every hour of the day, and every state of the atmosphere. By this means, watching continually the changes of aspect produced in a few familiar scenes by every change of effect, and taking careful notes of such changes, I shall solve the most perplexing of those difficulties which baffled me last year, and, I confidently hope, after five years of such constant observation, winter and summer, here and in the camp, come at last to realize my ideal of fidelity in landscape-painting.

This little cottage is a considerable addition to my accommodation. It contains twelve habitable rooms, each about ten feet square. I shall, however, require an increase in my establishment, for poor Thursday, ingenious as he is, cannot do everything.

And there is a farm, too, to be looked after. The island contains twenty-eight acres of land, which will keep me a horse, and a couple of cows, and a few sheep.

I shall make a good garden on the southern slope of the island, from the house to the shore; there is nothing but a little square kailyard now.

I have put a Scotch farm-servant into a cottage on the island. He will be my gardener, and go to Inveraray with a cart for supplies.

With the garden, and easy communication with Inveraray, I hope to live considerably better than I did last year. No one knows the utility of green vegetables till he has been deprived of them. I got quite out of health last year for want of such common things as any market gardener near London would supply for a shilling or two, rarities utterly unattainable in this famous county of Argyll, except by actually sowing them in the ground, and waiting patiently till they grow.

A little re-arrangement has wonderfully increased the utility of the camp. Hitherto, it has not been sufficiently portable to be easily removed from place to place, and so I have lost, in a great measure, the advantages of a nomadic life. But the whole camp is now quite portable. The hut is erected on two large wheels, and presents a striking resemblance to a bathing-machine, with the door at the back; if there were a good beach here I should certainly employ it in that character, as well as for artistic purposes. To the old waggon is now added a convenient box or body, composed of the wooden walls of Thursday's hut, and capable of containing all the materials necessary to a gipsy expedition—tents, boxes, provisions, &c. Outside this body, and on the top of it, are seats for four persons, like those in a dog cart; and the interior being lighted by two small

windows, affords, when empty, an excellent berth for Thursday. My travelling camp will consist of two of Edgington's best travelling tents, with strong waterproof floor-cloths. With this I hope to make several extended expeditions, but for the present shall probably confine myself to the work immediately around me, of which there is a bewildering abundance.

The greatest inconvenience I foresee here is a want of out-buildings. I have only two or three thatched constructions—they look like old cottages. Lancashire people have a passion for spacious farm buildings, which I share to the full, because space is always necessary to a high degree of order and cleanliness. It is quite beneath the dignity of my mare to be lodged with cows, and yet there is no other place for her. However, both she and I will have to bear with little inconveniences, and I am happy to have secured so desirable a centre for the execution of my future plans. I shall begin first by working near home, and paint perhaps a dozen pictures of scenes within five minutes' walk of my house, then I shall gradually enlarge the circle of my labour, till it reaches a diameter of about a hundred miles, with my house for a centre. It is probable, therefore, that for some time to come there will be no matter of interest to narrate in these pages, unless it be an occasional excursion to a distance in order to keep up our efficiency in the practice of encamping, and to prepare us for the last two years of my lease, which will in all probability be exceedingly active, as the circle of my work will by that time have enormously expanded.

For such a purpose as mine it would indeed be im-

possible to find a better position than this island of Innistrynich, and it is pleasant to feel myself established here securely for five years of uninterrupted observation, during which the proprietors, in the elegant diction of the lease, "have bound and obliged their respective constituents, and their heirs, to warrant it to the said Philip Gilbert Hamerton and his foresaids, at all hands and against all mortals." These cautious Scots dare not warrant the island to me against the *im*mortals, that is, the ghosts. And they are especially precise and explicit in the form of words by which they make me bind myself to leave at my end of the lease :—

"And the said Philip Gilbert Hamerton bound and obliged himself and his foresaids to flit and remove himself, his wife, bairns, family, servants, goods, and gear, forth and from the said possession at the expiry of this tack, and to leave the same void and redd to the effect that the said First parties or their foresaids, or others in their name, may then enter thereto, and enjoy the same in all time thereafter."

CHAPTER XX.

THE CASTLE OF LAPIS LAZULI.

A ROMANCE OF TOURIST LIFE.

"Hast thou seen that lordly castle,
That castle by the sea?"
Longfellow's Translation of Uhland.

YOUNG M—— Henry Paresseux was the only son of Sir Egophilus Paresseux, a worthy baronet of a very ancient family in the county of Sussex. The studies of Mr. Henry Paresseux at the University of Oxford had been unfortunately interrupted by a sentence of rustication; in obedience to which, that young gentleman sought for a season an obscure retreat where he might pursue his studies with an exclusive devotion. With this view, he selected the Highlands of Scotland, being of what is called a romantic turn of mind, and given to the reading of poetry and such nonsense, and even, I regret to add, to the writing of it. Of course we know that to write thousands of Latin verses is very right and proper in every young gentleman, but to write English ones is an unpardonable folly. Our hero had committed the great mistake of choosing the wrong language for his poetical effusions. If he had only written as many Latin verses as he wrote English, even though their quality had

been considerably inferior, he would have been regarded, and justly so, as a most promising, intellectual, young gentleman.

So Mr. Paresseux settled in the Highlands with a reading party. The place he chose for the pursuit of knowledge was a pretty little sea-port in the west, beautifully situated near a large bay, which it bordered with a belt of white houses by day and a crescent of lights by night. In one of these white houses lived our hero, and a pleasant set of fellows lived there with him.

One of his companions was a complete guide to the scenery of the Highlands. Black, or Anderson, or Murray, or Macculloch were nothing to him. He had such a store of legends relating to the Highlands, that it was wonderful where he had picked them all up, and the only way of accounting for the extraordinary amount of legendary wealth he had amassed was by supposing either an exhaustless invention, which he did not appear likely to possess, or a singular skill in hunting out these old traditions amongst the Celtic population, whose language he had been studying for some time past with an enthusiasm so exclusive in its character, that he had little zeal left for more fashionable tongues.

Into all these legends young Paresseux entered with the ardent interest of a truly poetic nature. Many of them he had interwoven with inventions of his own, and so enriched his poems; but one night his friend told him a legend so enchanting, that it filled his dreams for many a night after, and ended in a pilgrimage, which it is the chief object of this chapter to narrate.

"Paresseux," said young Verity one pleasant evening,

as they were boating in the straits that divided the little port from one of the largest of the western islands; "Paresseux, where did you get that ring?"

"I bought it at Paris, at a jeweller's on the Boulevards; I forget his name."

"It's a pretty stone, Paresseux, that blue lapis lazuli; but rather an expensive one to build a castle with."

"By Jove, I should think so; but who ever heard of building castles with lapis lazuli?"

"There is an old legend that a castle at a distance from here is built of that material, but I cannot find the castle out. The legend is a beautiful one, however, and I have been very positively assured by a gentleman who was travelling this way, that he had seen the castle itself, which, according to him, is really constructed of lapis lazuli, as the legend tells. He told me the name of the castle too, but I cannot remember it for the life of me."

So saying, Mr. Verity shipped his oar, lighted his pipe, and hoisted the sail. A gentle breeze from the north-west rose opportunely to fill it, and the boat glided pleasantly over the rippling sea with that delightful smoothness which is attainable by no other means of locomotion.

The sun was setting beyond the rocky islands, and Paresseux began to feel sensations of a poetical nature, which would probably, but for the presence of Mr. Verity, have ended in the production of several pages of blank verse and their business-like entry in a small memorandum-book provided with a brass lock, which Mr. Paresseux carried about with him for the purpose. But this hour was to be devoted to the acquisition of poetic material,

with which our hero intended, if the material suited his fancy, to build afterwards some lofty edifice of rhyme. For the present, therefore, he listened very attentively, as Verity narrated with great fluency and animation the following authentic legend, entitled—

THE CASTLE OF LAPIS LAZULI.

"By a beautiful arm of the sea, somewhere in the Highlands, there dwelt long ago a powerful chieftain, whose name I have not yet been able to ascertain. He possessed what, for a feudal lord, was a strong little navy of galleys; and, to tell the truth, he was what at the present day we should call a pirate. Now, in order the more successfully to carry out his schemes of depredation against some neighbouring barons on the coast, he entered into an alliance, offensive and defensive, with one of those kings of the sea, who, as you are aware, dwell in the profoundest depths of the Atlantic. These submarine monarchs no longer communicate with the human race, although I have grounds for supposing that one or two wholly unintelligible messages that arrived in Ireland by the first Atlantic Telegraph, without ever having been sent from America, were, in fact, an attempt on the part of one of these sea-kings to re-open a communication with us; but, owing to his ignorance of our language, it was unsuccessful.

"In those days, owing to the frequent communication which existed between the powers of the land and the sea, each knew enough of the other's language to arrange all matters of political business; and the chief accordingly

entered into a convention with the sea-king, according to the terms of which, the vessels of the said chief were to enjoy all the advantages of wind and weather, whilst those of his enemies were to be hindered and plagued in all sorts of ways: but benefits of this kind were not to be given without a price, and the price, in my opinion, was a heavy one.

"The chief had but one child, a beautiful girl of seventeen, with hair like pale gold, teeth like pearls, and eyes blue as the lapis lazuli. This fair creature, whose name was Eva, had lived all her life in her father's castles, but one day, as she was walking on the sea-shore, a great wave rose suddenly out of the calm sea, and, breaking violently against the shore, rushed up to her very feet, which it wetted before she had time to retire. And then the wave streamed back to the sea, and a glittering knight stood in its place, whose armour was of pure gold, wonderfully sculptured with a thousand devices of the most delicate workmanship, armour whose chasings were exquisite copies of the intricate forms of marine plants, amongst which were embossed fishes of innumerable species, and which was studded all over with such gems as Eva had never seen in all her life. On his helmet the knight wore a diadem of great diamonds, clearer and brighter than a constellation, and his face beamed with passionate love. Fixing his blue eyes on Eva, he knelt on the sand, and prayed her to walk with him a little to and fro on the shore, and not to fly from his presence. Thus they held their first interview; and I fancy the sea-king made good use of his time, for from that day Eva became very fond of the sea-shore, and used to walk there very often. At

last he told Eva that an agreement was under consideration between him and the chief, her father, to which he would consent only on condition of becoming her husband; and Eva, after some objections, natural enough in her case (for young ladies do not often make such alliances), consented, on the sea-king's solemn promise that she should never be obliged to quit the earth, but should live always in a castle near the sea-shore. And thus it happened that he sought out a site lovely enough for so sweet a bride, and at last found one far up one of the longest of our salt-water lochs. There, in the middle of a green pasture, surrounded on three sides by steep hills clothed with a magnificent forest, and on the fourth by the loch, flowed a broad and lovely stream, and on its banks he built the Castle of Lapis Lazuli.

"Then, when the castle was finished, came the wedding day, and the sea-king came in a magnificent ship with an escort of twenty galleys, that rose up out of the sea like a shoal of whales; and the bridegroom came ashore with unearthly music, blown from trumpets made of sea-shells, and his beauty was more resplendent than ever, and dazzled all beholders. But Eva grew pale as she placed her hand in his, for his hand was cold and wet, like the hand of a drowned man.

"After the wedding feast they had prepared the bridal chamber, but the sea-king refused to remain in the castle, and left the bridal chamber empty, and took his bride with him on board his ship; and thus they sailed away, with music, in the beautiful moonlight.

"The red lights gleamed from all the windows of the castle till the ships were far out at sea; then Eva sat on

the deck and watched the moonlight as it fell on the innumerable waves. The sea-king lay at her feet, and thus, conversing pleasantly, they passed the night, only Eva could not forget the touch of the bridegroom's hand.

"At last, towards morning, the moon sank red in the sea, and the cold dawn came up from the east, and the wind howled over the sea, but round the sea-king's squadron the little waves rippled always with the same peaceful murmurs. Then Eva discovered that they had changed their course; but still the wind remained favourable, and it followed them with the same regular, gentle force, as they entered a great arm of the sea.

"When the sun rose they had glided up to the head of the loch, and behold, at its farthest extremity, a level pasture, green and lovely, surrounded on three sides by magnificent forest-clothed mountains, and in the midst of the pasture a fair garden by a tranquil river, and the garden was all blooming with scarlet and gold flowers; and in the centre of this garden rose a fair castle, such as mortal eyes had never yet looked upon—a castle all built of the precious lapis lazuli, whose depth of intense blue seemed like the sky at the zenith, or the ocean a thousand miles from land, and whose inconceivable value would have purchased kingdoms.

"As they came nearer and nearer, the azure towers detached themselves one from another, and the sun gleamed on the shining battlements. Silken flags were floating from every turret. Long trellised arcades came down to the shore of the stream, glowing all over with flowers.

"The sea-king and his bride entered the river's mouth, passing under a beautiful bridge that spanned the river with a single arch; then they came to a marble quay, where the lawn came down to the stream, and there they landed. As Eva approached the castle, she was more and more astonished at its magnificence. 'Certainly,' thought she, 'no earthly builders could have produced anything so wonderful.' It had innumerable towers, each of a design different from all the rest; and its arrangement was so picturesquely diversified, that as the spectator changed his position, new and beautiful groupings were constantly displaying themselves.

"To see a castle of such vast size, constructed of so precious a material, gave a wonderful impression of wealth; but Eva's conception, however exalted, fell far short of its actual value. If the castle still existed in its former vastness, the owner would do well to sell it at so many guineas an ounce; and, indeed, if any of it remains, I cannot conceive why the proprietor does not dispose of the material to jewellers and artists' colourmen. Of course the legend of its origin is fictitious; but it is a most remarkable circumstance that a castle of more than oriental splendour should exist in a country so remote from oriental wealth; and yet I am positively assured that the castle is yet standing, or, at least, a considerable portion of it."

"Well, but what became of Eva, in the legend?"

"Oh, Eva; I had forgotten all about her. I was beginning to calculate whether the castle would not pay the national debt. Eva is said to have been very un-

happy in the Castle of Lapis Lazuli, and to have died early, because her husband was so extremely cold—physically, I mean, for he seems to have loved her warmly enough. But Eva never could be warm in bed, by the side of her sea-king, and so she died, and then she was as cold as her chilly husband."

"Well, by Jove, we must seek out the castle! I wish you knew where it is supposed to be situated. Who told you that it exists yet?"

"Why, a most respectable-looking old gentleman, a clergyman, that's staying at the Caledonian. I dined at the *table d'hôte* the other day, and sat next to him, when he told me that he saw the castle only a few days ago; but I cannot remember the name of it. There! there he goes! it's the old fogy there that's taking his walk on the beach."

A quarter of an hour later young Paresseux was walking by the side of the clergyman, whom he informed that it was a fine evening, for which information the clergyman appeared duly grateful, and the two were soon engaged in an interesting conversation on the beauty of the scenery. Thence Paresseux led the parson to the subject of castles, as a great addition to the interest of landscape; and from castles in general he descended to castles in particular, and so arrived, exactly five minutes after his meeting with the clergyman, at the Castle of Lapis Lazuli.

The clergyman assured him that the castle really existed, or at least a great part of it, and that he himself had seen it only a very few days before. It was situated, he said, about forty miles to the westward, near a

small town, whose name he mentioned, and close to a magnificent salt-water loch. All that the clergyman said of its position harmonized exactly with the account given by Mr. Verity; but the clergyman had not heard of the legend, on which Paresseux narrated it in detail, and the clergyman was delighted, and made a long note of it in his memorandum book.

The next day, having easily obtained leave of absence from his tutor, Mr. Paresseux set forth on his pilgrimage in search of the Castle of Lapis Lazuli.

For the first few miles our hero found nothing to excite his interest to any great degree. A noble castle on his left would at any other time have been a sufficient attraction to cause him to diverge from his traced route; but its towers were of common grey stone, and one can see buildings of common grey stone anywhere. This castle had been, it is true, a residence of ancient royalty, and still contained several most interesting relics; but with a Castle of Lapis Lazuli as the object of his journey, what traveller would turn aside for any building of whinstone? So Mr. Paresseux rode steadily on at a rapid pace, till he came to the mouth of a narrow defile, where the arm of a great lake lay between two precipitous mountains.

A landscape-painter would have enjoyed this place extremely, on account of its infinite richness and variety of colour. The purple precipices, the little patches of brilliant green that gave them by contrast an intenser and more powerful hue, the black gloom of the unfathomable waters in their death-like slumber, and the numerous legends which haunted the place, and with

which our traveller's friend, Verity, had already rendered him familiar, were, one would have thought, interesting enough to have deserved at least the passing notice of a poet; but Mr. Paresseux was too much occupied with abstruse calculations as to the value of a ton of lapis lazuli to bestow the slightest attention upon them.

In this dreamy state of mind, Paresseux rode along the borders of the loveliest of Highland lakes, almost as unconsciously as St. Bernard is said to have ridden by the lake of Geneva, when that observant old saint, at the close of the day's journey on its borders, asked quite innocently of his attendants where the lake was. Once, indeed, Paresseux reined his horse to look at a ruined castle that occupied a rock at the extremity of a green peninsula; but it was no more built of lapis lazuli than the other, so he did not waste a second look upon it.

Barely allowing himself time for such rest and refreshment as are absolutely necessary in a ride of forty miles, our hero pursued his journey with sufficient ardour to arrive at his destination about four o'clock in the afternoon. He ordered dinner to be ready for him in the hotel at six precisely, and, having resigned his tired horse into the keeping of a stable-boy, set off at once, on foot, to see the Castle of Lapis Lazuli.

There it stood in the midst of its green pasture, just as the legend described it; by the margin of its beautiful river, and guarded by its impenetrable forest. The garden burned with gold and scarlet, the field was green, and the castle—

In truth, the castle was not intensely blue. Its colour, sobered down by time, had become a cold grey, and of

all its innumerable towers four only remained : they were at the four angles of a massive central keep.

"Well," thought our hero, "after all, lapis lazuli doesn't look so *very* wonderful; perhaps it has lost its polish. And as I come nearer, upon my word, the building looks decidedly modern."

"What do you think of the castle, sir?" said Paresseux to a foreign-looking gentleman with a pretty young lady by his side, who were also going towards it.

"The castle is not a monument," said the Frenchman, using the word *monument* in his national acceptation of it; "it is ignoble."

"Tiens, mon père," said the young lady, "quel drôle de petit château. Moi, ça me fait l'effet d'un château en carton comme j'en avais pour jouer quand j'étais enfant —exactement. N'est-ce pas que c'est drôle avec ses petites tourelles aux quatre coins et cette machine là en haut?"

The young lady's criticism was fatal to any *prestige* that history or tradition had already given to the castle. The nearer the travellers approached, the more terrible became the disenchantment. Paresseux was wofully disappointed.

Where were the hundred towers, each different from all its brethren, but all blue as the sky at the zenith, or the ocean far from the land? Where was the splendour of material, and the yet more precious splendour of genius, the infinite variety and invention of the design? Where, in short, was the Castle of Lapis Lazuli?

* * * * * *

Dinner was ready at six, and our hero dined moodily

alone, disenchanted, *desillusionné*, horribly out of humour. After dinner he called for pens and paper, and indicted the following letter to his friend Verity:—

"DEAR VERITY,—I have seen the Castle of Lapis Lazuli. It is an ugly, square, modern mansion, with four round towers at the corners. As to the material, it is a sort of slate. The design is detestable. There are a lot of windows with pointed arched tops, in the most genuine gingerbread Gothic, and where windows weren't wanted, they've put them in all the same for uniformity; only they've built them up again to save window-duty, thus answering at the same time the ends of the architect and the economist. The private garden entrance is hideous; it is flanked by two pillars which support nothing at all. There is a sort of yard by way of a dry moat, and the balustrade on each side of a bridge that goes over it is the stupidest thing you ever saw. The design being rather too big for the architect's purpose, the blundering fellow cut it off short at three-quarters of its height. There is a wonderful sort of lantern tower in the middle of the castle, which bears great resemblance to the engine-room of a factory with its big windows; but it's *Gothic*, mind you, and *such* Gothic too. I only wish Ruskin could see it.

"We knocked at the door and asked for the housekeeper. A stiff bony woman came to meet us in the entrance hall, and conducted us with the air of a tragedian through the rooms on the principal floor. The best of her was that she held her tongue, a great and rare virtue in housekeepers. In the inside we found the pretended

castle, a plain, honest, modern house, simply furnished, and with a nice library. Why, in the name of common sense, could not the building be honest *outside* too?

"In short, this time I confess myself *sold.*

"I don't mean to come back to read for a few days; I mean to extend my ride and make a tour of it.

"Confound you and the parson too, both of you. It's evidently a plot; but I could not have thought that the old fogy of a parson had enough in him to join in such a joke.

"Yours, very truly,

"HENRY PARESSEUX."

Mr. Paresseux had finished his letter, and was just going to put it into the envelope, when he found that he had forgotten the day of the month, so he asked the waiter.

"*It is the first of April, sir,*" said the waiter.

The truth flashed upon him at once. Verity had met with the foolish old clergyman, who, having dabbled a little in geology, had miscalled the stone of which the castle was built, and, in pure ignorance, declared it to be the precious lapis lazuli. This had tickled Verity's fancy, who, being of an imaginative disposition, had created the legend entitled "The Castle of Lapis Lazuli," and sent young Paresseux in search of it on the first day of April; just as little boys are sometimes sent on that day to buy pigeons' milk and other commodities of the like ideal character.

Whilst reading lately, during the wet weather, a book of travels in the Highlands of some authority in its day, I

found an amusing anecdote in it of a scientific gentleman who had asserted before a numerous company that a certain castle in the Highlands which I have seen *was built of lapis lazuli.* The idea of a castle of lapis lazuli haunted my imagination for a day or two, and ended in the production of the preceding story, the legendary portion of which appeared likely to furnish an excellent subject for a picture. I insert the story here, because it is likely to be more amusing to the reader than the dull recital of my present unadventurous pursuits. I refrain from giving the name of the castle to which the story refers, because foolish people would think I had some feeling of personal animosity against the nobleman who has the misfortune to be its proprietor, and also because his residence, to me so offensive as an architectural abomination, may, perhaps, be consecrated to his affections by associations which I should be unwilling to profane, and which, like ivy, attach themselves indifferently to what is beautiful or ugly in architecture. If the owner of the Castle of Lapis Lazuli should, however, have recognised it in the story, I would respectfully offer the following remarks for his private consideration :—

All residences of the spurious Gothic revival, built early in this century, contain within themselves the materials of houses of the ordinary modern style ; they are, in fact, essentially modern houses very slightly Gothicised. In most cases they possess an inherent possibility of being converted, *not* into genuine Gothic residences, to which they bear no resemblance whatever, but into plain, and often convenient, houses of a con-

fessedly modern type, suitable for the habitation of substantial and orderly persons, of minds too ignoble to be susceptible of being annoyed by base and ugly things. This change may be effected with very little inconvenience, by merely removing a few sham Gothic ornaments, and replacing them by Italian ones. I do not mean to say that I like modern domestic architecture; no true artist could ever endure it; but I like the virtue of honesty in all art, and on the score of vulgarity the Gothicised modern castle is certainly more detestable than the hideous, but unpretending houses of our prosperous middle classes. And if one of these castles belonged to me, I should have very little hesitation what to do with it. If I were rich enough, I should pull down the sham castle and replace it by a genuine Gothic *Palace*, which I believe to be just within our reach now. But if I were not rich enough to do this *well*, with coloured marbles, and mosaic, and sculpture, and painting, I would merely turn the sham Gothic castle into a genuine modern house, replacing its battlement by Italian cornices, and ruthlessly chiselling away whatever bits of foolish crocketing the architect had stuck upon it. By these means, including of course the replacing of the bad pointed arches in the windows by flat stones, I could remove the false veneer of Gothic in a few weeks, and have the satisfaction afterwards of inhabiting an honest and respectable, if not very ambitious residence.

If ever a real knowledge of art and a true conception of architectural fitness and consistency shall become general in our aristocracy, it is easy to foresee that this ridiculous gingerbread Gothic of the Georgian era (of

which there are several notable examples in the Highlands) must cause a good deal of embarrassment to economically disposed proprietors, who would be very glad to be rid of their unfortunate examples of that architecture, but who don't like the idea of pulling down what it cost their grandfathers so much money to set up. But if any owner of buildings of that epoch should not know what to do with them, let me assure him that, although to pull them down would in most cases be the wisest course of all, and though it will invariably be found that any attempt to give them the look of true Gothic will end in disastrous failure, it will generally be not difficult to convert them into genuine modern houses, which, in fact, *they are*, under a thin disguise.

CHAPTER XXI.

A GIPSY JOURNEY TO GLEN COE.

WE have had a wild summer here this year. In England, I hear it has been glorious and golden, like the climate of Egypt. In France, the bountiful sun, like a generous host, has given, without stint or limit, the rich juice of a vintage unparalleled in its abundance, so that the labourers in the vineyards knew not where to stow the overflow of wine, and put it in washing tubs and cattle troughs, because their casks would contain no more. This very year, in the unfavoured mountains of Scotland, the peasant could not get his peat for the winter hearth, nor the farmer his little crop of hay, nor his poor harvest of oats. The peats were cut, but never dried—there they lay, in little miserable mounds, on the black moor, and soaked and rotted, day by day, till all the virtue was soaked out of them. The thin blades of corn have been levelled by the wind, as though cavalry had charged over them; and farmers have deferred their hay harvest, in the bare hope of a little sunshine, till the dead leaves lie upon it now, in this dreary month of November. I suppose they will cut it soon, and the feeble sun will look upon it languidly, from the southern hills, a few short hours by day, hardly long enough to melt the hoar frost from it.

As for me, my farm is such a miniature affair, that

I made my hay in a tolerably fine week we had in the summer, and got it all safely housed in my little barn. In the month of September, one fine morning, I issued marching orders, and set forth on a campaign.

The whole of my insular kingdom was instantly thrown into unwonted commotion by the promulgation of these commands. Seven fires were lighted, and provisions for several days cooked in an hour or two. A terrible sentence thinned the poultry yard, and many a fine cock that crowed that morning in the vigour and pride of youth, lay cooked and cold in a provision-box far away on the morrow! My gardener (an excellent butcher, by the bye, a very desirable qualification in a Highland servant) had killed a sheep the day before, so we had plenty of mutton.

We started with the waggon at sunset and encamped that night in Glen Urchay. I occupied one of Edgington's tents, and Thursday slept in the waggon. As we were pitching the tent, two friends of mine came from the hotel at Dalmally to see me. We sat talking and smoking till two in the morning, when my friends left me, and I laced the tent door, having first looked at Thursday through the window of his waggon, where he seemed marvellously comfortable, and at poor Meg, the mare, who stood tethered hard by with an air of perfect resignation.

And yet the only member of the expedition who was dissatisfied with the arrangements for the night was this mare, Meg, whose resigned expression had probably been assumed to mask her sinister intentions. No sooner were we asleep than she got entangled with her tether,

and, struggling violently, awoke Thursday, who went to her assistance with his lantern, and then returned as fast as possible to his cosy berth in the waggon, anticipating no further interruption to his slumbers. Delusive hope of rest! an hour later Meg was wandering over the wild moor, and Thursday stumbling after her in the dark, cursing her in his heart.

Now, by good luck, Thursday caught the beast after a long chase; but he had no rope to make a halter of, and the mare had left hers behind her. So poor Thursday was obliged to take Meg by the forelock (as in the days of our youth we were metaphorically recommended to catch a venerable personification of Time), and endeavour to persuade her to return quietly to her post. Wandering thus, the mare led Thursday, who, of course, had no control over her whatever, to a little Highland farmstead; and then Thursday called out to the farmer, and pretended he had led the mare, just as an unhappy king or prime minister, who is dragged by a perverse nation into all manner of difficulties, always pretends to act of his own royal will and pleasure.

"Have you a bit of rope?" cries Thursday.

"Na, na! there's nae rope aboot the hoose."

"Have you a bit of rope *for sixpence?*" cries Thursday, with a profound knowledge of human nature.

"Weel, weel, maybe there's a bit o' rope; but ye'll no be wanting a lang ane."

So the farmer gave Thursday the shabbiest sixpennyworth of old rotten cord that ever was bought and sold, and Thursday paid for it, there and then, the sum of sixpence, on his own responsibility.

Then Meg, believing herself effectually haltered (though that was a delusion), followed Thursday very submissively to the camp. And, during the rest of the night, he got a quarter of an hour's sleep out of every half-hour, like the man who walked a thousand miles in a thousand half-hours. But Meg, the mare, slept not, neither did she slumber; but entangled herself continually.

The next morning I breakfasted luxuriously in the tent, and, after breakfast, one or two carriages passed with tourists. I may observe here, that Thursday is very sensitive, and hates tourists on account of their impertinent manners, so he never misses an opportunity of irritating himself by watching these contemptuous travellers. As for me, I calmly proceed with whatever business I may have in hand, whether eating or smoking, or even the low and degrading occupation of studying from nature, without particularly troubling myself about the giggling companies of snobs who infest the Highland roads at a certain season of the year. For is it not in the nature of the true British snob on his travels to stare at all things? I should as soon think of being angry with the owls in the Zoological Gardens, because *they* stared, or at the monkeys because they chattered, as at the noble animal first classified by the celebrated naturalist, Mr. Thackeray, for acting after *its* nature, which combines the observation of the owlet and the eloquence of the ape.

But Thursday, not being acquainted with the writings of Mr. Thackeray, has not learned to see the snob on his amusing side, and, on this occasion, he remarked to me, with much irritation, in what a very contemptuous

way these tourists had stared at the camp, and how exceedingly high and mighty and majestic they seemed. Why, of course they did. It's a fine thing to ride in a carriage occasionally, and, when people aren't used to it, that lofty kind of locomotion has a certain elevating influence on their sense of dignity; and I am sure I should be sorry to say a word against the innocent gratification of this proper pride, especially since it is not expensive, but may be freely indulged in for ninepence a mile.

During the day's journey, we had a good opportunity of admiring that wisdom of our ancestors which, instead of carrying roads through valleys, as is our more modern custom, did formerly, in order to give exercise to horses, compel these animals to climb and descend the sides of the surrounding hills. It would have been quite possible to construct a road in the level tract at the foot of Ben Loy; but the engineer preferred to display his activity by leading all future travellers a very fatiguing race over the inequalities of the mountain opposite. The labour wasted in the course of one century by a little bad civil engineering at the first planning of a road, is rather startling when we think of it.

We were descending a very steep declivity, and the mist was thick in the valley. Through the mist came a great stream down from the opposite mountain, and we saw it gleaming below us, grey and dim, like a silent stream in Ossian. Then we looked up, and the mist broke away for one minute, and lo! toppling over our very heads, up, up, in the air, like an eagle, hung a shapely mass of something we knew not, something

purple and grey, mysteriously marked with a thousand scars, and spotted with a thousand shadows, hanging in the full sunshine, as if a fragment of another planet were hovering over the world; for it seemed of solid rock, and yet shapely in its magnificence; and it was wet, and glistening as with recent rain, and coloured with fair hues, like the mosaics of a marble dome!

It was the crest of Ben Loy. I have seen Ben Loy a hundred times, but never like that. The mist had exaggerated it, so that it seemed as if no mortal foot could ever wander there. It did not belong to the world. It seemed unearthly, supernatural, terrible.

The illusion was easily accounted for. The base seemed remote in the mist, but we saw the stony crest without any mist whatever, in the full, clear sunshine, so that it seemed quite close to us—far nearer than the stream at the base. It came upon us, too, unexpectedly. Lord Dufferin has recorded a similar effect.*

Then we drove through a long dreary valley, till we came to Tyndrum, where I had hoped to increase my stock of provisions; but there were none in the place,

* "Hour after hour passed by, and brought no change. Fitz and Sigurdr—who had begun quite to disbelieve in the existence of the island—went to bed, while I remained pacing up and down the deck, anxiously questioning each quarter of the grey canopy that enveloped us. At last, about four in the morning, I fancied some change was going to take place: the heavy wreaths of vapour seemed to be imperceptibly separating, and in a few minutes more the solid roof of grey suddenly split asunder, and I beheld through the gap, thousands of feet overhead, as if suspended in the crystal sky, a cone of illuminated snow."—*Letters from High Latitudes.*

This effect did not, however, contain the *contradiction* that astonished me before Ben Loy. Lord Dufferin did not see the base of Jan Mayen at all. Now, I *did* see the base of Ben Loy, removed far away by the mist; and this discrepancy between the apparent distance of the base and the nearness of the summit made the effect almost incredible.

not even a morsel of bread nor an egg. I saw a Highland boy, however, whose admirable beauty would have done credit to any palace in England where beef and other tissue-forming materials are most abundant. His face was of the very richest colouring, rather dark in complexion, with carnation glowing through the brown. He was a precious study of colour. I think I shall invite him to spend a week at Innistrynich, and then paint a few oil-studies of him, from nature. How rich was that dirty tartan of his, with its vivid, soft colours and picturesque texture; and how well formed his bare legs below the kilt, with their early promise of manly strength, and the lithe suppleness of their boyish grace! Graceful indeed he was, as a young stag, with a certain shy waywardness in his attitude, as he leaned against the rude walls of his father's hut and gazed at us when we passed by.

As we approached the Black Forest, the lines of the hills changed their character. They fell in grand concave curves, drawn with the utmost force from the summits to the stream down in the glen—mighty and majestic curves, so simple that any amateur would think he could draw them, and yet so subtle, that the genius never lived who could have rendered them with absolute accuracy. On our left was a frightful precipice, and as Meg trotted down the steep road I often congratulated myself on her steadiness and discretion. In the valley below there was a vast desolation of grey stones, rolled and rounded in a thousand floods, and spread broadcast over the barren vale, with a pure stream picking its way amongst them.

I encamped that night in as lonely a place as I could find; and, having backed the waggon down on the moorland, tied the mare to it, with a sheet on her back to keep her warm, and a little haycock to afford her occupation and amusement. An hour afterwards we were as comfortable as possible. Thursday had got his supper and lay asleep on the waggon, Meg was busy with her hay, and I was sitting with my pipe after dinner, in an elysium of repose. It is with especial pleasure that I recall those evenings in the tent. When the fatigues of the day were over, and my house built for the night, with the buffalo-skins spread over the thick carpet, candles burning, and smoke curling gracefully in long wreaths from my brown old pipe up to the gabled roof, with no sound but the babbling of a brook, or the pattering of the rain, I felt as thoroughly happy as our poor querulous human nature will admit of.

There is the finest wood of Scotch firs at Loch Tulla that I have yet seen. Near Lord Breadalbane's kennels I found a good subject for Landseer—an invalid deer-hound that had been gored by a stag at bay.

A great advantage about the waggon in comparison with the public coach is, that I can stop whenever I want to take a sketch. Thus, during the whole of this pleasant journey, I had a box containing sketching materials close to me on the roof of the waggon; and whenever a fine mountain outline or good natural composition struck me, I pulled up Meg, who soon accustomed herself to these intervals of repose, and drew very much at my ease, where I sat, on the box. On a coach I should have been whirled through the country without a chance of sketching.

I enjoy this sort of pilgrimage, especially on account of the facility of sleeping wherever I will, without having to consider the distance from the inns. In ten minutes from the time I pull up, I can have a house ready to receive me on the wildest heath; and a good, serviceable house too, weatherproof and warm. This is delightful for a painter, to whom nothing is more tormenting than prudential considerations about eating and sleeping. As for me, I may take a drawing of any subject I choose, and have my house at hand when it is done; and whilst I am busy with *my* work, Thursday, an artist no less earnest in his own line, is organizing a repast to refresh me after my labours. In the meantime, envious artists pass me on the tops of coaches, or on foot, compelled by absolute necessity to dine at an inn ten miles off, and, very likely, when they get there, they will have to post on another ten miles to sleep. The coach passed us in the Black Forest, when I was too busy to look at the passengers, but Thursday suffered much annoyance from their uncivil behaviour. He was highly indignant, and declared the travellers to be "no gentlefolks," but they were a fair sample of the common tourist class; no worse than the average; and I have no doubt the most of them would have treated me with great respect under other circumstances, but on this occasion the sketch-book excited their contempt, as a sketch-book always does, when they believe the holder of it to be an artist.

In trying to analyse this question, so as to find out why silly people invariably behave impertinently whenever they see a painter at work, I came to the conclusion that, independently of the social contempt for the artist,

which the best modern novelists have recognised as a characteristic of our age, there is another reason, less obvious, and still not to be overlooked. On those occasions, when a painter is annoyed by the flippancy of pleasure-seekers, he is almost invariably the only person present who has at the time any serious thought or occupation whatever. This sense of non-conformity on the part of the painter to the humour of the hour excites instantaneously in the spectators a disposition to combine against him. I believe any seriously occupied student would have to put up with similar interruptions; but it is fortunate for students in other pursuits that they can study in the retirement of the closet. Besides, there are certain things which, however innocent in themselves, appear odd and incongruous whenever a third party comes upon the scene; and, as Emerson has very well shown, the study of nature is one of these things. No one but a landscape-painter ever dares to enjoy nature without some mask or apology. Other people seek this enjoyment also, but they always pretend to have other business on foot, either shooting, or a necessary journey, or their health, or some other prosaic every-day excuse. But the painter avows his object frankly; he is, indeed, forced into this exceptional frankness by the circumstances of his position, for if he were only to glance at nature furtively when out on other business, like the rest of the world, he would never come to produce good pictures.

When the coach passed me I was hard at work trying to analyse and make a note of an effect of rich, soft, misty moorland colour, which Linnell has rendered with wonderful veracity, and which no other man, so far as I

remember, has ever yet been able to interpret at all. But it is no use talking about it here. I used to delude myself with the belief that words recalling scenes vividly to *myself* which I had studied intensely in nature were capable of producing the same effect on others. I forgot that to render vivid an impression once made, as the developing solution does in photography, is quite an easy thing in comparison with the object I proposed to myself; namely, to *create* the same impression in minds where it had no previous existence. I waste very little time in description now, because I find words quite incapable of conveying any idea of effects of colour and light to persons who have not seen them, and have come to discover that written language, however justly chosen and carefully fitted, must always, for purposes of landscape-painting, be a very clumsy and unmanageable medium.

So we will say no more about this effect, though in truth I look upon it as by far the most important event of the whole expedition.

And now to Glen Coe. Meg had three miles to trot down hill, which is the only trotting Meg ever does. Whenever I came to a certain angle of declivity, without putting on the break, Meg began to show symptoms of uneasiness, going first to one side and then to another, till at last, when she found that I neither wanted her to go over the precipice on the one hand, nor to break her neck against the rock on the other, Meg prudently decided to submit to the pressure from behind, and even trot a little, like an unprogressive government, with public opinion at its heels. Then, when the waggon pressed hard, and seemed to get heavier and heavier,

what a flurry Meg would get into, till, for safety's sake, I tightened the break on the hind wheels, and so relieved her.

I fancy the scenery of Glen Coe approaches nearer to the stony Arabian landscape than any other scenery in Scotland, for the mountains have a barren strength and steepness which remind one continually of the stone buttresses of Sinai, as we have seen Sinai in photographs and the drawings of John Lewis. Glen Coe, being not only one of the grandest scenes in Britain, but the most terrible of all in its associations, deserves a closer record than water-colour sketches of misty weather, or studio pictures done from hasty pencil memoranda. It is an excellent subject for photography, but no photograph can give its colour, which is delightful.

I was fortunate in seeing Glen Coe for the first time under a noble and mysterious effect, for the whole air was full of mystery. Far below us stretched a valley that seemed of supernatural vastness, whose entrance was guarded on the one hand by a wall of precipices, and on the other by a domed tower of solid granite, huge and pale in the misty air. This dome gleamed all over with purple and green, changing continually. It was covered with a network of irregular, fantastic decoration, a wild arabesque of faint rose colour, paler than the pale green ground it was laid upon. This enchanted dome was a solid rock far higher than St. Paul's, and its mosaic of purple and green and rose colour was only the little patches of short grass, and red, dry channels of a thousand streams, and purple steps of precipice.

But in the vastness of the valley, over the dim, silver

stream that flowed away into its infinite distance, brooded a heavy cloud, stained with a crimson hue, as if the innocent blood shed there rose from the earth even yet, to bear witness against the assassins who gave the name of Glen Coe such power over the hearts of men. For so long as history shall be read, and treachery hated, that name, Glen Coe, shall thrill mankind with undiminished horror! The story is a century old now; the human race has heard it talked over for a hundred years. But the tale is as fresh in its fearful interest as the latest murder in the newspapers. Kind hospitality was never so cruelly requited; British soldiers were never at once so cowardly and so ferocious. That massacre was not warfare; it was not the execution of justice; it was assassination on a great scale, and under circumstances every detail of which adds to the inexpressible painfulness of the fact. It is lamentable that the character of William, on the whole respectable, should be blackened by so foul a stain.

When we got to the King's House, I stopped to drink a glass of beer, not in honour of his majesty, but for my private refreshment. The landlady and hangers-on evidently expected me to descend from the box, send Meg to the stable, and order dinner and two bed-rooms. They never were more mistaken. Their representations of the distance from King's House to the next inn were quite thrown away upon a wandering gipsy like me, with a snug tent packed up inside his waggon. I thanked them for the information, paid for the two glasses of beer, and trotted on, leaving the astonished landlady and her staff to meditate on my cruelty to

animals, and on my unaccountable repugnance to a night's rest in the royal precincts. Half an hour later I was dining comfortably in my own private hotel, and Meg, unconscious of the landlady's tender sentiments on her behalf, was dining very comfortably too.

I pitched my tent by the side of a little stream, and under the shadow of the great dome of rock I mentioned before, the relative position of my tent and the dome being like that of a shop in St. Paul's Churchyard and the dome of the cathedral. The moon rose behind it, and one or two splintered pinnacles of rock came sharply against her light in a black silhouette. The whole scene was exceedingly impressive, from its indescribable desolation. As I have observed before, it is of course in such desolate situations that a tent or hut seems by contrast most snug and cosy. That night the rain fell in torrents, and I was busy until very late, sensitizing waxed paper for photographic negatives—a tiresome process.

The next day was very windy and wild, but I got a study in pencil and two photographs. This expedition being in part a photographic experiment, I mention these negatives here. In another chapter I mean to consider the whole question of the relation between photography and painting, and the ways in which photography may serve a painter who employs it for especial purposes, at greater length than I can here, in a parenthesis. Having had occasion to spend some time in Paris last winter, I had profited by the opportunity of learning the waxed paper process, from a pupil and assistant of Gustave le Gray, who invented it; and during my journey to Glen

Coe I determined to try whether its convenience in travelling was as ample a compensation for the comparative imperfection of its results as some photographers consider it to be.

The second night in Glen Coe was wilder and wetter than ever; and as on the following morning the weather seemed to have settled for rain, it seemed wiser, under the circumstances, to retreat to the granite stream in the Black Forest, where I had some drawings and photographs to take, as that position would be nearer home and we were only provisioned for a week. To start on an expedition in the Highlands one ought to be provisioned beforehand, like a ship leaving port. In order to lessen the consumption of my own provisions I sometimes stop and feed at an inn, when it happens to be convenient; but it is not often so, on account of my work. Innkeepers, I find, will not let you have provisions, except in the shape of orthodox repasts, unless you know them; and as the innkeepers are the only people in the country who have either fresh meat or common bread, one may be temporarily reduced to considerable inconvenience for supplies. In future I shall act upon the experience acquired during this gipsy expedition, and pay greater attention to the commissariat.

I find, too, that Meg is not strong enough for the work she has to do, so on a future expedition I must have two horses. For this once I hired a leader at the King's House, to climb the hill.

I pitched my tent, then, by the granite stream. It was the finest study of granite I had yet found. The clear water ran swiftly in its smoothly polished channels,

down at the bottom of its deep and narrow crevices. And the colour of the rock! how exquisite! Stern, and hard, and cold as it was, older a hundred times than the pyramids or the sphynx, it had the hues of the dawn and the rose. And down in its hollowed basins the water lay clear as the pale green sea, and the granite seemed to glow with a ruddier hue when it rose to the air out of the cold waters, as if those flames lingered in its substance yet that made it fluid as the sea, an infinite ocean of fire, far back in the immeasurable past. But the pale grey lichen spreads on it now, and the sweet waters flow over it, and the naked foot of the shepherd treads it, and the snows of winter rest upon it perennially in the mountains, and the water does not fly off in hissing clouds of steam, but lies still in the polished basins; and the bare sole of the shepherd's foot presses it unscathed, and the snow melts not from its hollows on the hills, for the great globe has cooled, like a cannon-ball from the casting.

In the evening the weather had improved, and I got a few photographs on the papers already sensitized at Glen Coe. It was a beautiful moonlight night, with a sharp frost. During the night I got up very often to look after my negatives, which were developing slowly. The waxed-paper process is tedious and unsatisfactory. In the morning I was up very early photographing, and getting colour memoranda. I developed my negatives afterwards on my road home. I found that one was really valuable, and the rest nearly worthless.

The waxed-paper process is in one respect more striking than the wet collodion. I mean in its property

of retaining the undeveloped image. When, at the end of my day's march, far from the scene where I had exposed the papers in the camera, I took them from my portfolio at night, I often gazed long and wonderingly on the white waxed paper, paper as blank and void as when it came fresh from the mill. Then I laid each in the bath, ignorant of what image would come there, and slowly a faint chocolate tinge appeared here and there on the white surface, and then, amongst the strange patches of brown, a pale, ghostly image became dimly visible, the phantom of some scene I had passed that day, and this pale phantom-scene grew more and more defined, but with all the natural conditions reversed, the most brilliant light represented by the intensest black, and the deepest points of shade left in perfectly stainless paper, over which the acid brooded powerless; and the objects at the right hand were changed to the left, and still with all this reversal of natural order, how marvellously truthful those images were as they seemed to rise out of the paper, and fix themselves upon it, like the magic pictures of an enchanter! It is a wonderful quality, indeed, of this sensitized waxed-paper that it shall retain so long an accurate image, utterly invisible! There is a strange analogy between this and the action of the memory. The image is impressed on the leaves in the brain, but is laid aside quite blank in the portfolio. Years hence some circumstance shall arise that shall flood that forgotten sheet with a magical developing fluid, and the images shall come forth as those wonderful waters flow over it, clear in every detail, till we shall be startled and frightened at its fidelity!

My habit of stopping to sketch on the road produced quite a little collection of memoranda, things of no use whatever to paint from, being far too slight for that, yet excellent practice in their way, as a preparation for sterner mountain drawing. The photographs I find to be practically of no use. I might have known this before if I would have condescended to try to copy one ; but though I saw no harm in getting a photographic memorandum of something I had myself seen and studied in nature, I had determined in my own mind that no artist could wisely copy photographs taken by other people of places he had never seen.* This distinction always appeared to me very clear indeed, not so much as regarding the interest of the purchaser of the picture as the painter's own interest. Whoever buys a picture buys it with his eyes open, and it is his own fault if he cannot tell whether it is good or worthless without being told the history of its construction. But I considered that a painter who painted from *bought* photographs, instead of studying nature for himself, would cheat himself out of the study he so missed, and thus be by far the greater loser of the two.

As to other matters, I came to the conclusion that a camp, to be kept in the highest degree of efficiency,

* I leave this just as it was written. Subsequent investigation has convinced me that no artist should ever *copy* a photograph at all, though most artists do, more or less. But as memoranda of *isolated* natural facts photographs are invaluable. By seeking only for one fact in each photograph you may get, in a large collection, a rich encyclopædia of facts of form. In this way the photograph is very useful to all students of nature, not otherwise. It can never replace good drawing, and is valueless for pictorial purposes, on account of its defective scale of light, and its false translation of colour into shade. I will explain this at length hereafter.

ought to be systematically provisioned, because the physical work of everybody out in camp is exceedingly heavy, and Englishmen are quite worthless without good keep. There was Thursday, for instance, as strong and hearty a fellow as you would wish to see on a Lancashire moor, quite knocked up at the end of our journey, as soon as the cold chicken and mutton chops ran short; and, as to a painter, his work from nature is in itself exceedingly fatiguing, and the slightest derangement of health is fatal to all such labour as that. After a little more experience, when my plans are definitively arranged, I think it probable that I shall reach a high degree of efficiency in the art of camp-life, and conduct successfully extended expeditions. Already we are far sharper and livelier than we used to be.

We got home at last, quite ravenous. A week's gipsying is good for the appetite.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PAINTER'S TENT.

PEOPLE are always asking me why I don't stay at the inns, and what is the use of tents in the Highlands, where there are inns at every stage?

I have no prejudice whatever against inns. They are expensive, it is true; but camp-life is very expensive also when you have to move frequently, or when your tent is pitched in places difficult of access, as, for example, on a mountain three thousand feet high. The greatest fault I find about inns is, that they are not always to be had where you want them. In my road-journeys I shall always make use of inns when they happen to be situated quite conveniently for my purposes. For my work on Loch Awe the inns are of very little use. There are inns near the water at two points only, Port Sonachan and Port Inisherrich. If I had no tents I should waste most of my time in rowing and sailing.

You see I am no magician. I cannot have inns whereever I may happen to want them. If, after the fatigues of a long day's march on the mountains, when the sun set behind the grey rain-clouds, and the night fell cold and wet, I could rub an old lamp, or a jewelled ring, and command the slave of the lamp or the ring to create an Hotel du Louvre out of the mountain mist, with its

lighted colonnades, its covered court of white sculptured stone, with the green orange-trees on the wide stair, the brilliant café, the great dining-hall, blazing with palatial splendours, the noise of many languages, and the low, rumbling sound of imperial carriages as they roll into the court of the ambassadors—for this, perhaps, and even then with regret, I might exchange the independence of my tent.

But I have neither lamp nor ring which, by any amount of friction, will yield such creative electricity as that. I cannot have even a common Highland inn where I want it, without dreaming of public palaces. If I am particularly anxious to paint some subject, ten to one that subject is several miles from the nearest inn; and, in the Highlands, if you are several miles from shelter, you are badly off. There may be something very grand and dignified in living at an inn, and it may be very degrading to live in camp; but, notwithstanding the immense temptation to submit to inconvenience when one's social position is in question, in this particular I intend to consult convenience alone, and to abdicate magnanimously that exalted worldly position which is to be preserved only by herding with the crowds in the caravanserai.

One of the great inconveniences of hotel-life is, that you are absolutely compelled to make all sorts of acquaintances if you stay long enough at any place to do any good there. Ten to one there will be some dirty fellow who, because he daubs canvass, claims you at once as a brother of the brush, and puts himself on a footing of the most unpleasant familiarity, chaffing you wittily

after the fashion of his class, and calling you Bill or Jack. In this case the only resource is to knock the man down (a friend of mine *did* so), unless you remove to another inn; but either alternative may be inconvenient.

It is on the mountains that one learns the value of a tent. If I want to work in the corrie of Ben Cruachan, for instance, and have a tent there provisioned for a week, I can draw one or two very accurate pen-studies of the place, on a large scale, and enter into detail, besides obtaining colour memoranda. Studies so produced would have some value, on account of the accurate knowledge they would contain—knowledge certainly not to be gained in less than a week's time at ten or twelve hours a day. Now, ten hours a day, for six days, is sixty hours, which a painter encamped on the spot would be able to devote easily in fair summer weather. But we will suppose another painter staying at the nearest inn, and see how many hours a day *he* could devote to the same object. The inn nearest to the corrie of Ben Cruachan is that at Cladich, on the other side the lake. Cladich is three-quarters of a mile from the shore: our painter has to walk this first of all, then he has three miles to row, and after that the real hard labour of climbing the mountain begins. He would not leave Cladich before eight o'clock, because he must have his breakfast before starting; and if he had worked hard the day before it is not probable that he would undertake a toilsome expedition at a much earlier hour. At half-past nine he is at the foot of the mountain, when our friend in camp has already got an hour and a half's work done. At half-past eleven he arrives at our friend's

tent, a good deal tired, and not much disposed for work; he rests, eats a biscuit, drinks a glass of sherry, and smokes a cigar till a little after twelve, and then, at last, begins his day's painting. You observe that he is exactly four hours behind our Arab friend, the dweller in the tent. But the same slice is taken off the other end of the day too. He cannot well dine later than eight o'clock in the evening, if he is to be fit to come to his work next day, so he must give up work about four o'clock, and set off on his journey home. Supposing him to have constitution enough to stand this for a week, even of fine weather, he could only get four hours a day from nature at the uttermost, which is exactly twenty-four hours a week. The Ishmaelite in the tent has worked sixty in the same week, the odd thirty-six working hours being entirely due to the tent. Now, if we consider the hours that an artist of the first class devotes to study from nature to be worth to him, in the studies so produced, a sovereign per hour, which is by no means an exaggerated estimate, the difference in the money value of the tent and the inn for one week is the difference between 24*l.* and 60*l.*, which, I believe, every ordinarily endowed Englishman is perfectly competent to understand and appreciate. This is a base way of stating the matter, and not a true one after all, because the subject of money never enters into the calculations of a real artist, unless as a matter of pure necessity, and a question forced upon his attention from time to time, but in itself quite secondary, and, with reference to his labour, even irrelevant. But if I were to speak of the artist's real aims and aspirations, nine readers out of ten would think I was certainly

insane, wherefore let them subtract 24*l.* from 60*l.*, and accept that for a reason.

But this wonderful artist who marches from Cladich to the corrie of Cruachan, and back again every day, is quite imaginary, no such artist having ever existed. Such physical labour as that cannot be repeated day after day continually, without exhausting the energy necessary for artistic work; whereas the other, the Ishmaelite, is perfectly possible, as my own camp-life proves. The fact is, that if mountain scenery is ever to be painted amongst the granite foregrounds, up in the mountains themselves, it *must* be done by encamping, and cannot possibly be done otherwise.

These reasons, of course, do not apply to people who draw for amusement, nor to tourists. *I* have to make the best use of my time whilst I am here, and I like a tent, because it helps me to work in all weathers. I share, too, the feeling of the common mechanic, who always likes to have his lodgings as near his work as possible. But amateurs, drawing for amusement, lay aside their drawing as soon as anything occurs which is not amusing, as, for instance, a shower of rain. Wind and snow they are not obliged to face, and do not think of providing against. But some of the most instructive and laborious study I shall have to go through here will be precisely in the worst weather, because it is then that the effects are finest; and if I am to be stopped by every shower of rain, how much work shall I get through here, in the Highlands, where it rains nearly every day?

Tourists and amateurs, not being under this necessity, ought always to stick to the inns. Hotel-life is far better

for them than camp-life would be; and, if the landlords *do* charge rather heavily, they are perfectly in the right. You must remember that not a single bedroom is occupied nine months in the year, and that they have their rent to pay out of the profits of July, August, and September.

Another consideration, in reality very important to a painter, though I have hitherto refrained from alluding to it on account of the stern impossibility of making anybody understand it, is, that camp-life is much more favourable to what is called *feeling* in artistic work, than hotel-life is. For myself, this is a matter of so much importance, that I dare not state fully what I believe about it, because, if I did, the reader would think me a very strange sort of person indeed. I cannot work feelingly, which, in speaking of painting, is equivalent to saying, I cannot do anything of the slightest value, in the presence of ignorant and unsympathizing people. Nay, more; I find it so difficult to recover the absolutely receptive state of feeling necessary to the acute observation of nature, and delicate production of true art, after interruptions of this kind, that they come to cost me much precious time. Thursday is no hindrance, because I am accustomed to him and he knows me; but idlers on their travels make work too difficult for me, and I must get out of their way. I find the tent good for this, that it makes solitude attainable for me, and lets me escape from the great town of the tourists, which stretches its weary streets into the remotest corners of the kingdom.

For the tourist routes are indeed a kind of town, drawn out to infinite fineness, like gold wire, and laid in

lines all over the country. The tourist's life is just as essentially a town life as if he remained in London. He breathes purer air, it is true, and sees scenery, as in a panorama, moving continually before him; but of the repose, and calm, and peace, of all that constitutes the sweetness and the deep charm of solitude, of that absolute serenity of the soul when it is most open to the influence of all that is Divine in nature, he knows no more than if he were driving about London in a cab. Why, the coach is a little town, full of as good study for Dickens and Leech as any room in the city; and the inn is a little town, too, with its class distinctions, its servility on the one hand and its patronage on the other.*

And then, the loss of time, when there is not a private sitting-room to be had, and the public rooms are crowded daily and nightly! I wrote "The Isles of Loch Awe" in a little bed closet (bedroom I cannot call it), divided from the public room of an inn by a thin deal partition, this public room being occupied every evening by a party of grouse-shooters in their most convivial hours. Of course, I heard every syllable they said, as clearly as if I had been in the room itself; and, after three weeks of this, I resolved to turn Arab and dwell in a tent for privacy and peace.

But this would not have been so annoying to a tourist taking a holiday; for the chief matter of interest and

* My friend, Mr. George Leslie, seems to have thoroughly understood all this when he painted his picture (exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1860) of the arrival of Joseph and Mary at the inn at Bethlehem. There was no room for *them* in the inn, two persons only, *but poor*. Yet there was room enough, it appears, for a rich guest, with a great train of attendants, who is welcomed by the bowing landlord in the background.

amusement to a tourist is not the scenery he passes through, but his fellow-travellers. His observation is naturally more alive to the varieties of human character that Leech and Dickens have studied than to Turnerian effects of light. Popular narratives of tours in fine scenery are filled with anecdotes of *persons* to whom the scenery serves as a slightly sketched background, no more. Now this is the accurate relation between the two in the tourist's mind. The tourists themselves are the subjects of the pictures they most care to see, the scenery fills up an agreeable background. In Mr. Albert Smith's popular lecture on Mont Blanc, the mountain was a mere accessary; the real subject of the lecture, and the only one that the audiences cared to hear about, being cockney tourists in Switzerland and other parts of the continent.

The difference between a tourist and a landscape-painter out amongst the mountains is simply this:—

The landscape-painter is there on the most important business of his life; the tourist is out for a holiday.

Therefore, what may be well adapted to the wants of the one may be, and is, just as inconvenient to the other.

Yet I have always found, hitherto, that it takes much time and trouble to make people perceive this distinction, which, nevertheless, appears to me sufficiently obvious. And it is only after much patient explanation on my part that I can bring people to see that it is more convenient to have one's lodgings a dozen yards from one's work than as many miles.

And not only for its convenience, but its associations, it seems to me that the tent ought to command our respect. I know that, in an old country like England,

dotted all over with strong stone castles and antique halls, inhabited by families rooted for centuries in the soil, the tent seems rather a poor and flimsy affair, not very respectable, neither, and connected, in the popular mind, rather with ideas of wandering tinkers than any heroic associations. And yet, it seems to me, that a man must be very ignorant of the commonest facts of history for a tent to recall to him no more elevated recollections than gipsies and hen-stealers. When I look at my tents they seem consecrated and ennobled to my eyes by I know not what numberless memories of former time. Like my friend Duncan, I remember the tent of the rich patriarch Abraham, and the rude tabernacle of skins under the shadow of Sinai, with its interior of strange, hallowed, marvellous magnificence, its curtains of needle-work and hangings of fine linen, its hooks and clasps of silver and gold. I remember another image: it is of a great pavilion in a fair Persian landscape; its roofs are rich, internally, with patterns designed in gold; its pillars covered with gold; and, on a golden throne in the midst, a young king sits in judgment, surrounded by his glittering guards. I have not long to wait before another image rises before me. Again, in Persia, long afterwards, stands a royal pavilion. It is still more magnificent than Alexander's. The outside is of fine scarlet cloth, flaming in the sunshine against the green plain where the camp is pitched; the inner tent, or lining, is of satin, violet coloured, and embroidered with quaint conventional representations of a thousand animals and plants in precious stones. The poles of the tent glitter with gems. The throne is of priceless jewels, and two golden angels

guard it, who are covered with jewels also. Even the very tent-pins are of massy gold. It is the war pavilion of Nadir Shah, made from the abundance of his spoils. And again. There are three tents together, in the midst of a mediæval camp. One is of blue velvet and green, richly embroidered, and this noble verse is worked thereon, in the old English character,

"After busie labourr, cometh victorious reste."

And on the summit of this pavilion perches a great eagle of gold, whose eyes are orient diamonds. Near at hand stands a tent of dark blue velvet, embroidered with the golden lily of France. Between these two pavilions is a third, of purple velvet. In the first rests Henry the Fifth of England, in the second Charles the Sixth of France, and in the third are assembled their diplomatists. And again: it is after a battle in the middle ages. The conquerors have seized on the camp of the retreating army. The chief tent is only of coloured canvass outside, but, like some very ugly houses in London, magnificent enough within. It is lined with velvet and curtained with silk. All is embroidered with golden foliage. There are little windows, too, whose frames are rods of pure gold. The carpet is of arras, and in the centre of the carpet stands a golden throne. The very cords that hold the tent to the tent-pins in the muddy battle-field are intertwined with gold; and above the entrance hangs a magnificent escutcheon, with its heraldic colours set in precious stones: they are the bearings of the House of Burgundy.

Lastly, and this to me is by far the most inspiring

precedent of all, I see yet another vision. In a frightful desolation I see a vast lake without islands, without a single sail; a silent inland sea, bounded by a long range of barren mountains, on whose stony heaps lingers the purple fire of sunset, and the moon hangs over them. The shore is white with crystals of salt, and skeletons lie bleaching by the stagnant pestiferous pools. There is dead calm on that pale green sea; there is desolation on those stony hills; there are silence and death brooding like ancient curses over the whole dreary valley. There is no habitation save one, only a single white tent. There is evidently nothing princely about this tent. If I made a picture of this scene, with the tent and its inhabitant, and were then to show the picture to some people, they would be very likely to ask me a few questions in some such style as this:—

"And who the deuce lives in it? and what is he doing here? Why, it's nothing but a beggarly painter; there he is with his easel down at the lake-side, painting. What a queer fellow he must be to be painting here by himself! Why can't he paint in a studio in town as other daubers do? But pray, why have you shown us this fellow at all, especially after so many really splendid tents that you have described to us?"

The scene is the shore of the Dead Sea, the tent a modern one, and the painter an Englishman. He has been there encamped for months. Such men as Alexander, and Nadir Shah, and the Duke of Burgundy, were mere big boys in comparison with him. They are the representatives of the most brutal barbarism, and he of the most refined civilization. They could not have under-

stood his aims, nor comprehended his greatness. For his aims are not their aims, nor his greatness their greatness. They robbed and slew that they might have innumerable slaves to pamper the vanity of their ambition, and boundless wealth to supply the exhausting waste of their sensuality. But this man is neither a brigand nor a voluptuary; he is only a plain, private individual, of consummate genius and indomitable self-reliance, who is labouring resolutely in his calling to do his work faithfully.

In the old time, an English king, full of knightly valour, went to the wars in Palestine and won for ever this title, "The Lion Heart." What title shall we give *our* hero? Not this, surely. We will not insult *his* courage by comparing it with the instinctive ferocity of a wild beast. For there, on that salt shore, lives and labours a greater heart than Cœur de Lion; one who, having neither an army to applaud, nor minstrels to commemorate his bravery, can toil in the most terrible solitude. Desolate is the shore where he dwells, for the wild Arab dare not encamp there; and the sea that he gazes on is desolate, for not a sail is given to the deadly breeze that wanders over its accursed waters.

And now, if I take you to my camp on the shores of Loch Awe, have patience with me till you know what it is we seek there. Not, certainly, to invite comparison between myself and Hunt, as if it required any courage to live in this camp of mine here in Great Britain, seventy miles from Glasgow. We will pass, if you please, my little hut and my servant's tent, and, for the present, give all our attention to the commonest and the poorest

tent of all, the one which serves me as a storehouse for fuel and a kitchen.

It is a miserable affair. The rain falls through it in fine mist; the very snow snows through it, for it is without lining. Utterly unfit for human habitation, it is more precious than the embroidery of any mere pageant.

Look at it well; that worn tent, whose simple white cone, with its summit touched with faded red, rises coldly in the moonlight; look upon it long, and read the story of its stains. Not many winters since, that pale canvass stood in the rain and storm, and shook to the thunder of the artillery of Sebastopol; and night after night it gave its poor shelter to some of those whose bones are left on Crimean hills, and the battle-smoke played round its summit as the clouds of heaven round the peak of Cruachan; and it stood pale and ghastly with its brethren, forming a city well ordered indeed and populous, but full of sorrow and suffering; through whose low streets rolled no fashionable chariot, rode no delicate damsel; but the wheels of artillery rattled after the galloping teams, and the mighty squadrons rode down to the Valley of Death.*

* In the course of the above chapter, I have said nothing about the *kind* of tent I should be inclined to recommend to a landscape-painter. I intend to design a tent of my own, expressly for purposes of study, which I shall describe to the reader farther on, when he shall be faithfully informed of its success or failure. My hut is very convenient for use, but not portable enough. It may be taken into very small pieces, it is true; but the time required to put them together again is an effectual barrier to frequent removal. It is on wheels now, but no horses could drag it on rough moorland without upsetting it, on account of its height, so it is of no use for the mountains.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CONCERNING MOONLIGHT AND OLD CASTLES.

SOME of the prettiest and most popular lines in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" are the well-known ones in which the tourist who would see fair Melrose right is counselled to

> "visit it by the pale moonlight;
> For the gay beams of lightsome day
> Gild, but to flout, the ruins grey."

I knew all Scott's best poetry by heart when I was a boy, and these lines had, I remember, an especial charm for me in those days. I did not perceive then, what I know now, that this is one of the few passages in the writings of Scott in which the colour is false and the sentiment affected. The ivory and silver were very pretty in the poetry, when I did not know that Melrose was red, and the preference of moonshine to sunshine highly poetical and just, before I knew that the Minstrel was so little in earnest on the subject as never to have once taken the trouble to drive over from Abbotsford and see Melrose for himself, as he had so warmly recommended everybody else to see it; whereas I, poor enthusiast as I was, befooled by the Northern Wizard, had put myself to considerable inconvenience to do his bidding. Still, as everything has its use, this disappointment led me to study colour in moonlight far more attentively than I

had ever thought of doing before. Formerly, I had accepted, without question, the popular conception of moonlight—the colourless ivory and ebony ideal. But Melrose taught me much. I got into the ruins furtively, one moonlight night, clambering the wall with a schoolboy's eagerness, my head full of an endless music of melodious rhyme, expecting to see before me, in magnificent reality, a vast abbey, whose imagery was edged as with silver, and whose buttresses were alternately built as of ebon and ivory, a fair white fane standing in the moonlight like a poet's vision.

Well, it was very beautiful, certainly, but not in that way. I have since seen the sculptured pavilions of the new Louvre, white as alabaster in the full moon, whilst the long row of lighted windows in the dark old Tuileries told of an imperial festival in the hall of the Ambassadors. Silver or ivory would be a permissible material wherewith to construct a simile, if one were describing this moonlit palace of new white stone, fresh from French quarries, just carved all over by sculptors yet alive.* But Melrose never looked like ivory at its newest, still less so many centuries after the death of its builders. The local colour of Melrose bears a closer resemblance to common London brick than to ivory. So I, poor simple youth, saw my illusion destroyed by a single glance, and have remembered ever since that the moon respects local

* And yet, even already, this is no longer true. At the time I speak of the stone was only just carved, the scaffolding only just removed. But now, when I copy out this manuscript for the press, the new Louvre is already grey, and no moon that will ever shine on that palace henceforth will have the power of again realizing Scott's ideal of moonlight.

colour, and does not translate everything into black and white, like an engraver.

The moon respects local colour, yet modifies it. Other changes are also produced by the transient colour and condition of the atmosphere; so that, as in all art-criticism, it is a difficult task to arrive at any positive laws which can be stated definitively in words. For instance, one of the most commonly known laws about reflection is, that the reflection of any object in water is darker than the object itself; but an ignorant person who had found this law in some critical work would inevitably commit himself if he attempted to apply it indiscriminately, for it often happens that reflections are very much paler than the objects reflected, merely because there is a thin stratum of mist on the surface of the water; *and this mist may be so thin, and lie so level on a calm lake, as to be utterly imperceptible in itself, and only recognisable by an experienced landscape-painter, on account of the reflection being somewhat paler than usual.*

Moonlight, on ruined castles and glittering lakes, is the favourite subject of the very worst painters. They paint it by recipe. I have seen pictures of moonlight which were executed in a London picture manufactory on that recognised commercial principle of division of labour which is so scientifically applied to the production of a pin. I was informed, by a person in the secret, that these works of art were, each of them, produced by a series of workmen—a draughtsman, a dead-colourer, a man for details, a glazer, a scumbler, and a finisher. The result of their successive labours had that skilful hardness and decision peculiar to pure handicraft. The question

occurred to me how many of these mechanics had ever *seen* a ruined castle by moonlight. Theirs was the ivory and ebony ideal—the pianoforte finger-board ideal, as one may say—where buttress and buttress alternately seem framed of ebon and ivory. The moon shed a flood of light on the rippling water, broad at the spectator's feet, and narrowing itself gradually as it receded to a vanishing point in the distance, according to the orthodox laws of perspective, and in direct reversal of the facts of nature. I am afraid that this great modern principle of the division of labour is, after all, better applied to the production of pins than pictures.

Not being myself willing to wreck any reputation I might hereafter have to acquire on those mysterious moonlit waters which so few have sailed with success, I determined long ago to let no amount of personal inconvenience prevent me from studying moonlight thoroughly from nature; and when sober people are gone to bed, and the moon, high in heaven, silvers the broad waters, I often take Thursday with me, and a solitary white sail flies all night long from island to island, a lonely wanderer of the waves.

I always take a note-book with me on these occasions, and, when the moonlight is not strong enough to write by, have a little lamp on deck to illumine its pages whilst I cover them with hasty memoranda. Then, the next day, I try to approach in oil colour the hues I have studied in nature, and, after many ignominious failures, am just now beginning to see why so few painters can manage moonshine. Grave gentlemen of a practical turn of mind may think these midnight voyages very

silly and enthusiastic enterprises, and maids who love the moon may think them very romantic. They were undertaken, perhaps, with an artist's enthusiasm at first, and since pursued not without some feelings of romance. For art cannot be attempted successfully without strong enthusiasm, nor what is best in nature felt without some sense of her deep and intense romance; but neither the one nor the other is an *illusion.* My work from nature is no more the result of illusion than the work of any other naturalist. The art of landscape-painting is not to be learned within brick walls. When I am out with my memorandum-books amongst these islands at two o'clock in the morning, I am working just as hard at my profession as a London lawyer at his, who, at the same hour, is immersed in the details of a case before a lamplighted ocean of law papers. Few people can understand this now, so that I always expect such voyages to be attributed to freak, which, as I am aware, is the explanation that most readily presents itself to others, and is, indeed, very generally adopted by my friends and neighbours. But people will understand these things one day, when they shall come to perceive that true art is not a school-girl's pastime, as they think now, but a man's pursuit, which, like any other worthy and noble occupation, requires the sternest devotion of all his energies.

One bright evening late in September, I set out, after dinner, for Kilchurn, to get a series of observations on moonlight colour; for I had studied Kilchurn closely enough to remember the ordinary daylight colour of every part of it. Dugald and Thursday rowed, for the water was like glass. Gradually the exquisite little island

of Fraoch Elan grew larger and larger, and then detached itself from its twin sister island, and the two dropped gently astern like islands in a panorama. Then companies of white mists in pillar-like shapes, about as tall as human beings, glided over the smooth floor of water like a procession of ghosts. When we got to Kilchurn, and had safely passed the bar at the entrance of the bay, we floated quietly out into the midst, and Kilchurn stood before us in the full, mellow light of the moon.

A shallow mist had flooded the broad pastures by the Orchay. Gradually it crept across the bay. It was not above a foot deep, but *all the reflections turned pale suddenly.* Even the stars themselves became ruefully wan down there in the water, and the mountains were mere ghosts of mountains.

The stones of the masonry were all distinctly visible in the keep of Kilchurn, and the colour just as various as in daylight, only every tint was mixed with moon-grey. The grass at the foot was of a greyish green, glistening with dew. There was very little purple or blue, of a positive kind, though a true picture of that scene might appear bluish by contrast with pictures of sunshine if hung near to such pictures in a gallery, or by contrast with the sunshine itself, as it plays on the warm furniture of a dining-room; but, as I saw Kilchurn then, purple or blue were by no means its pervading colours. The sky, which was intensely deep and clear, was of a blue-grey, but the castle was all subdued pale greens and grey gold. The shadows were without detail, and soft in outline; the detail, where visible, seemed more mysterious and unintelligible than in daylight, *but not*

less abundant. Every observation I find in the note-book I took with me, and every sentence scribbled on the sketches I made that night, seem like hostile criticisms on popular pictures—not, however, on such works as Turner's little study of warm moonlight at Millbank, done as far back as 1797; nor the Eve of St. Agnes by Mr. Hughes; least of all on Landseer's illustration of the Midsummer Night's Dream.

Landing under the keep, I walked to a little distance from the north-east angle, and sat down there to watch the changes in the aspect of the castle, as a pure, white mist from the river Orchay became gradually denser. A little aspen near me came with fairy-like delicacy against the sky, and contrasted well with the massive breadth of the keep. No detail whatever of masonry was visible now—only a sort of grey roughness. The moon shone through all the barrack windows (from the *inside*, for there was no roof), and corresponding spots of light lay in their places in the great shadow under the north side. Some trees at the west end receded like phantoms into vacancy. The whole castle now became a pale, mighty phantom, and certainly I never saw it under a more poetic aspect. Londoners are familiar enough with effects of fog; but rows of hideous brick houses, seen through a filthy Thames miasma, do not take that hold on the imagination which I confess Kilchurn conquered over mine when I saw her silent towers fading away like a dream in the moonlight, as the pure exhalations of the Orchay gathered in a great white cloud around her.

The legend of Kilchurn is very beautiful and affecting;

I have told it already in verse (in "The Isles of Loch Awe"), and cannot repeat it here in prose. Legends of that sort are scarcely fit for prose, which lets the sweet essence escape.

The old castle, like most old buildings, has been ruined by man and not by time. Henry the Eighth, Oliver Cromwell, blundering stewards, and apathetic proprietors, are the real authors of most of the ruins in Britain. With a little friendly care and attention a strong building will last a thousand years, but a fool will demolish it in a day. Kilchurn is a ruin merely because an economical steward thought the roof-timber would come in very well for the new castle at Taymouth, and so carried it thither. But he had omitted to measure the beams, which turned out to be too short, and therefore, of course, useless. Then, when the roof was off, the old castle became a general stone quarry, and furnished stones ready cut to all the farmers who chose to steal them. And the new inn at Dalmally, and the queer little sham Gothic church over the bridge, being erected some time afterwards, the now ruined castle furnished hewn stones to both those edifices. There is not a fragment of wood in all Kilchurn; there is not one step left there of all its winding stairs. Yet, in the forty-five, the building was garrisoned against the Prince; and in the latter end of the last century there were tapestry on the walls, and wine in the cellar, and a casque and shirt of mail still hung on the walls of the armoury. Alone with these relics lingered one old servant as housekeeper. She was the last inhabitant. Some domestics might have objected to the situation. Fancy a London house-

keeper shut up alone in a great ghostly feudal castle on a narrow island rock, with waves roaring round it in the long northern winter nights, and the sobbing wind flapping the figured tapestry, and rattling the armour in the armoury! Not an attractive place, certainly, and scarcely likely to suit one of those numerous applicants whose advertisements crowd the columns of the *Times*. I think, if I had been the old housekeeper, I should have paid frequent visits to the wine cellar.

Fifteen miles from Kilchurn is the little island of Ardhonnel, with its sturdy little castle, where the great Campbells lived long ago. A gentle breeze had dispersed the vapour that gathered round Kilchurn, and its faithful reflections were effaced by the ripple that gained strength every minute under the increasing wind. It was only half-past ten o'clock, and the temptation to sail to Ardhonnel was irresistible. I took a little boat in tow at Innistrynich, filled with camp necessaries, and soon sped with a full sail before a vigorous breeze. It was pleasant to lie on deck in a buffalo skin, and smoke a meditative pipe, as I watched the moonlight dancing on the waves, and the changing forms of the mountains. The shores were so vague and mysterious that I could scarcely see a recognisable detail, and yet so infinitely full and rich that, except in the shadows, there was nothing like vacancy. What baffles bad painters when they attempt moonlight is this mystery both of colour and form. Colour is subdued in moonlight, so men whose senses are dull think there is no colour at all; detail is confused in moonlight, so they think there is no detail. But a moonlight picture requires just as much *painting*

as to colour, and drawing as to form, as a sunlight one. The hues are as various as in sunlight, and the detail as infinite, only the hues are under a magic spell, and the detail thrown into an inextricable confusion. But so far from moonlight being easier to paint than sunlight, it is, if possible, more difficult; for ten men can paint a positive, visible fact that the eye can lay hold of, for one man who can render the subtlety of that mystery which the imagination alone is qualified to apprehend.

I think never lover doted on a mistress as I on these landscapes. I am never tired of watching them; I can never have enough. Never yet have I been able to go to bed on a bright moonlight night without a secret pang, as if it were a sin not to sit for ever at the divine spectacle; and even then I open my shutters that the moon may look into my room, and I on her white clouds. How intense and deep the sky is around her! how soft are the white exhalations! And as one is passing before her, see how its edge burns with pale crimson and violet! O who shall penetrate the eternal mystery of the night? what poet shall ever exhaust, what painter worthily imitate, its splendours?

Soon after midnight we found ourselves off Port Sonachan, but it was three in the morning when the boat glided under the shadow of Ardhonnel, between the castled island and the shore. The men immediately pitched the tents, and I busied myself with writing observations in my note-book, intending at some future period to paint the castle as I saw it then. The moon was golden now, and near her setting; she hung over the opposite shore of the lake, and laid a long, unquiet

path of light across it. Her warm, low light glanced across the thick ivy on the castle wall.

Ardhonnel is an exquisite little island. There is just room enough upon it for the narrow stronghold and no more. A few trees, stately in form, and heavy with foliage, stand to the east of the building, and the building itself is covered all over with ivy. In the trees there dwells a colony of rooks, and in the ivy an owl. These are the only garrison of the ancient fortress of Argyll.

My tent was soon ready, so when the moon had set I shut up my memorandum-book and went to bed; that is, rolled myself up in a buffalo skin. I was busy again at sunrise, making a study of colour and taking photographs. Ardhonnel is magnificent at sunrise; its light-and-shade is so powerful, and its colour so rich. When the massive towers are relieved thus vigorously, and reflected in every detail down in the calm water, it is one of the most effective studies in the Highlands.

Long ago, when Ardhonnel was a strong fortress full of warlike men, like a ship of war anchored for ever in an inland sea, the sentinel pacing the battlement at sunset fancied he heard a faint cry from the mountains. Very likely he paused a minute and looked in the direction of Loch Avich, then, hearing nothing more, resumed his measured beat.

An hour has elapsed and the sun has set. The sentinel stops again suddenly; this time, too, he has heard a cry, but nearer and clearer than before, and so piteous, that he is thoroughly interested now.

A boat leaves the island. The rowers pull vigorously across the lake. Just as they reach the mouth of the

little river Avich, which flows from Loch Avich down to Loch Awe, there is a rush of men in the green copse as of hunters after their prey.

The boat scrapes the pebbles. Out of the copse rushes a beautiful woman, clad like a chieftain's wife. She leaps into the boat and falls down exhausted. The rowers push off instantly; the pursuers reach the shore too late. The lady is saved.

"'Tis a far cry to Loch Awe!" said the sentinel who had saved her.

And they told the story in the country round about, how the wife of Mac Dougal of Lorn had fled from her husband who threatened her life, and how, when she came to the hill above Loch Avich, whence her father's castle of Ardhonnel first became visible in the far distance, she had cried for help in her agony, fleeing before her pursuers. Then all the people wondered, and thinking that no earthly power had brought her cry so far, they said one to another, "Far is the cry to Loch Awe!"

And the lady's brother went out to the Holy War, and, being in Egypt on his way, was surrounded by Saracens, so he cried for help. But one of his companions sarcastically quoted the common saying, "Far is the cry to Loch Awe!"

And another chief of the Campbells, in battle in the north of Scotland, told his men how they had to rely on themselves alone, for, said he, "'Tis a far cry to Loch Awe, and far help from Cruachan!"

So the saying passed into a proverb, and became the watchword of the clan Campbell.

CHAPTER XXIV.

1859.

I WILL not trouble the reader with details of studies always pursued in scenes with which he is already familiar. It cannot interest anybody to know the insignificant details of an uneventful life. I have had many difficulties to contend against, which may lead, ultimately, to conclusions of some value to others who pursue the same objects; but these conclusions cannot be fully stated as yet, nor in this place; they must be reserved for the second volume, and not finally committed to writing for two years yet. For instance, with regard to photography in its relation to landscape-painting. Nobody has ever yet answered the often-suggested question how far photography may be useful to the landscape-painter; and whether, under certain limitations, he can wisely practise it himself. Nor can I answer this question yet, in any decisive way. I have hitherto only practised the waxed-paper process, and cannot speak authoritatively of the limitations of the wet collodion. Besides, I perceive that photographs taken for especial purposes, as memoranda, may be useful to a degree which as yet nobody has any idea of, for such photographs are not to be had in the

market, where they would be unsaleable, except to artists. I shall be able to settle this question authoritatively in a year or two. It is, however, not unlikely that Mr. Ruskin may settle it before me, for he is on the same track, though as yet withholding his conclusions.

Again, with reference to the study of nature, I dare not as yet advance definite opinions, because my object is so new, that the experience of my predecessors is of little assistance, except in merely technical matters. For instance, Turner's way of study, good for an imaginative painter, is not exact enough for a topographic one; just as in literature, the degree of accuracy in historical facts which suffices for the poet or the novelist is quite unsatisfactory to the historian. On the other hand, what is known as the pre-Raphaelite system of doing all from nature is obviously inapplicable to transient effects. Between these two some other system will have to be ultimately traced out, and I am making experiments to that end, which include the painting of a good many pictures, so that it is not likely I shall be able for some time to offer any definite conclusions on this subject either. In the meantime, my journeys are limited to twenty miles from home; and as all the places I visit will have to be revisited afterwards, when I come to make a great series of studies, it is no use troubling the reader about them now.

In my private note-books for this year I find only two passages likely to interest anybody but myself; the first is a description of a beautiful pool where two young men were drowned when bathing, and the

other an account of the coming of the first rain-clouds across the Atlantic after the long drought, which I was fortunate enough to witness from the summit of Ben Cruachan.

THE POOL OF DEATH.

The weather here is terribly hot still. I have explored all the streams in the neighbourhood in search of a good bath, and have at last found one. It is five miles from here, but I ride that distance willingly to enjoy a swim in its clear sweet waters.

I found the pool out by accident. Not very far from Dalmally a little stream glides under the road, as it slips away noiselessly by the thick hedgerows till it buries itself finally in the broad Orchay. A few hundred yards higher this stream passes through some of the very richest rock scenery I know anywhere. The dell is dark and narrow. The slender stream runs under and over huge masses of rock, but there are marks on those masses which prove the force of mightier floods, holes broad, deep, and regular, bored as smoothly as a cannon's mouth, by the whirlpools of ten thousand winters. After studying these exquisite subjects with the delight of a painter who has loved streams since childhood, I continued to climb higher, and came at last quite suddenly on the most delicious natural bath I ever saw in my life. It was surrounded on three sides by walls of perpendicular rock. Over one of these walls fell the whole stream in one narrow water-fall of intense and silvery whiteness. The pool itself

was deep under the waterfall, and the bottom rose gradually to within five or six feet from the surface, but the water was so clear, that every pebble was distinctly visible.

One of my neighbours, who followed a little behind, now joined me. He had never seen the pool before, but immediately recollected that two young men had been drowned there. No one ever died in a more lovely place. One could easily fancy their fair young bodies, pale and cold as marble, lying deep under the crystalline waters like sunken statues, motionless, when their bereaved friends found them, some bright afternoon in summer. The stream fell into the quiet pool with the same sweet music the day of their death, no doubt. The blue sky canopied them with a colour as bright and gay, the merle sang over them in the silver birch, and nothing in Nature mourned for them. But down in the village one or two dark huts were darker and sadder that night, and for many a day from that date the murmur of the unthinking rivulet must have sounded in the ear of the mourner like the confused mutterings of a remorseful murderer.

THE COMING OF THE CLOUDS.

The summer of 1859 will long be remembered in the Highlands for its African drought. Towards the middle of June, the thin soil was parched like the desert all over the country; the grass was baked brown in the pastures, the cattle were dying of thirst, water was carried in boats from the mainland to the islands in the western sea, for

all their springs were dry. Dunoon was supplied with water from Greenock. The crops would not grow. Day after day the blazing sun stared with his hot eye unveiled upon us. One afternoon, as I was painting from nature, I had the curiosity to ascertain the actual heat of the sun's rays where I was sitting at work, and found it to be a hundred and ten degrees. And this heat lasted for months. Most of the streams were dried up entirely, and remained mere stony beds, giving geological evidence of aqueous action at some indefinite period of the earth's history. The lake receded from its shores, and shrank daily within a space that grew narrower and narrower, till the inhabitants of Loch-Awe-side began to wonder whether their loch was not going to evaporate altogether. At last, a day came, the 17th of June, so ineffably clear and brilliant, that you might see every stone on the crests of the highest mountains; as if one could have touched them by stretching out a hand. Aerial perspective was annihilated. The eye, accustomed to the broad, well defined spaces of misty weather, was utterly at fault in judging of distance. Seen from Innistrynich island, the peak of Cruachan seemed to belong to Ben Vorich, yet there is a chasm between them two thousand feet deep and two miles across, as a bird flies. I could not resist the temptation to climb the mountain on such a day.

When we got into the corrie, I was more and more confirmed in the hope of seeing all that magnificent panorama, which, on rare occasions, is visible from the summit of Ben Cruachan. The rugged outlines of the mountain stood clear and sharp against the deep azure

of the sky ; and in the pastures near the summit of Ben Vorich every stone and every tuft of grass were visible.

At last we gained the summit, and as Thursday was arranging a few provisions he had brought in his havre-sack, I adjusted my telescope and looked round me. In the south, far beyond the remotest hills, the blue lowland plain lifted itself to the sky. I saw the great expanse of Loch Awe glittering in the bright sunshine. There was not a detail hidden. The whole valley was burning and parching as it had done for three terrible months, except where the narrow lake lay wasting in its stony bed, day by day.

But the hour of deliverance was at hand. The isles of the sea were darkened by a gloom of vapour that came heavily over the Atlantic. Shining clouds of silvery brilliance were built like glittering domes on the peaks of the thirsting islands, ready to melt themselves into numberless streams. The black masses of rain-cloud behind came fast over the sea-encircled mountains, summit after summit was hidden, island after island was engulphed in the advancing vapours. At last, a shred of white mist came whirling over our heads within six feet of us, and was gone with the speed of an eagle in wild flight over the abyss. It was the pioneer of a great army of clouds that invaded the shores of Scotland beneficently that day.

Five minutes afterwards came two other shreds of mist, whirling and tumbling till they dashed fairly against the sharp peak of the mountain, and then, gathering themselves together, rushed on to the south. And then the glittering sea became dim, and the sun himself was

shorn of his dazzling rays, and looked through the mist with a round, white face like the moon's, and that was the last glimpse we had of him; for in a few seconds the whole ocean of Atlantic vapour was upon us, tumbling and wreathing itself, and tearing and surging with mad velocity, till it overwhelmed the whole chain of the Grampians in one deluge of grey mist.

The view by this time being strictly confined to half a dozen grey stones, a few broken bottles (relics of tourists who, not having the fear of Ruskin before their eyes, had eaten lunch on the mountains instead of saying their prayers), and other matters of familiar detail of a like interesting nature, I determined to descend, which we could still do with perfect safety, as we could see at least six feet before us; which, as Thursday observed, "is plenty for somebody 'at isn't reight gaumless."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE AUTHOR'S FIRST VISIT TO THE HIGHLANDS.

BEFORE I came of age I was in the position of many a young Englishman who has more love for fine horses than money to buy them with. My vanity did not allow me to put up with ponies or old hacks of ungentlemanly appearance, and my purse was not deep enough to allow of my going to a respectable dealer. The consequence was, that I bought unbroken colts or older brutes whose vices made them cheap, though dangerous. It is a matter of great self-congratulation to me that I escaped safe and sound, after all the tricks these creatures played me; and I reflect with wonder sometimes on those equestrian adventures of my youth.

Whenever I pass the Penrith station in going up to London from this place, the most minute circumstances of a visit I paid to that town, now many years ago, recur to me with perfect distinctness. It was my first journey to the Highlands, and as I have nothing better to do just at present I will make a retrospective chapter of it.

I thought then, and think still, that the best way to enjoy a tour is to travel on horseback, at a rate never exceeding twenty miles a day, stopping whenever one feels inclined, and, in fine weather, making sketches all

along the road. It is better to be on horseback than on foot, because, first, one sees over the hedges, and, secondly, it is pleasant to have the means of swifter locomotion whenever, as will sometimes happen, either the scenery is not very interesting, or the rain prevents one from seeing it. Besides, a horse is a companion, though certainly in this particular instance scarcely a desirable one.

I can hardly help laughing now, when I think what a picturesque figure I must have made, as, with knapsack, valise, and saddle-bags, I sallied forth on my wanderings. This consideration never occurred to me then, for if a thing seemed to me useful or convenient, I never thought of asking myself how it might strike other people. The knapsack served to contain a complete set of painting materials, the valise a change of raiment, and the saddle-bags minor articles of great use to a traveller. I had also a macintosh rolled up in front of my saddle, in expectation of wet weather; and this, no doubt, was extremely wise. But, wise or not, I am really afraid, when I think of it, that these incumbrances must have looked very odd to the people I met on the roads, who could not be expected to know that I was on a journey of more than a thousand miles.

My horse was a strong bay, rising five, son of Father of the Turf. I therefore logically called him Turf. He was able to go anywhere and do anything that can be expected from a fine young English horse: sound, healthy and swift; no single rider could tire him. There was only one little objection; he had all the known vices, and a few which, I fancy, were newly invented by himself.

The day I left home my friends stood at the garden

gate to see me depart, so Turf, to display his agility, kicked all the way up rather a long carriage-drive, till he got to the high road, when he began to behave tolerably well, and gave me the pleasing impression that I was going to have an agreeable travelling companion. I had a pleasant evening ride to Whalley, with no inconvenience to complain of except the jeers of a few thousand factory lads, who were much struck by the peculiarity of my equipment. This disposed me to throw it all into the next river, as despairing sea-captains order their cargoes overboard ; but recollecting that the objects I had about me were all of them necessary either to my personal comfort or artistic intentions, and further reflecting that I was leaving the manufacturing districts for more thinly peopled and much politer regions, I held my way resolutely through the opening ranks of the enemy.

On leaving Whalley the next morning, I saw no reason to doubt the continuance of Turf's extraordinary good humour. Whether the change of scenery charmed him, or whether he really took an interest in the localities we visited together, I found myself in a position resembling that of a married man whose wife, to his great astonishment, is brought into a state of only too precarious good humour by the excitement of a pleasure trip. Like such a man, I reflected on my present peace with much secret misgiving as to the probability of its continuance, but determined to enjoy it as much as might be whilst it lasted, and to avoid anything in word or deed which might cut it short.

I had not advanced more than four miles beyond Whalley, when my companion began to show unpleasant

signs of a coming change. He stopped occasionally in the middle of the road as was his wont when preparing for battle. Nevertheless, the battle did not come that day, and we arrived at Whitewell together sufficiently good friends.

At Whitewell, the landlady, seeing that I was alone, would not take me in. She would have found room for a man and his wife with a big travelling carriage and pair containing four grown-up daughters, two sons, three maids, and twenty boxes; I know she would, by her questions; but she would not take in me and Turf. I am afraid the knapsack and valise made me look unrespectable, for the servants, following the example of their mistress, were sulky and uncivil. In the interest of succeeding travellers, I ought to have insisted on having a bed and made a great noise about it, and scolded the waiters, and sworn at the ostler, and cowed the landlady. However, as the evening happened to be particularly fine, and Turf still very fresh, I did none of these things, but quietly ordered a feed for him and dinner for myself, and took a bath in the river whilst they were getting it ready. After dinner I continued my travels.

The road led into the recesses of a mountain pass, and, after riding some miles through an uninhabited country, I arrived at a small neglected hamlet, buried in the very heart of the defile. There was a little humble inn, and here I stayed for the night. The place suited me. I remember to this day how intensely I enjoyed its quaintness and its quiet. The staircase was of white stone, with a crazy old oak bannister. The walls of my bedroom leaned in every direction, the floor undulated like a

ground swell on the sea, and at the window it was six inches lower than at the door. The rough beams of the roof were all naked. On the whitewashed walls were brilliantly coloured prints of the Flight into Egypt and the Sacrifice of Isaac. I studied these works of art at my leisure when I awoke in the morning and the early daylight illuminated them.

I lived for twenty-four hours on ham and eggs—not bad fare in itself, though apt to pall upon us when too frequently repeated. I was sketching all day, and rode on to Lancaster in the evening. When I got to the top of the hills I saw the brown land below running up and away, bluer and bluer, till it seemed bounded by a stretched cord of glittering silver. That line of light was the sea, and dark rain-clouds floated above it. Then the Westmoreland hills became visible, and the broad expanse of Morecambe Bay.

At the inn at Lancaster I fell into talk with a commercial traveller, who tried to persuade me to ride Turf across the Lancaster sands; but as all the ostlers urgently counselled me to do nothing of the kind, I did not attempt it. On going to see that Turf was attended to, I got on friendly terms with the ostler who groomed him, and narrated for his edification some of the tricks Turf had played me, talk of that sort having a deep charm for the stable mind. "Did ye ever try a hash stick, sir?" said the ostler. "No, never."—"Very well then, sir, I'd recommend you to torment him no more just at present wi' them sharp spurs and that 'normous whip, but to try a good stout stick. I've known hosses cowed that way many a time; they're feared of a stick,

sir, when they arn't feared of a whip ; it's *solider*, don't you see, and lays heavier on 'em ; and as for spurs, they *hirritate* 'em."

So my friend the ostler got me a tremendous ash-stick, and in the morning I started. Evidently Turf's good temper was not going to last very long. It required great circumspection to mount him, as he was kicking vigorously all the time. When in this humour he would kick *forward*, and hit the stirrup at every stroke till it rang like a bell. It therefore became necessary to watch him carefully, bring the stirrup forward to his shoulder, spring into the saddle, and, once there, immediately poke one's feet forward in a line with the animal's nose to avoid a series of kicks, which were directed against the heels of the rider. This time, as Turf was held by two strong grooms, there was no great difficulty ; but it is really difficult to get safely upon a horse's back when he has this trick in lonely places, where the rider has nobody to assist him.*

The ash-stick was perfectly efficacious. On the first symptom of insubordination I applied a single sharp blow with all my force, and the recollection of it lasted Turf no less than twenty-four hours. Lancaster sands

* In trying to mount Turf by myself on one occasion I received a slanting kick *across the breast*, which opened my coat and dirtied it, but luckily did me no harm. I was standing opposite the saddle, and the movement of the kicking leg was therefore peculiar ; it was thrust forward as far as the stirrup, and then drawn back with great violence and an outward curve. It was very well aimed, but not quite far enough *out*. If it had been an inch farther out it would have broken some of my ribs. As this occurred one evening in the late twilight I could not see the movement, and received the stroke without the least expectation of it, but I was always careful afterwards.

were to the left of the road, but I felt more comfortable where I was. There is no time to be lost in fighting with stupid horses on those Lancaster sands. A coach crosses daily to Ulverstone, and a guide is constantly employed in taking soundings. On one occasion a horse in this coach turned stupid; the coachman did not stay to argue with him, but cut the traces and left him. The horse was drowned. I have no doubt that if I had attempted to cross the sands Turf would have turned stupid too, and shared the same fate. Possibly I might have tried to fight it out with him, and stayed there till I was drowned too.

I remember coming to a place in the road where it branched off in two different directions like the fork of a tree. This was embarrassing, for two enormous boards, one on each road, declared that each led to the lake district and Scotland. Which puff to credit most I had no means of deciding. There was nobody to refer to, and I stopped in much perplexity. Having come to a decision I repented of it, and returned to the big boards. At last I perceived on one of them traces of old letters underneath the new paint, and set about deciphering this palimpsest. After some trouble I made out, "The direct road . . . Milnthorpe . . . Kendal," on the board I had rejected. So on I went to Milnthorpe.

When I came within three miles of Milnthorpe I was attracted by a castellated ruin on the roadside. There was a large quadrangle, one side of which consisted of a barn with fragments of window tracery in its thick walls, and at one corner stood a broken tower. A friendly farmer's wife informed me that the place was Beetham Hall.

Shortly after, as I was riding on, I felt the oddest sensation. I knew that I had never been at the place before, and yet every detail of the scene was perfectly familiar to me. I recognised the river. I knew the bridge; a comfortable house on the other side of it was no more strange to me than my own home. This house had two wings, and these I knew intimately; the lawn, the shrubs, the ivy on the bridge, everything was friendly and familiar. The queer sensation this gave rise to remained with me a long time. Had my spirit detached itself from the body and visited the place in some wild mesmeric wandering dream? Had I seen it in some former state of existence?

I discovered afterwards that there was nothing supernatural in the matter. I had seen a detailed picture of the house and its belongings in a Yorkshire vicarage, where I had been a frequent visitor.

The effects of the blow from the ash-stick happily lasted till we got to Milnthorpe, where I stayed all night.

The next morning was sunny and warm, a delightful July day. For the first mile all went well, as Turf seemed in tolerably good humour, and the bright sunshine made me quite gay and happy, and fully disposed to enjoy a leisurely ride to the lake district. In all travel nothing is so interesting as the gradual approach to a picturesque country that one has not before visited, if only the weather is fine, and there is nothing to hurry one.

The enjoyment of this bright sunshine and quiet lonely travel was, however, destined to be marred by the recalcitrant disposition of my friend Turf. He

turned suddenly round from time to time; reared, kicked, and plunged violently; but I was accustomed to a little struggle of this kind every two miles, and, as he had never quite conquered me yet, did not expect each contest to last more than a quarter of an hour, which, after all, would only delay my arrival at Windermere by two or three hours at the farthest.

In these expectations, as the sequel will show, I was entirely disappointed.

On the road to Bowness, about two miles from Crossthwaite in Westmoreland, Turf stopped suddenly. This time the battle was of the fiercest and most violent character. Turf stood quite still at first, and I thought we should probably have a hard fight for a quarter of an hour; but the battle lasted *seven hours* by my watch, during which time I never once dismounted. A farmer's wife gave me a piece of cheese and bread, which I ate in the saddle. She also gave me a pot of new milk with some rum in it, which I drank where I sat. I felt it would not do to dismount, and determined to struggle on till I or Turf should be fairly tired out.

If the reader has never himself tried to subdue a horse like Turf, he will scarcely be able to realize what such a contest is. Numbers of people used to smile with polite incredulity when I said he was difficult to ride, and were always ready to imply that if *they* were to take him in hand they would manage him quite easily. These friends, however, very prudently evaded all my invitations to mount him, and found it much more to their taste to *talk* about conquering him in easy chairs than to go and *do* it in my saddle. Gentlemen and ladies who have not

been accustomed to wild horses can never realize what sort of a creature a wild horse is—they fancy a little nerve and courage in the rider will conquer him ; whereas there are horses on which neither courage nor cruelty have any other effect than to make them more frantic than ever. The reader will remember that this tour of mine took place long before the announcement of Mr. Rarey's system, and that at that time we knew no other means of subduing refractory horses than such simple ones as I had recourse to—means so brutal and dangerous that it is pleasant to think they have since been superseded. Now, in plain, straightforward horse-fighting with whip and spur, though still not nearly equal to any good professional breaker, I had already enjoyed considerable practice, especially with a black Irish horse of mine, and I knew very well that no gentleman, not a horse-breaker by profession, could fairly be expected to tame Turf. All my male friends who could *not* ride were liberal of advice, but careful not to risk their own necks. Those who could ride said little or nothing, except that I should be well rid of my horse, as he would certainly kill me if I kept him. They did not, however, offer to purchase him, though he was a powerful and sound horse, and it was well known that I would have sold him for a song.

To enter more into detail. When Turf stopped, he arched his mighty neck, placed his fore feet close together, champed the bit, set his ears not viciously back, but straight forward, and lashed his sides with his full black tail. At the first touch of spur or whip he would walk sideways across the road till he got to the hedge, and

then cross to the opposite side in the same manner; but nothing could induce him to pass an imaginary straight line drawn across the road. He behaved exactly as if an impenetrable house-wall were before him, and one were trying to force him against it. If the rider persisted in using either spur or whip, Turf would rear till he was ready to fall backwards, and paw the air with his fore feet: then, after rearing half a dozen times, he would try kicking, and after that plunging. I used to let him gallop back sometimes, and then turn him round and return to the place he had refused to pass; but he never forgot the place, and invariably stopped short at the very same spot, when the rearing and plunging were renewed. On the day in question, we continued this for seven laborious hours; most of the time in the violent exercises of galloping, rearing, kicking, plunging, and suddenly leaping after the manner of a grasshopper. I had already been three hours in the saddle when this began, so I had ten hours of riding without once dismounting, and very hard riding too. If we calculate the average pace at five miles an hour, and it could not be less, even including all the stoppages and struggles, I rode fifty miles without rest; but I would rather have ridden a hundred in the ordinary manner.

In the course of this journey I always carried a loaded pocket pistol, by way of precaution. It was impossible to foresee what Turf might do, and I considered it desirable to have the means of shooting him. That day I repeatedly fired the pistol within an inch of his ear, in hopes that he might take fright and bolt—in the right direction—so as to get me safely past the place he had

such an objection to; but Turf did not care in the least for the pistol, and only shook his ear as if a fly had tickled it.

At last, I became dreadfully hungry and rather tired. I suppose the brute had kicked and reared at least a thousand times; and it was worse than a hard day's hunting, without any pleasurable excitement whatever. So I tried dull patience; planted the horse in the middle of the road, and, having a few bullets with me, took to practising pistol-shooting at some spots of lichen on the stone wall, till I was tired of that too. Then I tried a pipe, and smoked a good deal of tobacco in some comfort; for Turf, though he looked awfully sulky, stood as still as the Duke's bronze charger on the arch opposite Apsley House. But I could not sit and smoke for ever. The farmer's wife who had given me the rum and milk, and the bread and cheese—kind, good, dear soul!—was gone to her bed long ago, for it was already far on into the night. The sun had set, the moon had risen, and all the stars were shining on our strife.

The ostler at Lancaster had told me that a friend of his tired out a horse by keeping him quite still. He would not have tired out Turf. Turf would have stood in the middle of that road till he dropped there of sheer hunger and fatigue. It was of no use to smoke the pipe of tranquillity and gaze at the peaceful stars. Had I stayed there until Turf had yielded, the sun would have risen on our interminable contention.

The same awful power that has defeated many a jury-man at length defeated me. I was ravenously, painfully hungry. I could have sucked my bullets and swallowed

my tobacco. I had ridden ten hours on one piece of bread and cheese and a pot of milk, with rum in it. O hospitable giver of the bread and cheese! O kind and tender donor of the rum! Many a time that weary night did I munch in imagination that sweet bread of thy compassion, and drink again the stimulating milk of thy loving-kindness!

Reader, I gave in at last, I did indeed. I hope, I earnestly hope, that I behaved like an Englishman, nay more, like one come of a family of Yorkshiremen; but I gave in at last, having need of food and rest.

I dismounted. I tethered Turf as I best could, and went and tried to wake the folks at the nearest farm-house to ask them for a bed. I shouted and yelled, I rattled the lower windows, I made suspicious noises like a midnight robber. I ran some chance of being shot by the farmer for a thief, or worried by his dog, but not a creature would hear me. I was so ravenous that I half made up my mind to break into the pantry, satisfy my hunger, and depart, leaving a shilling on the shelf as conscience money. Reflecting, however, that if the farmer caught me there it would be useless to say I intended to give him the shilling, and that, in all probability, I should get myself into an unpleasant scrape, and very likely have to fight him, which I was far too tired and dispirited to think of, why, under the circumstances it seemed wiser to go away empty. So I returned to Turf as hungry as a wolf, and as weary as toil and vexation could make me.

At last fatigue overcame hunger, and having fastened Turf as carefully as I could, I took all my waterproofs,

of which I had a complete panoply, and lay down in a newly-mown meadow, with my knapsack for a pillow. In three minutes I was fast asleep, and had got a very comfortable nap indeed, when Turf, who was not quite so comfortable, awoke me by his neighing. On getting up I felt much refreshed, but rather stiff and cold, and of course hungrier than ever. Bowness was several miles off, and I determined to lead Turf past the place he had such an objection to, and then ride on to Windermere.

It is a curious fact about horses like Turf, that you can lead them anywhere and ride them nowhere. It was as easy to lead Turf past the place he had so often refused before as if he had been a young lamb following its mother. There was not even the slightest sign of refusing on his part; now that I walked before with the bridle hanging loosely on my arm, all objection to the hated spot was ended, and I led him as a lady leads a gentle creature that she loves, and pets, and caresses.

But when I tried to mount him, what a change! All the old spirit revived in an instant. The docility vanished at once, and the devil within him awoke. Without assistance I could no more have mounted him than I could have scaled the skies. I led him all the way to Bowness, happy to have escaped several kicks, one of which grazed me.

At Bowness I arrived very early in the morning, before sunrise. I remember being wonderfully delighted with the mist on Windermere. It lay in level fields, and the isles rose out of it, the distant mountains beyond them being very pale and tenderly coloured. The impression

was so strong, that I made a poem of it, which I called "The Pilgrim of Windermere." If the reader cares for verse, he will find that poem in the same volume with the "Isles of Loch Awe."

After gazing some time at the silent shores of the slumbering lake that lay in charmed rest protected by soft sheets of brooding vapour from the light of the gradual dawn, I became alive to a painful sense of complete bodily discomfort. I found that I was beginning to shiver with cold, and hunger, and wet, and weariness. So I returned to the village whose silent street I had passed on my left. Not a soul was up; but having already been down to the harbour (always leading Turf), I could find nothing to interest me any more in the humour I was in, and determined to try to make my way into a house. My first attempt was directed against the back door of an inn. A fat woman poked her pale cadaverous face out of a window, and in reply to my demands sent her son out, a fine lad of fourteen, to put my horse up. He showed me through a gloomy kitchen and narrow passage into a small parlour, where dirty glasses and a dirty candlestick, with several broken clay pipes, gave evidence of the sort of company that had frequented it. I had almost fallen asleep on the dingy couch, when the boy again entered and proposed a change of apartment. I went upstairs, and was ushered into a decent parlour with a comfortable chair, in which I was on the point of falling asleep in my wet clothes, when I thought it more prudent to change them where I was, and then immediately fell asleep. After a long sleep here, at last they came to tell me a bedroom was ready,

so I went there and got a good wash, but did not go to bed, as it was now broad day.

Breakfast came at last, long and eagerly expected! O how good that simple breakfast was, and what a mighty sauce of appetite I brought to it! Better than any bottles that gourmets carry with them in their travelling carriages, better even than the most exquisite inventions of Gallic artists, is that divinely appointed *sauce piquante* of real hunger!

I went down to the lake-shore at noon and took a boat. The day was glorious. I moored my boat near a little island, and painted happily hour after hour. My oil-sketch was no masterpiece, but Nature was beautiful if my work was not, so I enjoyed the glory of the hills, and daubed away desperately on Messrs. Rowney's specially prepared oil-sketching paper.

I was exceedingly foolish to let Turf rest that day because I was lazy and tired. I ought to have ridden him fifty miles, no matter how tired I felt. When you have to deal with a refractory horse, the most imbecile thing of all is to let him have a day's rest, if you give him anything to eat.

I rode to Ambleside the day after. It was no part of my plan to be hurried over such ground as the lake district, which I saw then for the first time. But having to do with a good horse in that critical state of temper that he may be tamed or ruined in a week, I ought to have sacrificed my love of scenery for the present, and ridden Turf several hundred miles as a duty. It is very hard, however, for a painter to be hurried through fine scenery because he has to do the work of a horse-

breaker, so I would not be hurried at all, and thereby utterly ruined one of the best colts ever foaled.

At Ambleside I added blinders to my bridle, in the hope that they might make Turf more tractable. They were little yellowish blinders, the colour of a new saddle, and so I suppose we looked odder than ever with this additional peculiarity. But I had come to that pass with Turf that I cared very little for appearances, and would have ridden him through a hundred thousand factory lads with an old woman's bonnet on his head if it would only have cured him of his vices.

By good luck, a travelling carriage passed me, and I made Turf follow it. He trotted on very contentedly behind this vehicle all the way past Rydal Water and Grasmere, and through the vale of St. John, till we came to Keswick. At Keswick the carriage stopped before an inn, and Turf stopped too. As I did not want to look foolish, I gave him a hint with the spur that he ought to proceed on his way and not stand rudely staring at the good folks who were getting out of the carriage. On this Turf flung out both his heels with even more than his usual vigour, and I heard a wild shriek. On my turning round to look what was the matter they told me that his ironed hoof had passed within a few inches of the face of a pretty girl, who stood pale and trembling on the causeway. If it had hit her she would probably have been killed. To have disfigured so sweet a face and turned its happy peace into pain and torture would, indeed, have been a grievous pity and wrong. Shuddering at these thoughts I rode gravely into the inn-yard, and the girl went on her way.

In those days I had a foolish aversion to carrying money, and had left directions with my friends to remit small sums to me on my route. So I expected a remittance at Keswick, and the remittance did not come. Then I must needs ascend Skiddaw; and lastly I found two friends who wanted me to go round with them to Borrowdale and Buttermere, returning by the vale of Newlands. Then I must, of course, get two oil-studies of Derwentwater; and all this time Mr. Turf led a life of great ease and dignity, getting very little exercise, for, as the reader may imagine, it was no pleasure to ride him.

When I ascended Skiddaw, it was the night of the full moon. Many others were ascending at the same time; they were not tourists, but rustics. They lighted a fire half way up, and as we had overtaken them we saw it from above with a strange group capering about the flames. The full moon was just emerging from a black cloud and illuminated the magnificent indistinctness of the scene before us. The group beneath us seemed like witches dancing round their cauldron, and the loud halloo of a party nearly a thousand feet below the place on which we stood came faintly up to us out of the mist.

It was bitterly cold on the top, and a strong wind was blowing across the narrow ridge. A heap of stones, surmounted by a rough pole, marked the summit of the mountain. We found shelter behind this heap, and, the rustics coming up, a large party was huddled together. A fire was lighted, and the wind blew the smoke and sparks in our faces. Wrapped in plaids and waterproof, my guide and I sat side by side, and fell asleep, our more active companion running all about the mountain, snatch-

ing brands from the fire, and hurling them like blazing bolts into the misty abyss on the edge of which we were. At last his perverted ingenuity discovered an old glass bottle, and found means of sticking it on the pole. Immediately every rustic leaped to his legs, and a shower of stones flew over our heads at the bottle, rebounding in every direction. Thus driven away from all shelter by considerations of personal safety, we were utterly comfortless. Add to this that the people thought it necessary to make themselves drunk, and that the mist offered no chance of a view, and some of the charms of our situation may be realized. As for the rising sun, he certainly whitened the mist, but that was all we saw of the sunrise. And to complete our misery, in addition to a cutting east wind, a furious storm of ice-cold drenching rain was driving horizontally across the mountain.

An odd incident occurred to me in sketching on Derwentwater. One of the best views of Skiddaw is to be had from a little rock far out in the lake. So I went out early one morning without waiting for breakfast, in the hope that I might get my sketch well advanced by breakfast-time. I took a boat, and told the boatman to leave me on the rock for a couple of hours, and then come to fetch me. The appointed hour passed, but no boatman came. I went on tranquilly with my work, but at last became conscious that the sun was very high, and myself very hungry—still no boat. I could not swim to the shore, nor had I any means of aiding myself to float in the water, or I should have tried to cross it as I best might, for the lake was quite calm, and the sun delightfully hot. Then I made as much noise as I could by

shouting and hallooing. At last I remembered that I had brought my pistol with me to try the celebrated Derwentwater echo. I fired the pistol two or three times, and with good effect, for a boatman came to see what was the matter. The other treacherous fellow had gone away on some business of his own, and coolly abandoned me to my fate, like the unhappy wife of that cruel old Maclean of Duart.

The remittance had not come, but I could wait no longer in Keswick. Fortunately, I found a learned prebendary in the hotel whom I had seen when a little boy at his brother's house in Yorkshire. I had, perhaps, seen him twice in my life, for half an hour at a time, but I remembered his face, and addressed him by name. So we talked together in the evening, and breakfasted together in the morning. This good prebendary asked me about my intentions, how long I meant to stay at Keswick, &c. The opportunity was not to be lost; I adroitly confessed that my stay in Keswick, however pleasant at first, was now quite against my will; that I and my horse Turf were lying in pawn for the matter of a pound or two that I had no means of paying till the arrival of a remittance long since due. That excellent Samaritan of a prebendary pulled out his heavy prebendal purse, and placed its whole contents at my disposal, saying that it so happened that he was going straight home, and had no further need of cash except just enough to pay his fare. I modestly took a few sovereigns, and demanded my bill. The day was dreadfully wet, but I ordered Turf to be saddled, packed my valise, paid the bill, and pursued my journey.

O, the miseries of that day! A sad day indeed for poor silly Turf.

We started tolerably well; but there was that peculiar uneasy movement in the horse's body which tells of coming strife. A sort of gathering together of the whole creature, a slight arching and lifting of the back, a peculiar rigidity and tension in the whole muscular system, an unusual sensitiveness in the mouth, evidences of suppressed excitement in the stiffness of the arched neck and the tremulousness of the erected ears, a shortening of the stride, a kind of slightly bounding motion in every step; in the trot a jolting as if the horse were always stopping, yet did not stop altogether: all these signs warned me that the hour of battle was again at hand.

I rode gently and warily, paying the closest attention to every movement of the horse. At last he stopped suddenly. I encouraged and caressed him, talking to him as I used to do when he was a gentle, timid young colt; before his strength came to him, and with it all these vices. But these blandishments were vain, and after a pause of five minutes I suddenly changed my tactics. At the same instant I plunged both spurs into his sides, and dealt him a sharp blow between the ears with the butt end of my riding-whip. Turf reared as high as he could, but I brought him down on one side and turned him round and round, trying to enlarge the circle and get him away from the spot. It was of no use; he reared, plunged, kicked, leaped, as if he were going at imaginary park-walls, and nearly threw me. This lasted an hour. Then he rushed sideway, and tried

to crush my leg against the stone wall. I had boots with very thick soles, that I knew he would not double up, so I did not lift my leg altogether, but pointed the toe to the wall and the rowel of the spur to the horse's side, keeping for the present a clear space of an inch or two between the spur and the flesh. Mr. Turf consequently rushed on the spur itself, and the pain, I imagine, must have been rather acute, for he rebounded instantaneously into the middle of the road, where he stood stock still, lashing his foaming sides with his tail and sulkily champing his bit.

At every effort to dislodge him from this spot he only reared higher and higher. At last I began to feel sure that he would fall backwards and try to crush me under him—there seemed to be nothing else left for him to do.

Under these circumstances I rode back to Keswick and asked if there were a good horsebreaker in the place, offering a guinea to any breaker who would ride Turf to Penrith.

One of the ostlers said he knew a breaker who could ride anything, and went to fetch him. I had not waited long before a man presented himself, and civilly offered to try to ride my horse. He seemed very modest and gentle in his manner; he was young, too; and I thought perhaps too gentle and too young to risk his life with Turf. So I told him what he had to expect, but he gravely and quietly said he was "ready to try."

By this time a great crowd had collected round the entrance to the inn-yard. I dismounted, and gave up my whip and spurs to the rough-rider, whom we will call Armstrong.

The man turned Turf's head towards Penrith and immediately it became evident that Turf would not move. Armstrong struck him violently and suddenly with both spurs. The horse stood erect on his hind legs for a wonderful time, then came quickly down and shook himself from head to tail. The next movement I knew by experience would be a series of kicks, so I called out to the bystanders to keep clear of his heels; the heels were then shot out repeatedly. All this time the rider kept his seat very well, and, so far as I could as yet judge, appeared to be a firm, careful rider, very cool and determined. The crowd was now very dense, and there was some danger; for, as Armstrong continued to use the spurs, Turf dashed hither and thither on the pavement, rearing, plunging and kicking all the time, to the great risk of everybody about him. At last he rushed up a very steep, narrow, paved lane, quite against Armstrong's will. On being reined in, he reared, and this time with his back to the declivity. The position was extremely critical, as it seemed likely that Turf would fall backwards and crush Armstrong if he failed to disengage himself. The exclamations of the bystanders ceased from sheer horror, and all the women turned as pale as so many corpses. At this critical moment my leather valise, strapped behind the saddle and well filled with clothes, was of great use to Armstrong, as it prevented him from slipping off. Throwing his arms round Turf's neck, he threw all his weight as forward as possible; and at last the horse stood once more like a reasonable horse, and not like a lion rampant.

Coming down this lane at a trot, Armstrong got Turf

on the Penrith road again, and left the crowd behind him in an odd and ridiculous kind of gallop, accompanied by many kicks and much swerving from side to side. What happened next he told me afterwards.

Turf went on pretty steadily for a mile or more; then he came to a dead stand. Armstrong fought hard with spur and whip. Turf tried to crush his leg against the wall, but found him no pleasanter to deal with than I had been. Then there was a long struggle, the end of which was that Turf *leaped the wall* (it was five feet high) and carried Armstrong out upon the open grass, where he fairly bolted with him.

As soon as Armstrong recovered some command of the horse, he tried to tire him out in the fields, and took him a great distance across country, returning into the road by a dangerous down-leap. This expedient of taking him fairly out of the road, by clearing the wall, answered better than any I had tried; but it needed a first-rate horseman, because there was never any telling whether Turf would refuse a leap or take it; and I have little doubt that the bound which carried him over that wall would have cleared one very much higher. Like many young horses, Turf never leaped anything without awkwardly hesitating about it; but when he had really made up his mind to a jump, he jumped with tremendous, and quite superfluous, energy and violence.

I met Armstrong at a little wayside inn about eight miles from Keswick. The horse was bruised and bloody, the man's coat torn to ribands in the thorn hedges, my whip ruined past repair; he had knocked the horse *down* twice with the silver head of it. In short,

everything wore a most disreputable appearance; and Turf himself was as dirty and unpleasant-looking as mud, blood, sweat, and a pervading air of extreme ill temper could make him.

The little inn pleased me very much. The fire was of turf, in a low grate without chimney, the smoke escaping as it could through a hole in the rafters above. By this sat a woman about seventy years old, and uncommonly fat, engaged in the pleasing occupation of picking gooseberries; and at her elbow stood a round table, with a few cups and saucers. The kettle, too, was singing over the fire, and I was soon hospitably invited to partake of the approaching meal. After a walk of eight miles, I did not hesitate to accept such an offer. Both the tea and the gooseberry pasty were very good, and I did them justice. After this meal, which I ate with the innkeeper, the auld wife, their pretty daughter, their son, and Armstrong, I helped Armstrong to mount Turf, and saw him off on the road to Penrith, I myself waiting for the coach, and occupying the intervening time in sketching the interior, which was too good to be passed by. I was amused by the remarks made during the progress of the sketch. "An' will ye put the auld wife in too?" said she. Her husband, however, more particularly desired me not to forget the flitch of bacon, as it proved there was Plenty in the house. The observations of the old woman were full of quiet shrewdness; for example, "He'll show that to his friends, and they'll laugh at our chimney, for they'll nae ha' seen the like." But when the auld wife, and the flitch of bacon, and the chimney, were really drawn, the delight of the innkeeper knew no bounds.

He offered five shillings for the sketch as it stood (a large price for a person unacquainted with matters of art, and, indeed, quite as much as the sketch was worth); and when I promised to send him one for nothing when I got home, he was very anxious to give me his address. At last, I left these good people, receiving a motherly benediction from the occupant of the fireside, who called me "my lad," and wished me well.

I kept my promise about the sketch. I made a careful little sepia drawing of it, not omitting a single detail of the simple household things. The likeness of the old mother was certainly successful, and gave great pleasure when I sent it to its destination, neatly framed in rosewood, with a glass before it. I received a warm letter of thanks, begging me to stay at the inn without payment; but I considered the sketch was already paid for. They would not hear of money for the good gooseberry pasty and the hot tea. Some time afterwards, a neighbour of mine, travelling that way, discovered the sketch with my signature in the corner. He assured me that it was highly valued, and well hung. What artist's success could be more complete than mine?

At Penrith, in the evening, I found Turf and his rider. He said that the latter half of the journey had been as difficult as the first. Since starting, his average speed had been just two miles an hour, though he did his utmost to get on quickly. Armstrong implored me never to mount that horse again. "He is not fit, sir—he is not fit for any gentleman to mount; he is not fit neither for a chap like me, as is used to all kinds o' horses; only you see, with all them Keswick folk standing and staring at

me, I didn't just like to give in to him. But, if you're wise, you'll sell him; and if you can't sell him, as is likely, you ought to shoot him; but never you mount him again as long as you live; if you do, it's ten to one but you'll be killed. And if anybody talks large like, and reckons as they could have ridden him—*for folk as cannot ride is always ready wi' their brag and talk*—tell 'em as I said 'at a young gentleman as has ridden that there horse a hundred mile has a right to be proud of hissel; only you've done enough, sir—you've done enough." And when I slipped the guinea into his hand, and said good-bye, Armstrong added, gravely, "Shoot him, sir, shoot him in a field, or sell him, if you can; but never you mount him again as long as you live. There's no good in him, sir. No man livin' will ever tame that horse."

I followed these prudent counsels so far as this, that I left Turf at Penrith for sale, and never rode him more. As there will be no further occasion to mention him, I will finish his history here. He stayed at the inn a month on sale, but no one made any offer for him. A gentleman called to see him one day with the intention of trying him; but a little incident changed his views.

"There's a hawse here, I suppose, that a young fellah has left here because he can't wide him, eh?"

"There's a bay 'oss 'ere, sir, as is most fearful bad to manage. I wouldn't exactly recommend you to mount him, unless you be a *very* good rider, sir."

"Ah, well, let me see him."

The gentleman was directed to the stable where Turf was. The ostler and he talked together in the doorway, leaning against the lintel of the door. With no other

reason than his dislike to hear himself talked about, Mr. Turf backed as far as he could out of his stall, and planted a tremendous blow on the unlucky ostler's forehead, which immediately felled him, and he was taken up for dead. The gentleman disappeared and made no further inquiries. The ostler was carried home and lay in bed for many a day. This was, of course, an additional expense for me; but I was only too happy that the man recovered at all. Luckily, he wore a leather shade to his cap, and wore it low on his forehead on the very side which the hoof struck. The hoof hit the leather, which saved the skull from any fatal degree of injury.

I ordered Turf to be put to grass. On my return from Scotland, as I came to the Penrith station, I looked out of the carriage window and recognised my friend Turf, quietly grazing under the red ruins of Penrith Castle. Every time I pass that place, all those details which I have just narrated come back to me distinctly.

I took Turf home again by rail. Thence I forwarded him by rail to Yorkshire to a strong young farmer of the upper class, a fearless and admirable rider after fox-hounds, who had given me my first lessons in riding across country. If any one could ride Turf it was he. And it fortunately happened that this young gentleman lived in the very next house to the Hon. Captain H. whose neighbour I had been when a private pupil, and whom I knew to be a first-rate horseman, able to cope with anything. But Turf wearied both the farmer and the Captain. He was a fine horse, they said, and well worth a hundred pounds if anybody could ride him. But it

was an endless fight, always to be renewed, and these excellent riders lost patience with him at last. I sold him for fifteen pounds, warranted *sound and vicious;* the happy purchaser resold him in a week at a loss, and I have never heard a word of him since. If Mr. Rarey's system had been known in England then, I might perhaps have retained Turf. My belief is, that idleness ruined him; idleness, and perhaps cruelty. But I tried gentleness first, and only resorted to cruelty at last, because gentleness had altogether failed.

I went to the Highlands by rail, and missed the pleasant ride through the Lowlands which I had promised myself. I went straight to Loch Lomond. Its islands are admirable; but Ben Lomond, magnificently situated, is scarcely equal to the situation. It is a mighty lump of matter, but with little of the exquisite grace and refinement of the nobler mountain form. The summit is a good point for a view, and I arrived there one morning before sunrise. It would have been impossible to make the acquaintance of the Highland hills in a more impressive way. The view from Ben Lomond is perhaps the most interesting in Scotland, on account of its great variety. In the heart of a mountainous country, the advantage of height is lessened by the number of inferior heights which surround the spectator and conceal the valleys. The view of the loch from Ben Lomond is, to the south, free from all impediment; and the eye ranges over it like the glance of a hovering eagle. If a strong tower were built on the summit, and a good road made up to it, people would stay there for the view, as they do on the Rigi. I have often, since ascending it, had thoughts of erecting

my hut there, and getting a complete series of careful studies of the great panorama ; but it did not seem worth while, on account of the unavoidable loss of time in cloudy weather, and the considerable expense of living in tolerable comfort in a situation so difficult of access. It is barely probable that a painter could do any justice to the immensity of the subject in less than four months. And after all, views from mountains are not pictures, but panoramas ; and studies from such places would probably be of more use to a lecturer than a landscape-painter.

I was fortunate in the weather. The mist in the valleys did not intercept the view. It left me an hour to see a hundred peaks lighted in the first red glow of the morning ; and then, whilst the shadows were still blue and cold, and Loch Katrine yet lay like a shield of polished steel at the bottom of its glen, the white clouds rapidly climbed the hills and rested on their summits. Ben Lomond was the last to be covered ; but we only left it just in time, for on looking back a few minutes afterwards, the crest was hidden. I had seen a sunrise of the most splendid order, never to be forgotten—not a mere yellow and grey sunrise, but a burning of crimson fires in the eastern heaven, and a glowing of russet crests of a hundred hills. The sublime moment was when the sun rose over a bank of opaque cloud, and cast those vast innumerable shadows in a second or two—shadows which turned in an instant to the deepest azure purple, by contrast with the crimson flaming crests.

When I got down to the lake it was raining furiously, and it rained the whole day, so that nothing was to be

seen or done till the coach went to Inveraray at four in the afternoon. The interval, like a prudent traveller, I spent in bed. When a tourist has passed a night in mountain-climbing, the best things for him are—first, a warm bath and change of raiment; secondly, a comfortable breakfast; thirdly, an hour or two in bed. This prevents night-work from telling on him in the long run, which it is sure to do if he often tries to cheat himself out of his night's rest altogether. When I ascended Skiddaw in the night, I had sat up till twelve in the hotel before starting. It was half-past eight the next morning when I got back to Keswick, and I had an appointment to go to Buttermere at ten; still, I found time to go to bed, though I kept my appointment.

I met a gentleman and his wife in the Inveraray coach who were good enough to take a fancy to me, and invite me to visit them at their place in Yorkshire, where I passed a fortnight very happily in the succeeding winter. From that time I travelled for a few days with these new friends, and that most merrily; for the gentleman was full of wit and anecdote. Amongst other stories, he told a capital one, in proof of a doctrine of his that punning is a desirable accomplishment. Mr. T. was out with his gun one day in a part of the country where the shootings are called *liberties*. Straying beyond his own liberty, he was violently called to account by two men, who told him that he was off his liberty. The opportunity for a pun was too tempting to be resisted, and Mr. T. replied with mock gravity, "It's a liberty I've taken." The fellows immediately touched their hats, begged Mr. T.'s pardon, and showed him with much humility over the

whole ground, affording him a good day's sport, and pointing out several well-stocked fishponds wherein to angle if he were so minded. All this time Mr. T. felt exceedingly puzzled at the wonderful effect of his pun, and surprised that two gamekeepers of no very intelligent aspect should be so charmed by the brilliance of his wit as to show him these kind attentions instead of arresting him as a poacher. Still Mr. T. kept his astonishment to himself, and gave his thoughts to the shooting, which was excellent, deferring any attempt to solve the mystery to a time when he should be less agreeably occupied. After enjoying a wonderful day's sport, Mr. T. at length announced his intention of returning to the inn; on which he was conducted to the high road with the utmost politeness by the two gamekeepers. Mr. T.'s friends had already begun their dinner on his arrival, and he was received with a volley of exclamations and questions. On sitting down, Mr. T. told his story; and I have no doubt told it well. The landlord was acting as waiter, and joined in the roar of laughter which followed. When there was a chance of making himself heard, the landlord spoke. "Gentlemen," said he at last, "I beg your pardon for speaking, but I think I can account for the way those gamekeepers behaved." Everybody, of course, listened attentively, and the landlord gave his explanations. "That liberty has been taken by a new tenant, a Colonel W. who has not been down here yet, and is not known here; for nobody has seen him in these parts. So I suppose the keepers took Mr. T. for their new master when he said he had taken the liberty."

Another story, very amusing, as my fellow-traveller

told it, was to this effect. Mr. T. said that he once fell asleep on the top of a coach, and on awaking found himself flying in the air. Having alighted rather heavily on some soft grass, he rubbed his eyes and looked round. All that he saw was a tall hedge, over which he had been thrown, and beyond which lay the fallen coach; and, in the immediate foreground, an old woman running to and fro in the field, quite heedless as to the safety of her fellow-passengers, but calling out incessantly, "Where's my bandbox? Where's my bandbox?"

Soon after hearing these stories on the road from Inveraray to Cladich, I saw Ben Cruachan for the first time. Then in the evening I pulled over to Inishail, much delighted with the scenery, and of course making sketches of it, which reveal the intensity of a first impression in extraordinary exaggerations made quite unaffectedly and in perfect good faith.*

The next day was gloriously fine, and we went on to Dalmally. I remember being particularly charmed with the beauty of this island of Innistrynich, where I am now writing. That impression neither length of occupation nor the benumbing power of custom have diminished, nor can diminish. Only yesterday I finished a careful study of the island, and it seemed to me lovelier than ever. Artistically, I think it the most charming spot of ground I have yet seen on this earth. As a farmer, I cannot say much for the productiveness of rocks and trees; as a householder, I find myself painfully cramped

* See the chapter on *Painting from Nature* in this volume. *All* work done under the influence of excitement is exaggerated more or less, but in the sketches mentioned above the exaggerations are quite extravagant though made unconsciously.

in the little rooms of this cottage; but as an artist I shall ever hold fast my old love of the place: and it seems as fair to me now as on that pleasant day so many years ago, when its emerald fields lay on the dark lake like jewels, and its massed foliage was reflected on the quiet waters.

We stayed a week at Oban in perpetual rain. All the amusement Mr. T. could find was in watching the crowds of tourists which the steamer landed daily. Mr. T. brought us plenty of amusing talk about these poor tourists. His descriptions would be spoiled in the telling if I attempted to repeat them; but they made us all very merry at the time.

When my friends went to Fort William I determined to do something whether it rained or not, and so hired a sailing boat, with two men. Having provisioned her for a few days, I left Oban Bay one wet and windy afternoon, and, after a few tacks, passed Gylen Castle at the point of Kerrera, and crossed the sound with a strong side wind and a considerable sea. The islands looked wild that evening as the sun set in the Atlantic and the ragged dark-grey clouds flew over us, tinged with stormy red. It was dark when we got to Auchincraig in Mull. I had lived in luxury in the Caledonian at Oban, and was dissatisfied with the damp and dreary hostelry at Auchincraig. The night after, however, I got into a worse.

We left Auchincraig at seven in the morning, and had a splendid day. After pulling four miles we came to Duart Castle, a slightly built old house with a substantial keep, grandly situated on a rocky height by the sea,

where the shore is a wilderness of rough stones. There is a grand panorama of mountains visible from this side of Mull, including Ben Cruachan and Ben Nevis.

Soon after quitting Duart we saw a seal and a porpoise; and, as it was the first time I had seen a wild seal swimming in perfect freedom, the circumstance was extremely interesting to me, however unimportant to the reader. Whilst yet many miles from Aros a woman stood on the shore and besought us to take her in. I immediately consented, and we pulled ashore for our passenger; but on reaching land we discovered, to our great consternation, that my compassion was expected to be large enough for four fish-women and their creels. Declining the pleasure of their society, we pulled away, and left them beseeching still in piteous Gaelic.

At Aros I left the boat, and one of the men in it to guard it. The other, whose name was Andrew, accompanied me in a walk across the island.

We passed through a wonderfully picturesque and populous encampment. The tents were very singular and various, not spoiled by too much order and uniformity like a military camp. The difference between such a camp as that in Mull and a true military camp is exactly the difference between an old street in Rouen and the Rue de Rivoli—the one all picturesque variety, the other all monotonous order. Then there was *colour* in the Mull camp, an element especially delightful to a painter. All kinds of materials had been pressed into requisition to afford temporary shelter. And over this little town of tents the blue peat smoke rose in the evening air, and a hundred picturesque groups were talking or eating

together. The hum of their voices might be heard for miles over the desolate moorland. Behind this well-occupied foreground rose a noble group of mountains, with the broad shades of evening in their hollows, and the warm western sunshine on their clear stony summits. At the foot of these mountains an inlet of the Atlantic lay glittering. Round about the camp were horses in hundreds and dogs without number, some fine stag-hounds amongst them. It was the half-yearly Mull market; and if any animal-painter is at a loss for a really excellent subject not hitherto painted, I counsel him to take a tent to Mull, and join the encampment at the time of the summer fair.

I walked along the shore of Loch na Keal, and shall ever remember that walk, for one of the noblest impressions I ever received from nature. The evening was gloriously fine and clear, and the *modelling* of Ben Mohr and his brethren well brought out by the slanting light. There are times when mountain form is wonderfully lovely and vigorous; all that is needed is clear weather and a cross light of morning or evening.

The next notable impression was the opening out of Loch na Keal into the infinite Atlantic. Looking at an ocean is not like looking at a sea, because our knowledge of the geographical fact affects the imagination. Thus the Atlantic really seemed to me vaster than the channel at Newhaven would have done, because at Newhaven we *know* that the French coast is only seventy miles off, whereas at Loch na Keal we know that there are two thousand miles of ocean between us and the Western continent. This no doubt helped the impres-

sion, but the sea had never before seemed to me so infinite. And in the midst of its shining opal plain lay the blue isle of Iona, far and faint like an isle in a poet's dream.

At the Ulva ferry I found a magnificent picture. The island and its reflection were one mass of impenetrable shade; over it a glowing sky of orange and pale green and blue, with a soft young moon looking out of it tenderly; under it the smooth sea flushed all over in its entranced sleep with the hues of the sky, its lover and lord.

To leave all this glory of slumbering isle and sea and moon, to come down to dirt and discomfort and prose, was the work of the five minutes spent in the ferry-boat. There is a natural relation between the splendour of the external universe and the internal splendour of palaces of art, and we could quit nature with less regret if it were to surround ourselves with good architecture and painting. But to leave the fairest scenes of God for the foulest habitations of man is enough to put a lover of beauty out of humour with the whole human race. And I believe that this contrast, continually repeated, has done much to divide us into two classes or parties—the one loving beauty, and therefore shunning mankind because its work is generally hostile to all beauty; and the other dead to beauty, and living in happy vulgarity amongst dense populations, all whose belongings are uniformly hideous.

The deal floor of my room was dark with ancient dirt, the plaster was falling from the filthy walls. The damp had discoloured the ceiling. The bed—I dreaded to enter. Andrew brought me my tea on a rusty tray. The

room was full of peat smoke that came up from the kitchen under it. With the smoke came an abominable odour of old fish. In the morning these odours made me get up very early, for they turned me sick. An hour or two on the hills cured me. It was a fresh, delightful, sunny day, afterwards exceedingly hot.

The people at the inn were peculiarly assiduous and attentive that morning, and I noticed that the neighbours treated me with an unusual degree of deference when I asked any questions about the island. It came out afterwards that Andrew thought the best way to get a little civility would be to tell the folks that I was likely to buy the island, and this fiction answered the purpose. There is an imaginativeness in Celtic lying which is beyond our Saxon dulness. Andrew told these poor cottars that I was immensely rich, and was coming to rule over them; so no wonder that they were polite, for gold is a great king, even in Ulva.

It was a hot walk back over Mull; and when we got to Salin at last I have a dim recollection of drinking more Edinburgh ale than was altogether desirable, though not half enough to quench my burning thirst. It is sweet and sticky, leaving you just as thirsty as ever, but with the advantages of feeling half-drunk after two or three glasses. For those who enjoy it, I suppose, it is quite delightful to feel dizzy and queer; but as a painter's faculties can never be too lucid, it is as well for him not to muddle them with thick ale.

A strong young man from the fair volunteered to take an oar if I would let him work his passage; and as we had to row all the way to Oban, a distance of thirty

miles, our volunteer made himself exceedingly useful. When we got to Oban it was midnight, and we drew after us a sparkling train of phosphorescent light. It was pleasant at last, after a weary voyage, to come to the bay of Oban, and see its crescent of light reflected in columns of fire on the smooth water.

On landing I went to the Caledonian, but, not having retained a room there, could not get one. I begged hard for a sofa, but all the sofas were occupied; and I left the place disconsolate, and very stiff and tired. At the King's Arms they told me the same story. But not being disposed to sleep on the pavement I found means to address myself to the landlady herself, and my eloquence proved effectual, for they found me a garret. In the morning I put my head out of the garret window that I might enjoy the privilege of standing in an erect position. In the height of the season, when the inns are crowded, the student of human nature, as he takes his early walk upon the quay, will be surprised to observe many such garret windows opening one after the other, and strange heads protruding thence. But let him not be needlessly alarmed; it is only the taller kind of tourists who are trying to stand up in their bed chambers.

As I was dining that day in the coffee-room two yachtsmen entered it, one in the uniform of the Royal Yacht Club. We got into conversation, and it turned out that they were old schoolfellows of a friend of mine, on which they invited me on board their yacht. The rest of my stay at Oban was spent with them in a pleasant idle way.

Since I had stayed already a week at Oban, the reader

probably wonders what I could possibly find to keep me longer in that little place. I found a power which will fix any wanderer to one spot, unless he be an itinerant tinker. I found that birdlime, poverty, and flew no farther for the present. I was waiting for a remittance. If I may judge by the postmarks, the letter containing the remittance had been lying some time at Oban, but I had much difficulty in getting possession of it. Meanwhile I lay in pawn at the King's Arms, singing to myself the *Carmen Lilliense*, which is not, as the reader might suppose, a Latin poem of the Augustan age, but a witty English ballad of the Victorian, by Mister Michel Angelo Titmarsh. Its sad refrain haunted me—

> "My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
> How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
> I have no money, I lie in pawn
> A stranger in the town of Lille."

Lille or Oban, where's the difference? The pathos of that melancholy ditty was as applicable to my case up here in the Highlands as down in that strong city of the Low Countries. High country or low country, gold means liberty, and poverty means detention, submission, fear! Bank-notes are the tourist's wings, and poverty the birdlime on the twig—or in the hotel, to be literal.

So here was I at Oban, idling with these new friends and waiting for money. It turned out that they were detained there by precisely the same reason. We pulled about in their punt, we lay smoking on their white deck, as the cutter slept on the unruffled bay. Of our excursions in the punt, the pleasantest were to the Maiden's Isle, off Dunolly. There is a wonderful panoramic view

from the top of that island, with a circle of mountains round a great expanse of water. The two castles near Oban—Dunolly and Dunstaffnage—add to the interest of the place, but are neither of them so picturesque as Kilchurn. Dunstaffnage is merely a grim old fortress without other beauty than that of a magnificent situation at the entrance of Loch Etive.

The yachtsmen and I had arranged to go together in their yacht to Fort William; but as they wanted to see Staffa, and I also, and the weather at the time was dead calm, we went there in the passenger steamer. Now, for me to go to Staffa on the steamer without a friend on board would have been impossible, as the fare is a pound exclusive of eating, and I had not a pound in all Argyllshire. Wherefore I waited rather anxiously for my friends. Still, they did not come, and the steamer would start soon. I went on board the yacht. The brothers were asleep in their berths. After making a great noise I got them to dress themselves and come on deck; we went to the steamer and were just in time.

On board the steamer I took occasion to remark what a bore it was to wait for a remittance, stating very frankly that mine had not come yet. Then we went down to breakfast.

It was a good breakfast and a merry breakfast. I sat at the bottom of the table, a pleasant fellow on my right and a pretty girl on my left. Between these two I felt very happy, except when unpleasant thoughts of poverty came over me. I wanted to ask my yachtsman to pay for my breakfast, but did not find an opportunity before he quitted the table. To my consternation I then per-

ceived that we had all to pay before we could get out on deck. My friend had passed the fatal barrier and left me down there alone. I heard an old gentleman ask the price of the breakfast; it was one shilling and ninepence—a heavy sum of money! I mechanically got my purse out; that melancholy purse—that poor, thin, flat, hungry little purse!

There was one shilling in it—I had not dared to count its contents before for days—there was a whole shilling in it, and one fourpenny-piece. O for fivepence! what a situation! There was that abominable steward in the brass buttons, that inexorable doorkeeper, standing there at those glorious stairs, leading up to peace and light. Souls in purgatory will look at its glimmering outlet as I looked on those shining stairs.

Only fivepence wanted yet. I found another fourpenny-piece in the place, alas! where gold *should* have been. If the fellow would only let me off the odd penny! But I had no hope of such discount; I knew that he would exact the uttermost farthing, that he would politely (such politeness is sometimes sadly out of place) offer to change me a pound note if I said that I had no copper. Pound notes, indeed! Little dirty, disgusting, dear, sweet, Scotch pound notes; soft and pliable between the fingers, stinking like an old copy of a popular novel at a mechanics' institute—stinking did I say?—nay, fragrant as the rose!

Oh, for a penny! Reader, I found *one* halfpenny. In my waistcoat-pocket I found it. The agony became insupportable—only two farthings wanted now. I would have earned that halfpenny most willingly; I would have

washed all the dishes for that slender remuneration ; but how could I, in the costume, and speaking the language, and, I hope, having something of the manner of a gentleman, how could I offer to clean the plates for a halfpenny ? The idea of blackening somebody's shoes was equally inadmissible, and then, I had not the necessary apparatus. Whilst occupied by these painful reflections, I pretended to be absorbed in noting down something in my memorandum book. The waiter, who still loitered about the door, and, as it seemed to me, guarded it with unrelaxing vigilance, cast a dangerous glance at me from time to time, so that I began to apprehend a direct demand for the money due to him.

After seeking, however, for some time, and waiting till everybody had gone up on deck, I discovered, lying lost in a corner of my coat-pocket, I discovered—a little brother coin, a friendly little halfpenny ! All my courage came back to me, I walked up to the waiter with a confident and perhaps slightly supercilious air, carelessly observing that I believed one and ninepence was the price of the breakfast. "Your brother paid for you, sir," said the waiter.

Now, this phrase, "your brother," had something in it inexpressibly strange to me. No one had ever said "your brother" before to me since I was born, as I do not happen to have had any brothers. I suppose I looked odd and perplexed, for the waiter repeated his assertion that my "brother" had paid for me—"that gentleman in the yacht club's uniform."

Well, if the man were not my brother, was not the act brotherly ? I had not asked him for the one and nine-

pence, but I thanked him for it, yet did not offer immediately to repay it. The consequence of this was that all the day through the waiters relieved my anxieties by the same pleasant musical sentence, "Your brother paid, sir," which led me to think how delightful it must be to have a brother, only I am given to understand that real elder brothers are not quite so fond of paying for younger ones.

My new brother, I am ashamed to say, would not land at Staffa on any consideration. What was the matter? I asked. Was he afraid of tumbling on the bonnets of the ladies in the boat? Did he think he would be sea-sick?—an offensive question, for he had served in a foreign navy, and was an experienced seaman. At last it came out that he felt rather hungry, and had just ordered some bread and cheese and a bottle of porter. He preferred these to Staffa.

Now, considering that he might have bread and cheese and porter any day and everywhere, and that Staffa was only to be visited occasionally, I thought the choice badly calculated. But it is a positive fact that for the whole of the short hour the steamer stays off Staffa, this unworthy "brother" of mine sat eating bread and cheese and drinking bottled porter alone in its gaudy cabin. He might just as well have been in a London cider-cellar. On the one hand STAFFA, on the other a red cotton velvet cushion, a bottle of stout, and a few looking-glasses in ugly gilt frames! Still, let me speak tenderly of his failings, for did he not advance the money for my ticket?

Staffa is a wonderful place, but the popular comparison

with architecture is puerile. No doubt the Creator *could* have built cathedrals if it had so pleased him, and made edifices like Rouen and Amiens grow out of the earth like trees, but he has left all that industry to us. The caves of Staffa are quite inferior, even in size and impressiveness, to the finer examples of Gothic architecture; and the cave of Fingal owes much of its power to its floor of green sea-water, rising and falling with the swell outside, and sometimes rushing to the far end of the cave, where it is shattered into foam with a shock of thunder. The columns are as various as trees in a forest. The difference between architecture and basalt is like the difference between a sonata of Beethoven and the roaring of the wind.

I have nothing to say about Iona which has not been already said by others.

When we returned to Oban I got my money, and my friend got his. I paid my debt to him. His cutter and my modest portmanteau were therefore both liberated. We had a farewell symposium together in the cabin. We drank good wine, and we sang good songs. Loudly did we sing and long. The younger of the two brothers, a man of giant make, had also a giant's voice. It covered the bay at midnight with rolling waves of sound.

Next day I travelled homewards.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HIGHLAND LANDSCAPE.

WHEN Mr. Ruskin used to write his criticisms of the exhibitions, he once took occasion, in speaking of the water-colour exhibition of 1857, to allude to the absence of definite meaning in the clever drawings of Mr. Richardson. As this criticism involved a few very profound and original remarks on the characteristics of Highland landscape, I shall take the liberty to quote it here.

"Mr. Richardson is gradually gaining in manual power, and opposes cobalt and burnt sienna very pleasantly. But he seems always to conceive a Highland landscape only as a rich medley of the same materials—a rocky bank, blue at one place and brown at another; some contorted Scotch firs, some fern, some dogs, and some sportsmen; the whole contemplated under the cheering influence of champagne, and considered every way delightful. The Highlands *are* delightful; but for the most part, in another way than this. I do not regret that Mr. Richardson has given this one reading of them, the reading that pleasantly occurs to an active youth in his long vacation; but there ought to be on the walls, the other readings, too, of those desolate glens, with the dark-brown torrents surging monotonously among their

lower rocks, cutting them into the cup-like pools where the deep stream eddies like black oil; and the moth fallen weary out of the wind on its surface, circles round and round, struggling vainly; of the little spaces under the fern where the glen widens, and the sward is smooth as if for knights' lists, and sweet as if for dancing of fairies' feet, and lonely as if it grew over an enchanted grave; of those low alder thickets, set in soft shade where the stream is broad by the stepping-stones—the drowned lamb lying on the bank under their stooping leaves, since the last flood; of those sweet winding paths through the oat-fields, and under the ash-trees, where the air breathes so softly when the berries are blush-scarlet in the setting sun; and more softly still, when the cold, clear northern light dies over the purple ranges jagged and wild. Are not these seen everywhere? and seen day by day, and yet never thought upon; felt, I believe, more at his heart by the half-starved shepherd boy, than by the skilfullest of our painters. And I am the more sorry that Mr. Richardson does not yet feel the expression in Highland scenery, because I think there may be traced considerable power of composition in the passages of these distant hills."

On behalf of Mr. Richardson, it may be urged that he is not wholly to blame for this. Even Mr. Ruskin does not seem to be fully aware how much the quality which he calls "deep feeling," injures the marketableness of a picture; how much more all very refined and original truth injures it. Artists find practically that, *without acknowledged reputation*, they cannot get the public to look at very truthful and significant pictures of unfamiliar

landscape. Facts or feelings which are above the comprehension of common purchasers are quite ruinous to all but established artists. Now the Highland landscape of Mr. Richardson is easily understood. It is also very pretty, not too profound, and extremely popular. But I doubt whether even Mr. Richardson is quite sure enough of his position to attempt higher things, without some danger of diminishing his income.

It is exceedingly regrettable that we should be thus impeded by the public ignorance; but it is the fact that we most of us are so.

Mr. Richardson has, I think, done all that was compatible with real popularity. Mr. Newton is going dangerously far. His latest studies of Highland scenery are getting so true, that it is a marvel they ever sell at all.

The passage I quoted from Mr. Ruskin, though it seems to me to blame Mr. Richardson rather unfairly for what is less a fault of his than a natural consequence of the frivolity of popular taste, is nevertheless true in all that it says of Highland landscape. This landscape never *has* been adequately interpreted yet, except in one or two of its most ordinary aspects.

Common artists say it "will not cook." No, it will not; it never was meant to be cooked; it was meant to be earnestly studied, and profoundly felt, and faithfully interpreted—not to be cooked, like vegetables in a kitchen.

Dealers say that it is extravagant and eccentric, and does not offer fit subjects for art. It is certainly not commonplace or insignificant, if that is what they mean.

It is wild, and grand, and mighty, and utterly unconventional. It cannot be forced into the common composition-patterns, without losing all its significance.

I have a notion, which I advance in all humility, that when a painter proposes to illustrate any country, he ought to select *not* such subjects as are to be found elsewhere, but those subjects and effects which are most intensely and peculiarly characteristic of the place. When I paint a picture of the Highlands I would have it Highland all over, and as unlike any other country as possible. There is good sound reason for the selection in every country of what is peculiar to it, though pictures so painted when carried into another country will always look extravagant and eccentric.

What a very *odd* picture, for instance, to English eyes, is that "Jerusalem," by Seddon! It is the most "eccentric" landscape in the National Gallery; and yet of all the landscapes there it is the most intensely true, and vividly real, and laboriously accurate.

I was down in the south of France, at Arles and Nîmes, about a month ago. Of course I was eager to paint everything I saw; but I felt then that the same instinct which leads me here to choose what is most peculiarly Highland would lead me there to choose what was most peculiar to the south of France. And I am perfectly aware beforehand that when I come to paint olive-trees, the English, who for the most part know nothing whatever about them, will think my pictures as queer and eccentric as Seddon's; and I know also that unless my reputation shall by that time have increased so much as to have become *authoritative*, my "eccentric"

olive-trees will cause me no little difficulty with the dealers. Nevertheless, I shall always hold hard by this great and sound principle, that landscape art ought to be the concentration of all that is most strongly characteristic of the land it illustrates. All Highland landscapes should be intensely Highland, all French landscapes as French as our utmost fidelity can make them. Landscapes which belong to no particular country have, for me, no value or interest whatever. They are as little to be admired as the polyglot courier, in one of Thackeray's books, who spoke "no particular language." The finest specimens of this nondescript landscape have, I imagine, been achieved by religious painters, most of whom would undertake to paint you "Christ on the Mount of Olives" without having once drawn an olive-tree in their lives, and in entire ignorance not only of the hill forms about Jerusalem, but of all Oriental landscape.

So, according to this law, when we paint a piece of Highland scenery, no component particle of it, however insignificant, should convey the remotest hint or suggestion of any other country, all infusions of French grace or Swiss sublimity into Highland trees or Highland hills being to them quite a poisonous and deadly adulteration. But on the other hand let French landscape be just as exclusively French. Let the painter resolve to make us feel ourselves in France; and in all the length of her majestic rivers, in every curve of her vine-clad hills, in every stately group of her graceful trees, let us have no reminiscence of any other, even though a sublimer land. Let not the purple fields of sainfoin bear any impress of Highland heather; nor the

green of the low pasture be exaggerated into English verdure.

Such are my private sentiments on the matter; the opinions and predilections of the general public being, I regret to say, directly contrary to mine.

The tendency of popular criticism is always to reduce everything to one dead level of pleasant, imbecile, intelligible falsehood. All the progress that has hitherto been made in the fine arts has been open rebellion against the fixed resolution of mediocrity to allow of nothing which can disturb its tyrannous self-complacency. Its great object in the arts has always been to reduce everything to one model. Its perfect happiness, I suppose, must be in those countries where a triumphant conservatism dictates the attitude of every figure in a picture by sacerdotal authority. In landscape its hostility to diversity is just as strong, though it cannot here appeal to religious prescription. It is not twenty years since no faithful painting even of our familiar English trees was allowed to be high art. The species of tree was not to be recognisable. At this very hour the unhappy youths who contend at the "Beaux Arts" in Paris, for the prize of landscape, are positively forbidden the imitation of any object in nature, and very wonderful things *do* win the prizes. I once asked a candidate there what would be the result if he were to send in a tolerably good landscape, like nature. He said it would not be admitted, as it was expressly prohibited to "faire du réalisme." In these prize studies at the "Beaux Arts" a tree is a tree, but it would be flat heresy to define its species.

This dogged resistance to the invasion of natural truth has now taken its stand on new ground. A tree in England may be of some species, but it must be of a species familiar to the most ignorant insular spectator. Effects of light and colour are also permitted, but they must be familiar and intelligible effects. *That is to say, effects of mountain scenery must be so painted as to be familiar and intelligible to people who have never looked at mountains at all, and know nothing whatever about them.*

It is not here a question of the painter's duty but of his necessity. In the course of the second volume I have combated the too common theory that it is in some sort a duty on the part of the painter to make himself intelligible to ignorant spectators. I will not admit that such condescension forms any part of his duty, but I grant with sorrow that it is the first secret of his policy. His duty is to teach truth, but his policy is to please the rich, and consequently, to offer them only such effects as they can comprehend. But how far persons who have never lived amongst mountains are likely to conceive of mountain effect, let Ruskin answer, and let me for once get rid of the responsibility of uttering an unpopular truth :—

"There is no effect of sky possible in the lowlands which may not in equal perfection be seen among the hills; but there are effects by tens of thousands, for ever invisible and inconceivable to the inhabitant of the plains, manifested among the hills in the course of one day. The mere power of familiarity with the clouds, of walking with them and above them, alters and renders clear our whole conception of the baseless architecture of

the sky; and for the beauty of it there is more in a single wreath of early cloud, pacing its way up an avenue of pines, or pausing among the points of their fringes, than in all the white heaps that fill the arched sky of the plains from one horizon to the other. And of the nobler cloud manifestations—the breaking of their troublous seas against the crags, their black spray sparkling with lightning; or the going forth of the morning along their pavements of moving marble, level-laid between dome and dome of snow;—of these things there can be as little imagination or understanding in an inhabitant of the plains as of the scenery of another planet than his own."

Shrewd and popular painters know what to do. They give only such effects as are pretty and *seem* probable. Now, one effect may seem very probable to the uninformed spectator, and nevertheless be utterly false and impossible from beginning to end; and another effect may look so strange as to make him giggle and laugh, and yet be full of noble and consummate truth.

In the *Art Journal* for January, 1853, in a paper entitled, "An Artist's Ramble from Antwerp to Rome," there occurs the following passage:—

"I know an instance of *one of our most popular artists*, who had not, when he first attained his popularity, ever been out of England, *nor had he ever seen a mountain; but he had been accustomed to represent Swiss and Tyrolese scenery.* Yet so little was he prepared for what he did find in nature, that some time after, when travelling in Wales with a friend, *and he then for the first time actually saw a mountain*, having been left in the early part of the day in a point commanding the Snowdon

range, he was found late in the afternoon, sitting on the same spot, surrounded with the tatters of his failures."

This anecdote has always had a peculiar interest for me, it is so significant. "One of our most popular artists" who lived by painting Swiss and Tyrolese scenery had, it seems, never seen a real mountain at all, and when at last (being already a popular mountain painter) he tries the novel experiment of a study from nature in the comparatively simple scenery of Wales, our artist is utterly discomfited, and they find him sitting "surrounded with the tatters of his failures."

It is a pretty and a true story, and the moral of it is this.

Our popular artist, who had never seen a mountain, had exactly the same notions on the subject that the majority of the public have who have never seen mountains either. Therefore, he and the public being of one mind on the matter, he became easily popular.

But how if he had studied hard and conscientiously for ten years amongst the hills?

He might have become a greater man ultimately, and made his name authoritative in art, but he would not have been so easily popular at first. For he would have tried after strange truths, which would not only have hindered his recognition, but seriously interfered with his mechanical operations, which I have no doubt were attractive and dexterous. A great deal of the pretty workmanship of our false painters is due to the fact that as they trouble themselves very little about the truth of

nature, all their attention may be concentrated on the skilful management of their materials.

The fact that Highland scenery is not profoundly or feelingly interpreted by painters, is due in great part to the circumstance that painters, as a body, are not so much men of genius uttering irresistible inspirations, as shrewd tradesmen who supply only just such things as there is a demand for; and that the demand comes to them generally from persons living alternately in the metropolis, and in comparatively unmeaning scenery, and neither very familiar with the more solemn aspects of mountainous landscape, nor yet capable of feeling them when they happen accidentally to come into their presence.

Our richer classes visit the Highlands as sportsmen or as tourists, not with any serious intention of studying landscape. The excitement of shooting, and the continual watchfulness required by fly-fishing, are most unfavourable to the quiet observation of nature; and the humour of a tourist out for a holiday is generally too merry to permit of his receiving the graver lessons of mournful and melancholy landscape. Yet to one or the other of these classes, tourists and sportsmen, nearly all the persons who buy pictures of Highland scenery must inevitably belong, and the pictures they will select will naturally be interpretations of such aspects of that scenery as their own humour will allow them to enter into and understand. The aspects they like best are not the most conducive to depth of thought or solemnity of feeling. They do not much value sadness and tenderness in landscape. Now all Highland landscape is, as it seems

to me, quite ineffably tender and sad, exquisitely, beautifully sad, but sad always, utterly, hopelessly. And this cannot be a false pathos lent to the scenery by my own personal feeling, for though not a very merry creature, I am a tolerably cheerful one, and can feel the cheerfulness of cheerful landscape, and even enjoy the gaiety of laughing landscape, as fully and pleasurably as any one. But I see nothing gay in the Highlands, for their serenest loveliness is sad. The barren loneliness of the uninhabited hills, the wildness of the western coast, league after league of black rock crowned with grey fragments of ruined towers fronting for ever the fury of the Atlantic; the miserable, treeless isles in the Hebridean archipelago, where human life is as savage and difficult as if the cities of Europe were ten thousand miles off; the lonely lakes of the interior, on whose black waters no sail is ever seen; the wild, stormy, inhospitable climate rotting the hay year after year, and trampling down the poor man's tiny field of corn till it looks as if a squadron of cavalry had ridden over it; the wretchedness of the little villages and the lonely shepherd's huts; the painful absence of all human art, all decoration, all gaiety of thought and fertility of fancy, are not as it seems to me very conducive to a careless and jovial humour.

The reader may have remarked ere this, that this chapter is not written quite so heartily and fluently as the others, that it is written as if the subject were disagreeable to me.

The subject of it, namely, Highland landscape, is anything but disagreeable, being full of associations and memories which are to me so infinitely dear and sweet

and sacred, that the very word "Highlands" will lay a sudden charm on my heart for ever. But I do feel some disquiet, nevertheless. The sentences flow to-night in a spasmodic, irregular manner. I cannot get them to run on pleasantly in a stream of clear, bright, innocent gossip about hills and lakes, as I would have them.

Is it because the waves are moaning so piteously all round the little isle? Is it because the rain is driving so furiously against the panes? Is it that the wind is shrieking so wildly over the black lake and through the leafless trees this dark December night?

It is because I bitterly feel the impossibility of conveying by means of mere words, from my brain to the reader's brain, the form and colour of the scenes that rise in rapid succession before me. The utmost that I can hope for is to convey some hint of their expression. The immense difficulty of word-painting will be sufficiently set forth in the second volume. I now find myself in the unenviable position of a critic who, having theorised upon an art, is called upon to practise it; and, in all the fine arts, it is easier to criticise than to execute. The task, too, which lies before me, is one of no ordinary magnitude. I have not merely to sketch a scene or two in a careless way as the poets do, when a melodious word may be made to stand as a substitute for science; neither am I writing eloquent and argumentative prose where the excitement of the moment will allow of bold metaphor and brilliant imagery. I am to set to work to-night to describe *facts*, hard facts of form and colour. I shall give some true and trustworthy studies, but not attempt fine writing.

I.

BEN CRUACHAN ON A DECEMBER EVENING.

All the hills are thickly covered with snow, delicately finished by the wind as a sculptor finishes a statue. Every now and then I can see a little wreath of what looks like intensely white smoke rising into the thin evening air from the edge of the great precipice near the summit of Cruachan; it leaves the slope of the mountain outline rather slowly at first, then curls itself suddenly and vanishes, it flickers like a white flame. It is snow carried by contending whirlwinds; if we were *in* it we should be blinded by it, and think it rather a terrible phenomenon. From this island it looks like a little silver flame cresting the mountain with its feathery wreathing.

The sun is setting on the opposite side of the lake. Every boss on the mountain casts its sharp azure shadow on the snow. The great shoulder of the hill throws a broad shadow into the deep corrie. It would take a week for a hard-working artist to draw all these shadows with tolerable accuracy. I am obliged to content myself with a hasty sketch, for the sun is descending.

At this moment the picture is perfect. The sky has become an exquisite pearly green, full of gradation. There is only one lonely cloud, and that has come exactly where it ought. It has risen just behind the summit of Cruachan, and pauses there like the golden disc behind a saint's white head. But this cloud is rose-colour, with a swift gradation to dark purple-grey. Its under edge is sharply smoothed into a clearly cut curve by

the wind, the upper edge floats and melts away gradually in the pale green air. The cloud is shaped rather like a dolphin with its tail hidden behind the hill.

The sunlight on all the hill, but especially towards the summit, has turned from mere warm light to a delicate definite rose-colour, the shadows are more intensely azure, the sky of a deeper green. The lake, which is perfectly calm, reflects and reverberates all this magnificence. The islands, however, are below the level of sunshine, and lie dark and cold, the deep green Scotch firs on the Black Isles telling strongly against the snows of Craiganunie. The island between here and Ben Cruachan is so thinly covered with snow that the dead rusty fern shows through.

All the forest on the steep slopes of Cruachan is dark purple-grey.

The lake shivers here and there where the cold north wind descends upon it. Sheltered by the mountains the rest of its vast floor is tranced in glassy calm.

II.

LOCH AWE ON A MISTY MORNING.

All the lake excessively pale, and nearly the same colour as the sky, which is one sheet of tender grey. Two promontories stand opposite each other, one terminated by a domed hill, the other by two wooded islands.

All this land is reflected quite accurately in the quiet water, the only difference being, that the double image is harder in the air above than in the water beneath.

The reflections are *not* darker than the reality, because the thin mist coming between has paled them.

Between the two promontories there is an open space of water, nothing is visible beyond it. There is a range of hills in reality, whose base is only two miles beyond the promontory, but they are totally invisible. The lake, therefore, looks *infinite* and very sublime.

III.

LOCH AWE AFTER SUNSET, OCTOBER 10, 1859, LOOKING TO WHERE THE SUN HAD GONE DOWN.

The lake shore is all massed in rich, intense, indescribable, deep brownish blackish purplish obscurity. There is not one detail to be seen in it.

The distant hills on the left, however, rise in flat grey.

Behind all this there is a great dim ash-coloured cloud, rising very high. In this ashy cloud is a great rent showing golden-yellow through it, like the dress of a disguised princess gleaming through a beggar's rags.

Far above this yellow rent is a great opening, showing a pale green sky, and, above this, barred rain-cloud of a dun colour, illumined by soft warm light reverberated from the hidden gold of the sky below.

The water is quite calm for the most part, but about a thousand acres of it are just now slightly rippled by a soft inaudible breeze. Wherever this breeze is breathing, the reflections are of course effaced; in its stead there is a great field of a pale ash-colour reflected from the cloud, except the *edges* of the field under the golden rent in the cloud, which take a narrow border of bright yellow.

But in the middle of these thousand acres of breeze there is one spot, perhaps in reality about a hundred

yards across, which the breeze has not touched at all—it is a little isle of enchanted calm, set in a rippling sea.

There is also a promontory of calm about three hundred yards long, *entering boldly into the midst of the breeze,* yet resting there in charmed peace, for the moving zephyr leaps over it, and leaves it, as if it were protected by some supernatural spell.

What the reason of this phenomenon may be, I leave to men of science. I should be glad to hear of a satisfactory solution, but could scarcely offer one. What becomes of the lost breeze? Does it die, or does it rise? It certainly leaves the water quite untouched. It is, however, enough for me as an artist that *the fact is so.* If I were to paint no facts but such as I could explain, I should not advance far. And these mirrors of perfect calm inlaid in great fields of ripple, are one of the most beautiful of all the phenomena of water, so that I cannot help painting them. It is quite incomprehensible to me that other painters never attempt this effect at all. It occurs, at least, fifty days in every year on all our great lakes.

Of course each square yard of calm surface, however isolated, reflects its own portion of the landscape, just as if all the rest of the lake were calm. I have met with people who could not, for the lives of them, make out how this should be. It is for the same reason, I suppose, which makes one human being sensitive to natural truth, and all the crowd round him quite incapable of receiving it. The isolated human soul receives nature truly, in spite of the opacity of the great multitude that hems him in on every side, but cannot disturb his

guarded calm; the isolated mirror of protected water reflects the land quite faithfully, though the millions of ripples round it look dull and opaque as lead.

I have often gone in my boat on purpose to examine these isolated calms. I have found them sometimes no bigger than the floor of a good dining-room. I have crossed *lines* of calm as narrow as the lobbies in the House of Commons, and apparently quite as well protected against the wind. The fishermen on Loch Fyne, who have observed the phenomenon, account for it by a theory that it is produced by oil rising from fishes. It is certain that the thinnest film of oil will prevent the wind from *rubbing* water into ripple, but this explanation seems to me quite insufficient. I believe the true reason is to be sought in the peculiar movements of light breezes, about which very little is known.

When I put these things in my pictures, many people, I find, will not believe me, as if a painter who had planted himself for five years on an island in Loch Awe for the express purpose of studying the phenomena of water, might not be supposed to know enough of the subject to entitle him to common credence.

IV.

LOCH AWE AFTER SUNSET, SEPT. 23, 1860, LOOKING TO WHERE THE SUN HAD SET.

A line of low hills, with great woods of larch and fir. Behind these, purple heather hills, ridge behind ridge. All the local colour, which is very rich, is subdued and modified by grey.

Above the hills a pale green aquamarine sky gradated

to pale yellow at the horizon. A cumulus rises behind the hill, and the cumulus is warm grey, edged all round with burning but pale gold. Two clouds above lie in level golden lines, full of light.

The water is most of it rippled pretty strongly, and this ripple is all of a cold slaty grey, which seems to bear no relation to the sky, nor to anything else.

But in the midst of this strong ripple there are spaces of an acre or two each, which are *just dulled* by a very faint breeze, which seems independent of the other and stronger breeze that causes the slate-grey ripple.

Now, these little dull calms reflect the *sky* perfectly, and they are so placed that if they were glassy calms they would reflect the dark hills.

These little dull calms reflect, as I said, the *sky*, consequently they are paler than the surrounding slate-grey ripple.

To complete the picture we have a space, which in reality is about a hundred yards by fifty, of *perfect, glassy* calm, unruffled by the lightest breath of air, *yet surrounded entirely by a breeze.*

This streak reflects a portion of the heather hills, and is consequently very dark and very rich in colour. What is very curious about it is the exquisitely beautiful golden edging, quite narrow, that runs nearly round it like a delicate golden binding round a piece of dark brown velvet, only the edging here is softly gradated. This golden edging comes from the bright *clouds.*

Why all this should be I cannot quite positively explain. What makes the very narrow line between a glassy calm and a breeze reflect the intensest colour it

can find in the sky so as to border the dark calm so artistically, is more than I undertake to find reasons for. But I paint this truth without hesitation, because I have seen it.

V.

CRAIGANUNIE AFTER SUNSET, JULY 15, 1858.

The mountain is green-grey, colder and greener towards the summit. All details of field and wood are dimly visible. Two islands nearer me are distinct against the hill, but their foliage seems black, and no details are visible in them.

The sky is all clouded over. From the horizon to the zenith it is one veil of formless vapour.

At the zenith it is of a cold grey-slate colour; but lower down it becomes violet, dashed all over with soft wavy plumes of glowing crimson flame, as if it had really taken fire and were burning underneath like the rafters of a burning hall.

The water is wonderfully elaborate. There is one streak of dead calm, which reflects the green mountain perfectly from edge to edge of it. There is another calm shaped like a great river, which is all green, touched with crimson. Besides these there are delicate half calms, just dulled over with faint breathings of the evening air; these, for the most part, being violet (from the sky), except at a distance, where they take a deep crimson; and there is one piece of crimson calm near me set between a faint violet breeze and a calm of a different violet. There are one or two breezes sufficiently strong to cause ripple, and these rippled spaces take the dull grey slate of the upper sky.

Realise this picture as well as you may be able, and then put in the final touch. Between the dull calms and the glassy calms *there are drawn thin threads of division burning with scarlet fire.*

This fire is of course got from the lower sky. I know whence it comes, but how or why it lies in those thin scarlet threads *there*, where it is most wanted, and not elsewhere, I cannot satisfactorily explain. I offer the following, however, as a solution.

A miniature swell is produced at the edge of the calm water by the neighbouring ripple. This swell consists of low long wavelets, whose surfaces, not being really touched by any wind, retain as perfect a polish as the calm itself. On the summits of these shining little waves the most brilliant light in the lower sky, whatever its colour, is sure to be reflected like a low moon on the sea ripple. Thus these wavelets select the brightest edging of the clouds, and reflect it a million-fold. These millions of reflections, which in reality are spread over a considerable surface of gently undulating water, say five or six yards broad, and some hundreds of yards long, as the case may be, are to the remote spectator massed together in one thin line of intense light and colour between the glassy calm and the surface actually touched by the breeze.

The half calms, or dulled calms, already described, appear to take their colour nearly always from the sky towards the horizon. The strong breezes, on the other hand, take it from the zenith, owing, of course, to the angle of the wavelets. What I call a dulled calm is, I am inclined to believe, a surface of water which has been

visited by a breeze, and rippled, then suddenly abandoned by it. The ripples take a long time to settle away altogether into the glassy calm; in the interval they leave a very low, long swell, which takes, when seen from a distance, the character I call a dull calm. When a very soft breeze is *just beginning* to agitate a surface of glassy calm, it will produce nearly the same effect upon it.

The reader, however, is only bound to rely upon my facts, not my explanations. I never state anything in *paint* without having the fullest authority for it, because paint only *states* facts, and does not pretend to account for them. But when I write and try to find reasons for the phenomena I describe, it is probable that I may often be in error.

VI.

A FINE DAY IN JUNE, 1860.

In perfectly serene weather, with a refreshing breeze, the phenomena produced are extremely simple. The atmosphere in sunny weather is rarely quite clear in damp countries; and a fine day in the Highlands generally produces vapour enough to make the hills very soft and tender in outline. The type of the most enjoyable Highland weather is this. The mountains in their own local colour, not much altered by the effect; green for the most part, and scarred with reddish, or purplish, or grey rocks, all outlines soft and tender and vague, still perfectly well defined, even in their softness. The sky, a very pale lovely blue, delicately gradated; the water, if under a pleasant sailing-breeze, as intensely blue as ultramarine can get it, yet a very deep colour, not to be

got out of ultramarine alone, because there are purplish browns in it produced by the play of the dark brown water with the azure sky-reflections. Lastly, if the wind freshens, all this dark blue will be flecked with snowy crests of breakers.

Highland scenery is never so *lovely* as under this aspect. It has, of course, much more power over the mind when the effects are succeeding each other in their strength. There are effects which are enough to make one weep, and others that fill one with active excitement; but this soft and tender purity of the wandering air, the light music of the waters as they break in tiny waves all round the quiet isles, the velvet texture of all the earth's covering, the pale azure of the cloudless sky, the deep blue of the lonely inland sea, all these things lull us into dreams of another life and world; as if these were the sapphire floors of heaven, and these its isles of rest!

The loveliness of the colouring in such weather is due to the exquisite harmony of three great fields of colour. First, the blue of the sky, tender and pale; then the rich olive-green of the mountains, pale also, yet full in colour; lastly, the deep intense blue of the water.

Nature will sometimes heighten this picture with brilliant white. She will put pure white clouds in the sky, and whiten her dark blue waves with foam. Man does no wrong to her picture when he cleaves those waves under a cloud of white canvass, scarcely less lovely upon the water than Nature's own clouds in the air above.

VII.

AFTER RAIN, JULY 1, 1861—9.30 P.M.

The summits of the Cruachan range are all hidden in mist. The lake is not dead calm, but just subsiding into it. All the breezes have died away.

There is a huge cloud at the base of Cruachan, of a pale bluish grey. It is all quite clearly defined against the dark hill. Its base is about sixty feet above the lake at the lowest point. Its summit rises to a height of sixteen or eighteen hundred feet. It is exactly seven miles long. All its outline is sharp and hard, except towards Kilchurn.

VIII.

CALM AFTER RAIN, MAY 21, 1861—8 P.M.

The sky is blue at the zenith, greenish towards the horizon. Great lake clouds are rising fast, and one peak is perfectly islanded by them. This summit is dark purple, and as hard and definite in outline as it would be possible to draw it. An enormous cloud is engulphing this mountain all round in vast billows of opaque, aluminium-coloured grey.

A mountain on the left has a sort of peruke, more like cotton wool than I ever saw any cloud before; the crown of the hill piercing the peruke as a priest's skull seems to pierce his natural head of hair when he is tonsured. This mountain top, however, is intensely dark and deep in tone.

All the local colouring of the land is uncommonly full and rich, on account of the recent rain. Under the cloud in the far distance the hills run into an azure, quite

like Titian's distances. The whole light is Titianesque in its solemn evening gloom. Titian, however, would not have valued the pearly gray of the cloud at its true worth, it would have been too cold for his feeling. Veronese would have liked it better. Neither would have painted it as it is. I wonder how David Cox would have interpreted it.

IX.

OCTOBER 10, 1859—9 P.M.

At this season, Ben Cruachan is patched with blood-red fields of fern. To-night it is belted with a narrow girdle of white cloud, which is carried in the front of Ben Vorich too, thin and light as a girl's sash. In the corrie, the upper part of the mountain is intensely and darkly blue. The summit is hidden in pale grey rain-cloud. The lake is calm and reflects everything.

X.

OCTOBER 10, 1859—4.30 P.M.

The mountains are all extremely full in colour after rain, and this *autumnal* colour. The distant ones mingle an intense blue with all their purples. Far off, rises one pale grey crest, neither purple nor blue.

On the right, a thick opaque whitish grey cloud lies low in the valley; the mountains rising far above it, clearly and sharply. The cloud looks as heavy as if it had been cut out of white marble.

The hills to the left have, as it were, thin *scarves* of white semi-transparent mist floating in graceful curves about their feet.

There is a great promontory jutting into the lake which receives the full splendour of the setting sun, and is all in one flame of red and gold autumn colour, made intense by late rain, and relieved against the dark mountains behind it which lie in the shadow of Cruachan. This burning promontory is all reflected in the calm lake.

The sunshine catches the side of Ben Vorich. The anatomy of Ben Vorich comes out wonderfully under slanting light, it is so muscular and complex. Its full golden colour in the lights is very fine to-night.

The little group of islands about Fraoch Elan is in full light.

All the details of cloud and mountain are reproduced in the calm lake, but slightly brushed together by an invisible ripple.

The foreground consists of trees with foliage of burning gold.

Over all this splendour the sky is one roof of leaden grey, elaborately carved into a thousand beams of wavy cloud one behind another. In all this vast roof there is only one little narrow opening, and the sky seen through it is of a yellowish grey. Towards the horizon, the cloud itself becomes bluer, and then finally gradates also to a yellowish grey.

XI.

THE BLUE HAZE.

A landscape painter once asked me if I had ever seen the blue haze in Wales. I knew what he meant, and said "Yes;" for it is a very common effect there, but a

very beautiful one and not easily forgotten. It has the advantage of marking the recession of distances better than any other; and, as the colour is extremely lovely, this effect is a great favourite with artists.

It comes on here in the Highlands very often in the afternoon, when the weather is calm. The sky about the sun is generally very warm in tone.

Out of the blue haze all the minor hills on the flank of a great mountain rise sharply one behind another, paler and paler as they recede; with every interval marked with a precision no other effect admits of.

I see no reason why this effect should not be generally intelligible. Mr. Wyld, the painter to whom this work is dedicated, has rendered it often, and with complete success, and buyers appear to like it in his works. It is an effect admirably suited to Mr. Wyld's feeling for tender passages of pale colour, and his general love for softness of outline, which is here essential to truth. It suited Turner, too, who attempted it often, and Claude aimed at it in some of his most delicate distances. But I cannot, at this moment, call to mind any work by either Turner or Claude, nor, indeed, by any other master, which has interpreted this particular effect with such unquestionable success as Wyld's large picture of Conway.

I cannot, at present, refer the reader to any work of my own in which this blue haze is seriously attempted, except a large picture on which I shall be occupied in the autumn of the present year (1862), to be entitled "The Upper Gates of Glen Etive."

XII.

A BIT OF LAKE SHORE.

It rises in three distances, one behind another.

The first consists of woods and fields, till we reach a grey precipice with a velvety green bank on the top of it. This part of the subject is full of various greens and yellows. There are pale greens and dark greens, bluish greens and yellowish greens. In this lie golden fields of corn, and other fields where the gold and the green contend together. These different greens and golds, though they gleam as if they were strewn all over with emeralds and nuggets, would be worth little, comparatively, if there were not that great curtain of hill just behind it, a curtain of deep purple heather, more intense, more precious, and more lovely, than the purple of a king's mantle.

Behind it rises the third ridge, much paler, yet still richly purple, only streaked and variegated with greens and greys.

I am speaking quite soberly when I say that, if all the velvet weavers of Lyons, and all the goldsmiths in London, were set to clothe a model hill with velvet and jewels, they could never match the glory of this wild Highland shore.

In this miserable art of word-painting, when we would convey an idea of depth and softness of lustreless colour, we talk of velvet, when of brilliant colour, we talk of gems. Less than a month ago I held in my hand the purple velvet mantle of a crowned king, good velvet enough, good as ever came from the looms of Lyons.

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behold! on the high and dazzling brow of Ben Cruachan, a cloud has wreathed itself suddenly, like a white turban; and, as I look, I hardly know which is the whiter, the mountain or the mist.

XV.

LOCH AWE ON AN EVENING IN MARCH.

The shores and islands are all covered with snow, yet thinly, so as to let the dark moorland appear through it in a thousand fantastic streaks. The sky is like lead, the lake of a dull monotonous grey; and the cold wind comes across it from the northern mountains in fitful, melancholy gusts. The island I live upon is the foreground of the picture; it is covered thinly with snow, and dotted with heaps of dead fern. The stunted oaks look sad and grey. Ben Cruachan rises in the north, pale against the leaden sky, covered, from head to foot, with half-melted snow, arrested in its thawing by the night cold.

The shades deepen, the hills and islands grow stranger and stranger. They are truly ghastly now, like corpses of hills laid out in solemn state around a desolate mere. Has my island floated away into the northern sea; and are these the hills of the dark ice-world?

It is a landscape to make one weep for mere mournfulness, so lonely and sad it is, so utterly chilling and cheerless.

XVI.

A CLACHAN.

A genuine Highland clachan (hamlet) is one of the most picturesque things in the world, especially just after

rain, when the colour comes out. The houses, as everybody knows, of one story only, are built of great rough stones, and thatched in a rude way with rushes. Considered as artificial things, they do no honour to their artificers, for all their beauty is due to nature, and to the poverty of the builders, who were not rich enough to contend with nature. Whenever Highlanders are well off they cease to build picturesquely altogether, the inns, and farm-houses, and kirks, being uniformly square and hideous, whilst the castles of the nobility are usually, if of recent date, devoid of all interest, except as enduring examples of the lowest bathos of the "Gothic" renaissance. If the Highlanders could build churches and castles as grandly as they build poor men's huts, their country would be as great in architecture as it is in scenery.

The poor men's huts have the sublimity of rocks and hillocks. The colouring of the walls is so exquisite that it would take a noble colourist to imitate it at all. Gold of lichen, rose of granite, green of moss, make the rude stones of the poor man's house glorious with such colour as no palace in all England rivals. And, as if it were especially intended by nature that full justice should be done to her fair colouring by the most desirable foil and contrast, she has given the Highlanders peat, which they build into stacks close to their habitations, and whose intense depth of mingled purples and browns makes their walls gleam like jewellery. And when some cottage in the clachan lies empty and deserted, and the woodwork of the roof rises, a grim skeleton, above the abandoned walls, blacker than black, yet full of deep

purples in its blackness, arrangements of colour become possible to the painter such as the strongest colourists desire.

And all the adjuncts are so perfect. The landscape about a clachan is nearly always lovely. There is sure to be a grey precipice or purple hill within sight, or a rocky stream, or, at any rate, a picturesque group of trees. Then the people who live in it are so picturesque. I have never in my life seen finer figure-subjects than some noble groups of strong, hardy children, playing about the doors of the huts, and clad in all manner of admirable rags. And the very cows are clothed in lovelier fur than any other cows. Nothing in animal life is grander than a little Highland bull, black as coal, and majestic as a king, marching heavily, with a strong sense of his own personal dignity and might. No wonder Rosa Bonheur likes the Highland cattle. It is enough to drive a painter half crazy with delight to see the sunshine in their fur! Then what *variety* of colour there is in them. You have them of all colours—black, cream, tawny, red, and brown, grouping with each other exactly as if they were artistic cows composing grand living pictures for our especial pleasure.

Nor is any painter likely to forget the sheep with their twisted horns, that the travelling tinker will make spoons of some day for the cottagers' wives. And, now and then, he will find a goat, or even a young roe-fawn from the mountains, as I have seen cherished and petted by children as lovely and graceful and active as itself.

These things shall you see about the cottages of our poor peasantry; these, and commonly also a little field

of corn, all green and gold in its partial ripening, and laid, perhaps, by thoughtless gales. There will be a little kail-yard too, that is, a miniature garden for cabbages, and a plot for potatoes.

And out of these little huts there come as fine women as eyes can behold. Mighty and robust is the typical Highland beauty. Her eyes are brown, like the pool of a stream in the heather; her cheeks are full and florid as red apples; her hair is of deepest brown or black. Strong arms has she for labour, stout legs for travel, full breasts to feed her babes. Her structure is more for use than grace; her feet are large, her ankles thick, yet she is a glorious creature.

XVII.

A LAKE STORM, OCTOBER, 1860.

The wind is tearing the trees up by the roots. There are breakers in front of my house as large as those on the sea-shore in a fresh breeze. I think the waves out on the loch are about five feet high, measuring from the bottom of the hollows to the crests, but I doubt if they are higher, though when you are amongst them they look so.

I tried to get my *Britannia* (double tubular life-boat) out in it, but found it impossible for Thursday and me to make way against the wind, which was perfectly furious. We could not have pulled out of the bay to save our lives. I had the boat broadside on for some time, and she bore it well. I was as comfortable as if I had been in the house.

The shores of the lake are all dim monotonous grey.

The water looks fearfully black at times, all flecked with white yeast, that flies from crest to crest when caught in the air. Terrible rain squalls cover the lake from shore to shore with a sharp line of ghastly grey, that advances in all its breadth over the great black cauldron of waters as fast as charging cavalry.

The hills are streaked with white streams; there is a torrent in every ravine. The distant roar of a thousand waterfalls mingles with the loud noises of the wind and waves.

XVIII.

A CALM DAY, MARCH 29, 1859.

We have had several weeks of continual storms. They have come from the Atlantic, like the march of an infinite army. It seemed as if they would never end, never have passed over us.

The last of their tumultuous host is gone. A morning has dawned at last, the Sabbath of the winds and waves.

The lake lies stilled in sleep, reflecting every isle and every tree along the shore, its bright plain dimmed here and there by faint breezes, that remain each in its place with singular constancy, as if invisible angels hovered over the waters and breathed upon them here and there. And under the great mountain what a dark unfathomable calm! What utter repose and peace! It is incredible that ever wind blew there, and though but yesterday this shining liquid plain was covered with ten thousand crested waves, and countless squalls struck it all over like swooping eagles flying from every quarter of the heavens, it lies so calmly to-day in its deep bed, that one

cannot help believing, in spite of all evidence, that thus it has been from the foundation of the world, and thus it shall be for ever and for ever!

The hills are clothed with purple, slashed with green. The sky is not cloudless, but the clouds move so languidly that their slowness of movement is more expressive of indolence than the uttermost stony stillness. Like great ships on a rippling sea, with all their white sails spread, they float imperceptibly westwards, as though they had eternity to voyage in. And just under them, in blinding light, behold the shining crests of snow!

XIX.

A STREAM IN ACTION.

If the reader happens to possess "The Isles of Loch Awe," he will find a vignette entitled the "Bridge of Cladich." Its subject is a single picturesque arch thrown high over a rocky stream, with waterfalls.

The stream, as I said, is rocky, and the rocks are very bold and high. Yet sometimes the volume of water is so tremendous as to hide every rock in it, even that great central mass under the bridge in the vignette.

On such occasions it is worth while to stand upon the bridge and look over. The water is very wild and very fierce, and very strong, yet not lawless, for it follows certain forms with wonderful fidelity. The rocks under it dictate the form of its flowing, and the water steadily obeys. Yet there appear to be little periodical pulsations and variations from the law caused by subtle minor laws. Thus, I perceive that a certain jet of spray is thrown up every quarter of a minute or so, at a particular spot, as

regularly as the action of a steam engine, and at certain stateable intervals a wave on the shore rises three inches higher, then subsides to its old level. The end of an alder bough is dipped in the current and thrown out by the force of the water; but the spring of the wood forces it back again, and the contention of the two produces an alternate movement, as regular as that of a pendulum.

In spite of the rapidity of this torrent's flowing, there are parts of it nearly at rest, except their own ceaseless circling in deep holes at the side. There are great lumps of thick yellow yeast in these places, whirling round and round.

The colouring of the water is full of fine browns and yellows, good tawny rich colouring with creamy white at one end of the scale and something like fire-opal at the other.

Anything like realization of water in such furious action is perhaps impossible; but I see no reason to despair of a fair interpretation of its principal forms and hues, *under a gloomy sky*. The moment the sun comes out on white water we are checkmated, of course, because we have nothing in the colour-box bright enough to match it.

The enormous force of a stream like this in full action may be best illustrated by an anecdote.

Not long ago I was rowing home from Port Sonachan at midnight, in a little open punt. The night was intensely dark and very wet. I kept near the shore, and was very much astonished to find myself suddenly in white water, for there was just light enough to distinguish white foam from the black lake. Once in this white

water I was caught and tossed and driven about like a cork, but luckily escaped being capsized, and rowed with all my might till I got safely out of it. It was the river Cladich, which happened to be in flood, and came out far into lake before its force was spent.

XX.

A STREAM AT REST.

Brown pools, very deep, very smooth, and very quiet; pale golden-yellow at the shallow side, where not an inch of water covers the smooth pebbles, then darkening as the water deepens through all the shades of gold and brown to something darker and more terrible than mere blackness. Out of this, and all round it, rise grey rocks almost white now in the dazzling weather. A thin trickling thread of water still creeps on from pool to pool, its low music is the only sound I hear except the hum of the wild bee's wings, as he flies down the summer stream between its banks of flowers.

I had decided to limit myself to twenty sketches when I began this chapter, and I will give no more, as I know very well they are very tiresome to read. But I stop short only out of consideration for the reader. I could easily fill a volume as large as this with such studies of Highland landscape, and a whole volume of them would be needed to give any idea of its immense range and variety. In this chapter I have only just been able to touch upon the subject slightly. I have not even analysed the most ordinary effects of rain, but these have been often painted, and the public is familiar with them. I

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A genuine Highland clachan (hamlet) is one of the most picturesque things in the world, especially just after

rain, when the colour comes out. The houses, as everybody knows, of one story only, are built of great rough stones, and thatched in a rude way with rushes. Considered as artificial things, they do no honour to their artificers, for all their beauty is due to nature, and to the poverty of the builders, who were not rich enough to contend with nature. Whenever Highlanders are well off they cease to build picturesquely altogether, the inns, and farm-houses, and kirks, being uniformly square and hideous, whilst the castles of the nobility are usually, if of recent date, devoid of all interest, except as enduring examples of the lowest bathos of the "Gothic" renaissance. If the Highlanders could build churches and castles as grandly as they build poor men's huts, their country would be as great in architecture as it is in scenery.

The poor men's huts have the sublimity of rocks and hillocks. The colouring of the walls is so exquisite that it would take a noble colourist to imitate it at all. Gold of lichen, rose of granite, green of moss, make the rude stones of the poor man's house glorious with such colour as no palace in all England rivals. And, as if it were especially intended by nature that full justice should be done to her fair colouring by the most desirable foil and contrast, she has given the Highlanders peat, which they build into stacks close to their habitations, and whose intense depth of mingled purples and browns makes their walls gleam like jewellery. And when some cottage in the clachan lies empty and deserted, and the woodwork of the roof rises, a grim skeleton, above the abandoned walls, blacker than black, yet full of deep

purples in its blackness, arrangements of colour become possible to the painter such as the strongest colourists desire.

And all the adjuncts are so perfect. The landscape about a clachan is nearly always lovely. There is sure to be a grey precipice or purple hill within sight, or a rocky stream, or, at any rate, a picturesque group of trees. Then the people who live in it are so picturesque. I have never in my life seen finer figure-subjects than some noble groups of strong, hardy children, playing about the doors of the huts, and clad in all manner of admirable rags. And the very cows are clothed in lovelier fur than any other cows. Nothing in animal life is grander than a little Highland bull, black as coal, and majestic as a king, marching heavily, with a strong sense of his own personal dignity and might. No wonder Rosa Bonheur likes the Highland cattle. It is enough to drive a painter half crazy with delight to see the sunshine in their fur! Then what *variety* of colour there is in them. You have them of all colours—black, cream, tawny, red, and brown, grouping with each other exactly as if they were artistic cows composing grand living pictures for our especial pleasure.

Nor is any painter likely to forget the sheep with their twisted horns, that the travelling tinker will make spoons of some day for the cottagers' wives. And, now and then, he will find a goat, or even a young roe-fawn from the mountains, as I have seen cherished and petted by children as lovely and graceful and active as itself.

These things shall you see about the cottages of our poor peasantry; these, and commonly also a little field

of corn, all green and gold in its partial ripening, and laid, perhaps, by thoughtless gales. There will be a little kail-yard too, that is, a miniature garden for cabbages, and a plot for potatoes.

And out of these little huts there come as fine women as eyes can behold. Mighty and robust is the typical Highland beauty. Her eyes are brown, like the pool of a stream in the heather; her cheeks are full and florid as red apples; her hair is of deepest brown or black. Strong arms has she for labour, stout legs for travel, full breasts to feed her babes. Her structure is more for use than grace; her feet are large, her ankles thick, yet she is a glorious creature.

XVII.

A LAKE STORM, OCTOBER, 1860.

The wind is tearing the trees up by the roots. There are breakers in front of my house as large as those on the sea-shore in a fresh breeze. I think the waves out on the loch are about five feet high, measuring from the bottom of the hollows to the crests, but I doubt if they are higher, though when you are amongst them they look so.

I tried to get my *Britannia* (double tubular life-boat) out in it, but found it impossible for Thursday and me to make way against the wind, which was perfectly furious. We could not have pulled out of the bay to save our lives. I had the boat broadside on for some time, and she bore it well. I was as comfortable as if I had been in the house.

The shores of the lake are all dim monotonous grey.

The water looks fearfully black at times, all flecked with white yeast, that flies from crest to crest when caught in the air. Terrible rain squalls cover the lake from shore to shore with a sharp line of ghastly grey, that advances in all its breadth over the great black cauldron of waters as fast as charging cavalry.

The hills are streaked with white streams; there is a torrent in every ravine. The distant roar of a thousand waterfalls mingles with the loud noises of the wind and waves.

XVIII.

A CALM DAY, MARCH 29, 1859.

We have had several weeks of continual storms. They have come from the Atlantic, like the march of an infinite army. It seemed as if they would never end, never have passed over us.

The last of their tumultuous host is gone. A morning has dawned at last, the Sabbath of the winds and waves.

The lake lies stilled in sleep, reflecting every isle and every tree along the shore, its bright plain dimmed here and there by faint breezes, that remain each in its place with singular constancy, as if invisible angels hovered over the waters and breathed upon them here and there. And under the great mountain what a dark unfathomable calm! What utter repose and peace! It is incredible that ever wind blew there, and though but yesterday this shining liquid plain was covered with ten thousand crested waves, and countless squalls struck it all over like swooping eagles flying from every quarter of the heavens, it lies so calmly to-day in its deep bed, that one

cannot help believing, in spite of all evidence, that thus it has been from the foundation of the world, and thus it shall be for ever and for ever!

The hills are clothed with purple, slashed with green. The sky is not cloudless, but the clouds move so languidly that their slowness of movement is more expressive of indolence than the uttermost stony stillness. Like great ships on a rippling sea, with all their white sails spread, they float imperceptibly westwards, as though they had eternity to voyage in. And just under them, in blinding light, behold the shining crests of snow!

XIX.

A STREAM IN ACTION.

If the reader happens to possess "The Isles of Loch Awe," he will find a vignette entitled the "Bridge of Cladich." Its subject is a single picturesque arch thrown high over a rocky stream, with waterfalls.

The stream, as I said, is rocky, and the rocks are very bold and high. Yet sometimes the volume of water is so tremendous as to hide every rock in it, even that great central mass under the bridge in the vignette.

On such occasions it is worth while to stand upon the bridge and look over. The water is very wild and very fierce, and very strong, yet not lawless, for it follows certain forms with wonderful fidelity. The rocks under it dictate the form of its flowing, and the water steadily obeys. Yet there appear to be little periodical pulsations and variations from the law caused by subtle minor laws. Thus, I perceive that a certain jet of spray is thrown up every quarter of a minute or so, at a particular spot, as

regularly as the action of a steam engine, and at certain stateable intervals a wave on the shore rises three inches higher, then subsides to its old level. The end of an alder bough is dipped in the current and thrown out by the force of the water; but the spring of the wood forces it back again, and the contention of the two produces an alternate movement, as regular as that of a pendulum.

In spite of the rapidity of this torrent's flowing, there are parts of it nearly at rest, except their own ceaseless circling in deep holes at the side. There are great lumps of thick yellow yeast in these places, whirling round and round.

The colouring of the water is full of fine browns and yellows, good tawny rich colouring with creamy white at one end of the scale and something like fire-opal at the other.

Anything like realization of water in such furious action is perhaps impossible; but I see no reason to despair of a fair interpretation of its principal forms and hues, *under a gloomy sky*. The moment the sun comes out on white water we are checkmated, of course, because we have nothing in the colour-box bright enough to match it.

The enormous force of a stream like this in full action may be best illustrated by an anecdote.

Not long ago I was rowing home from Port Sonachan at midnight, in a little open punt. The night was intensely dark and very wet. I kept near the shore, and was very much astonished to find myself suddenly in white water, for there was just light enough to distinguish white foam from the black lake. Once in this white

water I was caught and tossed and driven about like a cork, but luckily escaped being capsized, and rowed with all my might till I got safely out of it. It was the river Cladich, which happened to be in flood, and came out far into lake before its force was spent.

XX.

A STREAM AT REST.

Brown pools, very deep, very smooth, and very quiet; pale golden-yellow at the shallow side, where not an inch of water covers the smooth pebbles, then darkening as the water deepens through all the shades of gold and brown to something darker and more terrible than mere blackness. Out of this, and all round it, rise grey rocks almost white now in the dazzling weather. A thin trickling thread of water still creeps on from pool to pool, its low music is the only sound I hear except the hum of the wild bee's wings, as he flies down the summer stream between its banks of flowers.

I had decided to limit myself to twenty sketches when I began this chapter, and I will give no more, as I know very well they are very tiresome to read. But I stop short only out of consideration for the reader. I could easily fill a volume as large as this with such studies of Highland landscape, and a whole volume of them would be needed to give any idea of its immense range and variety. In this chapter I have only just been able to touch upon the subject slightly. I have not even analysed the most ordinary effects of rain, but these have been often painted, and the public is familiar with them. I

have not mentioned a castle, because descriptions of one or two of them occur in other parts of the work, and for the same reason I have said nothing about moonlight.

It would have been well to mention a fine chord of colour, found perhaps oftener in the Highlands than anywhere else.

In the twilight, after sunset, before the greens of the lower hills have lost any of their intensity, you will constantly find, after rain, a picture arranged thus.

Upper Sky—Filled with *grey* rain-clouds.

Lower Sky—A band of *deep golden yellow* near the horizon.

Upper Hills—*Intense purple* (against gold in the sky).

Lower Hills—*Deep greens* (against purple of upper hills).

Water—All *grey*, with ripple.

This chord of gold, purple, and green, enclosed between two cold greys, is always magnificent, and the lowness of the light makes it available for a painter's use.

How far the Highlands may be generally useful to our landscape-painters as a school of study, and what effect the country is likely to have on them if they study in it long, remain to be considered.

It is unfavourable to the severe study of *form*. The forms are as beautiful as need be; but it is difficult to get a fair opportunity of drawing a mountain delicately from head to foot, in such a cloudy climate as this, unless one lives here, as I have done.

Then it needs such cumbrous defences against the weather. It is unnecessary to explain this here, because it has been explained already in this volume.

I confess that I would not now, after five years' experience of the country, come here for the hard, scientific study of mountain anatomy, though I hope often to revisit the country to refresh my recollection of it.

But for the discipline of steady work from nature I shall henceforth keep to the drier climates of the continent.

This in common prudence. Hard drawing of mountain form is very difficult in continual mist and rain, and a week of such work in a bad climate carries you no farther than two days' work in a good one, whilst it fatigues you more, and is incomparably more unpleasant.

This country is a wonderfully great and noble school for landscape *effect.* Two or three years' residence in it for the express purpose of studying effect would be desirable for any landscape painter with memory enough to paint effects. He ought, during his residence here, to paint very rapidly, say about one small picture a week, for the purpose of rendering as many effects as possible in the time. I have lost a great deal of valuable time here in trying too obstinately after accuracy in *form.* A prudent artist would study form thoroughly in France, and then come to the Highlands to acquire a knowledge of effect, accepting such form as he could easily come by, but taking no trouble about it.

Local colour is here less easily studied than in less changeable climates, because it is nearly always altered and interfered with by transient effects.

Transient colour here is to be had in the utmost conceivable splendour and power.

The scenery here is full of magnificent natural com-

position, but that is not at all like the common composition *patterns*, and is so unconventional as to be disliked by shallow artists. It is a good country wherein to study nature's art of composition.

But I doubt whether it is prudent even for the strongest men to work much from nature in this climate without the protection of a tent, and even then the dampness of the ground may bring on rheumatism.

All these considerations drive painters inevitably to make hasty memoranda when they come here, rather than careful studies. The swift and apparently rude execution of Cox was, I have no doubt, brought about by similar influences in Wales. Hence it is wiser in pre-Raphaelite painters to select those continental climates where simple sunshine is the ordinary weather, and the grand effects are rare.

For artists, on the other hand, who are strong enough to work entirely on the Turnerian system, and for whom a hasty sketch is all that is necessary, the Highlands offer as noble a field as could possibly be desired. It does not in the least matter to them that the weather makes the accurate portraiture of mountains difficult, because they do not attempt portraiture. The form of a hill or a castle is to them of just the same importance as the form of a cloud—no more, and as they walk or drive through the country an occasional rest for half an hour by the way is all they need for sketching.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE DOUBLE STAR.

THE merits and defects of the *Britannia* gave me a few ascertained facts to serve as data for the construction of a new tubular boat which I called the *Double Star*. The merits and defects of the *Double Star* may in like manner be of use to some future constructor, and that is the reason why I record them here.

The merits and defects of the *Britannia* may be truly catalogued thus.

Good Qualities.

That with a burden proportioned to her carrying power, no sea, however stormy, could sink her.

That she needed no ballast.

That she never required baling, however fast the waves flowed over her.

Consequently that she never could become water-logged.

Faults.

Want of sufficient buoyancy in the tubes, so that a strong gust of wind would temporarily submerge the lee tube.

Construction as two tubes instead of two half-tubes, so that the space for the water being narrower at the mid-ship section than at the cutwater, the water became

confined, and, as the boat gained speed, rose in a wave between the tubes, thus operating as a powerful retarding cause.

Uncertainty in coming round in beating to windward so that she often required to be helped with an oar.

In the construction of the *Double Star*, I took care to have the channel between the tubes as free as possible by having straight walls on each side from end to end and not only that, but I made the space slightly narrower at the bows than at the stern, there being about an inch of difference, so that water which entered at the bow in the form of a wave might be able to subside a little in passing towards the stern. The length of the boat being thirty feet, I constructed these side walls of planks thirty feet long, laid on their edges, and fastened to bulkheads of very great strength, of which there were four in each tube. These bulkheads afforded the basis of the whole structure, the top and bottom of each tube being also fastened to them. The top and bottom of each tube, as well as the inner side, were perfectly flat but the outer side followed the exquisite curve of Mr Scott Russell's wave line, of which he was kind enough to give me the mathematical problem, and which I drew out on the scale of the boat itself, the drawing when completed being ten yards long.

The beams which bound the tubes together were four in number, and were fastened firmly to the eight bulkheads which had been intentionally placed in the tubes in the exact places where the beams would rest on the tubes. By this means I gained great strength, and I doub

whether it would be possible to construct a stronger double boat of the same size with the same amount of material.

Here are a few of the dimensions :—

Length of tubes	30 ft.	0 in.
Greatest breadth of each tube .	3 ft.	0 in.
Depth of tubes at bow	4 ft.	0 in.
Depth at midship and stern . .	3 ft.	0 in.
Space between tubes at bow . .	4 ft.	0 in.
Space between tubes at stern . .	4 ft.	1 in.

The decks were in open boarding with spaces between the boards to let the water pass in case of shipping a sea.

The bulkheads divided the tubes into ten watertight compartments, five to each tube. A hole to receive a pump was provided for each compartment; but, of course, kept habitually plugged, so that no water could enter into the tubes.

The boat was rigged with two masts, and carried two lugsails and a jib. The lugsails, however, were not of that awkward kind which it is necessary to lower every time you tack. Such sails as mine are as easy to work as those of a schooner, whilst the hoisting is simpler, and is done all at once with a single winch.

Between the two tubes, and fastened firmly to one of the cross beams by a hinge of great strength, hung a centre board nine feet deep, and three feet three inches broad at the bottom.

And here it is necessary to explain the uses of the centre-board in general, and its peculiar advantages as an adjunct to the double boat.

In order that a vessel may sail against the wind, it i necessary that her form should be so contrived as tha she may be very easy to propel forwards, and ver difficult to push sidewise in the water.

But in a vessel which draws very little water, there i not depth enough in her own structure to give her th needful strength of lateral resistance; and the con sequence is, that unless the builder can discover som means of gaining it artificially his vessel will never bea to windward at all; but be wrecked on a lee shore th first time she meets with a contrary wind.

To enable such vessels therefore to beat well to wind ward whilst still retaining their shallow draught of wate which on account of their peculiar work in the world may be to them a quality too valuable to be lightly sacri ficed, the necessary lateral resistance may be obtained by plunging a great board in the water attached to the vessel, the edge of which board shall cut the water in the line of the vessel's course, whilst its side holds on the water laterally, and prevents the vessel from slipping away to leeward.

These boards are sometimes put over the side of the vessel in the Dutch manner, or lowered through a slit in the keel in the American and French manner. When over the side of the vessel, they require to be attended to every time you tack; and, when lowered through the keel, they usually offer the very serious disadvantage of striking against sunken rocks or shoals, and giving, at least, a very violent shock, if not serious injury, to the whole fabric of the vessel.

Now it is the peculiar privilege of double boats that

they can carry centre-boards without the slightest danger or inconvenience, either to the fabric of the boat itself or to the persons embarked upon it. It is a fact, true especially of double boats, that in them a centre-board may be so arranged as that when it strikes a rock or shoal the shock communicated to the fabric of the vessel shall scarcely be sufficient to jerk a drop of wine out of a wine-glass, whilst the centre-board itself shall not receive the slightest injury, nor be in any way incapacitated for its peculiar function, which it shall resume as soon as ever the rock or shoal is passed, without requiring the least attention on the part of any one on board.

In the *Double Star*, the centre-board swings in its powerful hinge in a line with the keels; and when it strikes a rock not near enough to the surface to catch the tubes, the consequence is, that the centre-board rises over the rock and falls down again into deep water when the rock is passed. When lifted temporarily by the rock, the centre-board rises between the tubes as the blade of a closed razor lies between the two sides of its ivory haft.

No one who has seen the power of a centre-board can doubt its value. Nobody who has worked one in combination with double tubes can fail to perceive that in spite of obvious defects, due simply to the inexperience which always attends experiments in a new direction, the difficulty of making a small boat perfectly safe under sail in stormy weather is at last overcome.

There is another reason why tubular boats are peculiarly adapted for centre-boards. It is their unrivalled

stability. It is well known that the beam of an ordinary boat must be very much increased, if she is to carry a deep centreboard, which fixes, as it were, the foot of the vessel in the water, preventing her from gliding to leeward, and so *trips her up*. Take the homely illustration of an old woman in a high wind. So long as she can give way by going to leeward, she can, at least, remain on her legs; but, if her feet were tied, she would inevitably fall. It is thus that the less leeway a boat makes the greater stability she needs. And, therefore, when a sailing boat is crank, the leeway that she makes is often the only thing that saves her from capsizing; drop a great centreboard through her into the water and she would go over instantly. Now the distinguishing feature of the double boats being their unequalled stability, they, of all boats in the world, are the best fitted for centreboards.

Many attempts have been made to abandon the true principle of the centreboard, by adopting long ones instead of deep ones. This change sacrifices two important qualities of the centreboard; its utility as a pivot, and its power as a lever. As it descends in the water it gains enormously in power; not only because water a few feet down is less agitated than at the surface, and so affords a firmer hold; but because the board acts as a lever, so that a small area of it deeply submerged is more efficacious than a larger one nearer the surface.

In the *Double Star* it was my intention to place a centreboard under each mast, but I resolved to try her first without centreboard at all, and afterwards with one centreboard under the mainmast.

Without centreboard, I found that when pretty well laden with tents, boxes, &c. the boat would still keep off a lee shore, though she beat badly to windward.

When quite light, however, having of herself no hold on the water, she fell away to leeward.

All this time she came round perfectly and especially well in light breezes, so that I considered her sailing a great success, feeling sure that I could at any time give her a great hold on the water with the centreboard.

The way in which she came round every time we tacked was uncommonly pleasant, an even swinging motion without haste, but without hesitation or pause, carrying her fairly round till the sails filled again on the other tack.

But when I added the main centreboard, the one under the mainmast, I spoiled her tacking by preventing the stern from swinging round on the water, and by giving an enormous leverage to the long portion of hull before the centreboard. This did not trouble me very much, for I felt convinced that when I completed her by adding the other centreboard, the old tacking qualities would come back to her again, whilst she would beat infinitely faster to windward.

In the autumn of 1861, my attention was required for other matters, and it so happens, from the difficulty of getting such work done at Loch Awe, that the second centreboard is not yet fixed. It then became necessary for me to live in a drier climate, and I left the island in November to choose a house in France.

I keep the *Double Star* still at Innistrynich, and what I shall do with her depends entirely on circumstances.

I cannot make up my mind to sever altogether my connection with Loch Awe, for which I feel quite a personal attachment, and therefore it may still be desirable for me to have a good boat there. On the other hand, I have a great project for a thorough illustration of all the navigable French rivers, so that the *Double Star* is perhaps destined to make long river voyages, for which her light draught of water peculiarly adapts her.

With regard to the question of buoyancy, the lee tube has *never* been submerged. It would be impossible to submerge it with any reasonable burden on board. What would happen in case of carrying full sail in a hurricane would probably be this, *the sails would be torn away in ribands* like those of the *Great Eastern* in the storm. Or if strong enough, they would lift the windward tube fairly out of the water, but never submerge the leeward one.

As yet, with the one small centreboard only, the *Double Star* beats to windward too slowly. Having little draught of water, and relying entirely on her centreboards for beating to windward *at all*, she requires a greater surface of centreboard in proportion to her length than a yacht whose hull, of itself, offers considerable resistance to the water.

The objection so often made to double boats that they are *wet*, does not apply to the *Double Star*. I have been out with her in winds of considerable strength, and in every case when she shipped a sea the water slipped through the open-lattice work of the fore part of the deck without once reaching us. In an ordinary boat, if *open*, such seas all require to be baled out again, and if

decked they wash the whole deck. The fact is, that on account of the open deck, over which no water can flow, a double boat may be made extremely dry. The *Britannia* was not, because her deck was too near the water and not open enough; the spaces between the boards for the passage of the water being too narrow and too few. On raising the deck of the *Britannia* six inches and boring it with holes, she became, however, very dry in any weather.*

My first long sail on the *Double Star* began in the dark. A strong east wind happened to be blowing, a rare wind at Loch Awe, and favourable for boats going from Innistrynich to Feord, at the other extremity of the lake. This wind rose suddenly after sunset and tempted me. By the time the tents and provisions were all on board, it was dark—all the darker for a canopy of black cloud that covered the sky. When we got fairly into the middle of the lake, the wind grew stronger and stronger, and away we went before it with both sails out like wings, at the rate of ten miles an hour, with a track of white foam just visible behind us on the infinite black water.

It was easy to know, by the motion of the boat, that the waves were rising high. But she bore it very well, neither rushing under as I had half feared she would (for wave-line boats have their beam nearer the stern than the bow, and little buoyancy forward), nor submerging either tube.

* The additional weight which these improvements caused, and the raising of the centre of gravity of the whole mass consequent on the elevation of the deck, injured the sailing qualities of the *Britannia*, and the lee tube, formerly tolerably buoyant, became insufficient to support the pressure of the most ordinary squall. The moral of this is, that *buoyancy* is the first essential of tubular boats.

My crew was not numerous, and half of it quite inexperienced. Thursday I could trust very well; but John, my stable boy, was more accustomed to horses than boats, and needed a little practical training.

The moon rose gloriously after we had sailed seven miles, and her light danced on the unquiet waters. As the wind became unsteady and seemed likely to drop down altogether, I determined to cast anchor in a little bay not far from Ardhonnel.

Having lowered the sails, we stretched a tent over the principal deck and lighted a stove near the stern. The warm charcoal fire was pleasant, for the night had become chilly, and I turned in with the full expectation of a refreshing sleep. As I was dozing away in a half-dream, with my ear close to the deck, a strange rattling sound roused me. It seemed quite close to where I lay, but there was nothing on the boat to rattle like that. It was the anchor dragging on the rocky bottom a hundred feet below, and the noise of it was conducted to us by the iron chain so perfectly and so distinctly, that it seemed like a tumbling of stones on the deck itself.

I waited till this should cease. But it did not cease except during short intervals. And the boat came nearer and nearer to the rocky shore. So we set sail again in the first grey dawn, and a chilly, sad, lonely, dreamy, delightful sail we had of it till the sun rose and found us far beyond Ardhonnel, creeping along on calm water under all our sails.

There is no pleasure in life sweeter to me than a boat voyage all through the night on a great lonely lake. It would be no pleasure at all in a steamer. I enjoy the

calm, and even the very uncertainty of a sailing boat: I like its lively sympathy with the lightest breezes, its gentle response of motion to their gentle impulses; its rushing speed when the strong winds rouse it; yes, and even its indolent motionless floating on the tranquil calm of the sleeping deeps. A steamer has no such sympathy with Nature; its proud indifference is very grand in its way, like the resolution of a strong man, who, in spite of adverse circumstances, marches steadily and straight to his object; but the difference is, that a sailing boat keeps one alive to Nature, whilst a steamer severs one from her. The one is a tie between us and the wandering winds, and the other, an iron wall of isolation, shutting us out from their sweet influences, and imprisoning us in a black fortress of mechanical pride, and business-like but uninteresting exactness.

It is thus that amongst the pleasantest hours of my life I recall most readily and retain most vividly certain hours of sweetest calm and rest when my boat lay all idle on the wearied waters, her sails hanging loosely from the yards like curtains in a quiet room, and her dark hull reflected in the shining inland sea.

That morning I remember especially. About half an hour after the sun had risen another sun shone out in the heavens. It was a magnificent parhelion. The twin suns were almost equally dazzling, though the false one was only an intensely illuminated spot in the vapours of the sky.

Then gradually rose a soft east wind, and we glided on for several miles with the most delightful motion, hearing no sound but the faint murmurs of the lonely

shores, and the liquid rippling of the water as it closed again round the stern. At last we anchored near the end of the lake in a great quiet bay, and then the faint breeze fell utterly, and after we had cast anchor, its friendly service rendered, left the lake to its shining silver calm, and deep sun-lighted peace.

Then when the *Double Star* lay still as a little island in the middle of the broad smooth bay, Thursday lighted the fire, and made me a good breakfast, and I smoked a tranquil pipe after it, reclining lazily in the sun, and then we all three slept for a couple of hours (the reader will excuse these idle ways if he remembers that we had not slept during the night) and then I set to work on the boat's deck, and got a careful form study of that end of the lake.

Whilst I was busy with the study, Thursday and John took the punt, and made an exploratory excursion on the opposite shore; and when the study was finished, I landed in the punt, and had an infinitely delightful ramble through the woods and by the streams.

Then the breeze rose again, but this time favourably for our return, and as I did not wish to lose it, and was not provided for a long stay so far from home, I set sail and left the bay.

Having as yet no centreboard, I had no particular wish to beat much to windward, especially in the night. The only beating to windward I had to do was near Ardhonnel, where we found ourselves on a lee shore, and afterwards near Ballymenach, where in the same way, from a change in the direction of the wind, we suddenly found ourselves obliged to get out of the bay against it.

Happily, the weight of the things on board enabled us to accomplish this without centreboard.

I arrived at home in time for dinner in the evening, and just before reaching the bay of Innistrynich, in spite of the dark colour of the water, saw a sunken rock within eighteen inches of the surface, and about six feet before the bow of the boat. There was no time to turn aside, and over it we went. As our speed was considerable, the boat would have been seriously injured with a deeper draught of water.

For service on rocky coasts and where shoals have to be crossed, or on rocky lakes or rivers, it still seems to me that a double boat ought to have a very light draught of water, and compensate the consequent want of hold on the water by means of a self-acting centreboard, like the one at present fixed to the *Double Star.*

On the other hand, the hull itself ought to have just sufficient hold on the water to beat to windward slowly, but still always to windward, however lightly laden, as, for instance, the *Britannia* did.

In the *Double Star*, the principle of a light draught of water was fatally exaggerated, so that it became rather a cause of danger than of safety. For it is evident that in case of injury to the centreboard—in case, I mean, of the centreboard being broken or torn from its fastenings by the strong pressure of a furious head-wind—unless the tubes of themselves will beat to windward, there is only one thing to be done to keep the boat on her course, that is to *row* her to windward, and for that a very strong and efficient crew is necessary. No doubt a lifeboat engaged in active service ought to have a strong crew;

but I think it unwise to waste their strength in mere pulling, when three bits of stout canvass, and a strong tubular to carry them, will allow of reserving the men's muscles. It may also very easily happen, if ever tubulars become general, that the strength of their crews may often be as little fit to row them against a storm-wind as the strength of the crew of an armour-plated ship of war is to keep her screw at work when she runs short of coals. Thus it happened with me and my crew—myself, two men and a boy—when we tried the centreboard for the first time. The wind was very strong, the fastenings of the centreboard too weak to resist the enormous pressure upon it; they gave way; the centreboard acted no longer, there was not weight enough on the boat to keep the tubes down in the water, and so enable us to beat to windward. As for rowing against the wind, we might as well have tried to row the *Great Eastern*, so she drifted helplessly to the lee, and we cast anchor and landed in the punt.

In order to remedy this defect, when I use the *Double Star* again on Loch Awe, I intend to add a false keel to each tube, so that *without either centreboard or cargo* she may still beat to windward.

On quitting the subject of double boats, I wish to add a few observations as to their general utility in the future.

The only real objection that people feel in their own minds to these boats is, that they are not yet accustomed to them, and so they laugh at them, as if the object of preventing the useless sacrifice of human life had in it something inherently mean and ridiculous. Ignorance *will* titter and stare when it sees something new to it, and we have come to take this idle tittering as a matter

of course. The foolish questions too, how the tubes are filled with air, whether they are made light by gas, and such like, will probably be asked for some time to come; but these silly titterings and questions are merely the natural expression of ignorance. Enlighten it ever so little, and they will cease. Raw foreigners who come to London for the first time, stare and giggle when they see a Hansom's cab; but no Londoner thinks it necessary to grin every time a Hansom passes him, partly because he knows the utility of the invention, but mainly because it is no novelty to him. And as Hansom's patent safety cab is now one of our acknowledged institutions; so, I believe, before very long, Richardson's patent safety tubular life-boats will be acknowledged and received, probably in the same proportion to the others as the Hansoms to the old-fashioned vehicle. They will never supersede open boats altogether, nor is it at all desirable that they should;* but they ought to be sprinkled, as it were, amongst the old boats thickly enough to be always at hand when wanted for dangerous service: that is, there ought to be two or more large tubulars on every sea-going ship, and at least half a dozen at every village round the whole coast of Britain.

If ever this should come to pass, tubulars will be no novelty any longer, nor afford any amusement even to

* The reader probably fancies that I am unreasonably prejudiced against open boats; but this is so far from being the truth, that I am in the constant habit of pulling a very beautiful open boat built by Picot of Asnières. I consider such a boat safe enough for myself, and on a smooth lowland river; but for Highland lochs or the sea, I much prefer tubulars. My faith in the tubular *principle* is not in the least diminished by the obvious defects of the tubulars I have hitherto constructed.

the shallowest or feeblest intellects; because these, being infantine in their astonishment at what is new, are childish also in the facility with which they take for granted the unimpeachableness of all established institutions.

What the government of the country might do in this matter is limited by the popular degree of knowledge and feeling which no English government dares to transcend. No Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the present barbarous state of the popular mind, would ever dare to ask for large sums of money for the mere purpose of saving human life. A ministry may ask, and obtain, any amount of millions for the purpose of killing Frenchmen, or Russians, or Hindoos, because man's lower nature takes an intense delight in the idea of putting bullets into "foreigners'" brains and bayonets into their bellies; but to care about saving life requires a higher civilization, and, at the present epoch of the world's history, although many praiseworthy persons *do* interest themselves in the matter, the majority of the public in all nations regard the whole subject with profound indifference.

The Government might, however, do a great deal without expense to itself. It might compel ship-owners to provide, and sea-captains to keep in a state of readiness for instant service, lifeboats on board ship. These lifeboats ought always to be tubulars, and not old open boats fitted with two or three miserable air-boxes not always watertight. *They ought also to be numerous enough to carry every person on the ship.* The present system appears to be to save a certain per-centage, and LEAVE THE REST TO DROWN FOR MERE WANT OF SAFE FLOATING POWER. This safe floating power, in

the shape of tubular lifeboats, might be provided for the whole crew and passengers at a very slight cost per head, which they might be justly taxed to pay.

And if the interest of the nobler kind of persons were once thoroughly awakened to the importance of this subject they might accomplish much. They might establish a great club of tubular lifeboats, like a yacht club, but with an object nobler than pleasure. Such a club would speedily develope all the qualities of the tubular principle to their utmost perfection. Its boats should be taken out, and their crews exercised in all weathers. There ought to be an innumerable fleet of such boats stationed all round Great Britain, serving as pleasure boats in fine weather, but ready to do serious work in foul. The sense of usefulness, and the inspiration of a noble purpose, would give a degree of solid satisfaction to the crews in their most ordinary excursions, such as no mere love of amusement could ever yield them. And when the stormy weather came, and the cries of drowning men rose above the roaring of the sea, these crews would save many precious lives. There are spirited young men enough in our richer classes to establish such boats on our coasts; they do things every day in which there is far more real danger, ten times the expense, and infinitely less honour. The excitement of saving a crew from shipwreck must be at least as great as the excitement of killing a fox or riding a steeplechase, and the reflections afterwards surely not less delightful.

It is well and right to establish lifeboat stations, and I do not wish to seem to undervalue what has been already

done. But I want a certain proportion of our common pleasure-boats to be lifeboats. Ferry-boats which have to cross lakes and estuaries in all weathers should always be tubular. Pleasure-boats, intended for use by inexperienced persons, as, for instance, most of the pleasure-boats at watering-places, should be tubular to prevent accidents. They would be more costly than the common boat; but it seems to me that people might readily submit to pay a penny an hour more for the satisfaction of enjoying a pleasant sail without any chance of being upset; and that they would do so very willingly I am quite sure, if once they became convinced of the safety of tubulars. The speculation of establishing a tubular for hire would probably be unremunerative at first, because all uninformed people, especially women, would rather trust themselves in the most rotten, crank, and dangerous old open boat than on a strong tubular with twenty watertight chambers. Yet this disfavour would last only for a single season, and might be readily overcome by taking out the tubular purposely whenever the weather was rough.

If one out of three of our common pleasure-boats were a tubular lifeboat we should not often hear of having to send many miles to fetch a lifeboat. Every village on the coast would muster two or three.

When fifty vessels are wrecked on a few miles of coast in an hour or two, what can our present system effect towards the recovery of so many crews? One lifeboat cannot do the work; and if it could we cannot rely upon its always being in perfect order. A whole fleet is wanted. Now private beneficence can never pay for a

sufficient supply of lifeboats to be idle all the year round, in expensive boat-houses, on costly carriages. But if the common boatmen at watering-places could make it pay to keep such boats for hire in the summer season, they would all be available in winter for the saving of men's lives. There would be no difficulty in finding crews. The men would enjoy the business of saving others if they knew that they could do it at the cost only of a little hard work and exposure, without much danger of leaving their families dependent on the charity of the public. That Whitby accident, so cruel a result of the disgraceful public indifference to the safety of lifeboats, operated as a more chilling and effectual discouragement to lifeboat crews than any amount of mere hardship and fatigue. And men who risk their lives to save others ought at least to have the safest possible boats to do it in. It is good and praiseworthy to subscribe large sums of money for the widows and orphans that such accidents create, but, on the whole, would it not be more humane, as well as much sounder economy, to expend a tenth part of the sum on the safety of the husbands and fathers?

These propositions of mine may for the present be considered Utopian, and it does indeed seem a romantic excess of faith in the better instincts of human nature, which can consider it possible that one day it may do on a small scale for purposes of mere humanity what it does now on a most extensive and magnificent scale for the more respectable purposes of pleasure. Still, I put these ideas on record here in the hope that they may find some friendly heart, therein take root, and live.

I do not propose any substitution of double *ships* for single ones. The single form, especially in the case of merchant ships, has obvious advantages over the double, which could not be sacrificed without loss. And if I were rich enough to have a large yacht, I think I would have her single, not double; but I should take good care to have her provided with two or three excellent tubular lifeboats buoyant enough to carry everybody on board.

In the case of steamers the double form has this advantage. A double steamer will carry an enormous deck saloon with perfect safety. The deck saloon of the *Alliance*, a double steamer now on the Clyde, is something astonishing. Unfortunately the speed of the *Alliance* has been a disappointment, owing, I imagine, to the use of a paddle between the separated halves, instead of two screws, one to each half. It is obvious that river steamers constructed on this principle have a great advantage in the delightfulness of the deck saloon, which allows the passengers to enjoy the moving panorama of the shores, through the large windows. As to their adaptability for the open sea, that depends entirely on their construction. There is no more reason why a deck saloon, as such, should be washed away than the lofty sides of a ship of war, which are just as much exposed to the action of waves. A deck saloon for an ocean double steamer would, of course, have its sides a mere continuation of the outer sides of the vessel, and consequently quite as strong. A more serious question is this. Would not surges rising between the halves strike the deck saloon *underneath*, and break up its flooring? There are, however, various ways of protecting such a

flooring underneath, which I have not space to explain here. Probably a sort of angle like a house roof inverted might answer the purpose, or even an iron arch turned upside down.

The strength of the tubular form on a large scale is sufficiently proved by the Britannia bridge. If tubes can rest as those do year after year on their two ends, and carry the enormous weight of a luggage train ever so many times a day, it is obvious that similar constructions *even as long as those* might rest without breaking on the far-divided crests of the long Atlantic waves.

But how could you bind your great tubes together with sufficient strength to resist the *tearing* effect of storm waves?

We do it quite effectually on a small scale. *The buoyancy of tubes is always quite sufficient to support beams strong enough to hold them together.* I have no doubt that the same engineers who can plan bridges strong enough to carry railway trains, could plan a bridge or deck to unite the two tubes of a great tubular ship, which no waves could break. It is a question of relation between the area of the inner side of the lee tube, which receives the stroke of the wave, and the strength of the beams which connect the tubes. This question is, however, complicated by the law of *lever* power. Thus, a double sailing-boat with *deep* flat sides will require a stronger deck than a rowing-boat with shallow flat sides, though the area of both were equal. Another complication is in the *shape* of the sides; thus, cylindrical tubes are not so easily torn asunder as square ones, because they receive the shock

of the water on rounded and sloping surfaces, and consequently the shock is less sensible than on a flat wall. The round tube is therefore the best, and the genuine Richardson tubular offers the most perfect type for rough work. My flat-sided *Double Star* would require much strengthening before she would be fit to resist the tearing effect of sea storm-waves, though no storm-waves on Loch Awe have as yet produced the slightest perceptible strain in her anywhere.

With reference to the great question of speed, the conclusions I have arrived at are not yet in favour of any superiority in the double form, though Mr. Richardson's tubular rowing-boats are said to be remarkably swift, and travellers who have seen double boats in the Indian seas, tell me that they "go like the wind"—whatever that may mean. My own tubulars are slow, but that is *my* fault, not the fault of the tubular principle, which does not necessarily imply want of speed. In the case of the *Double Star*, her slowness comes of the squareness of the tubes, and her hitherto deficient hold on the water; with her second centreboard, and false keels, she will be as swift on a side wind as she is now with a fair one; that is, she will sail when the wind is tolerably strong eight or nine miles an hour. The *Britannia* did about six. These statements, however, are based on fairly *measured* distances; in the common loose way of talking about the speed of boats, a good deal is often added to the actual speed.

I find that my constant occupations as a painter will not admit of my giving much attention to boats, except to paint them in pictures, or else I would never have

rested until I had produced a double boat as safe as the *Double Star*, and, at least, as swift as any ordinary boat of the same size. The forms of my double boats have, hitherto, been too simple and rude to admit of great speed. In a tubular boat, destined only for rowing, it is possible to attain speed by merely having the tubes narrow enough and long enough; but in one intended for sailing, we want an enormous floating power in each tube, or else the lee tube will be submerged in strong side squalls. Now the problem of future constructors must be to unite the utmost buoyancy to the utmost speed, and this can only be done by the most careful curvature.

Again, the wider the channel between the tubes of a double boat, after the width necessary for stability, and the slower she will go. The space between the tubes of the *Double Star* is too great, and I shall probably reduce it.

Double boats when under sail are not so easily turned round as single ones. Unless great attention be devoted to this point in their construction, they are therefore peculiarly liable to the most provoking of all vices—missing stays.

To judge fairly a new invention by the side of an old one, it is necessary always to remember that we see the old invention in the fullest development of its maturity, and the new one in the utmost weakness of infancy. Most of the objections which are habitually made against really useful new inventions, are founded on defects which the invention is sure to rid itself of as it grows.

In the case of double boats, their present defects, which I by no means seek to conceal, would naturally disappear in a year or two, if only half a dozen good builders were in earnest competition in the construction of that especial class of boat. Mr. Richardson's patent, which, notwithstanding his very courteous abandonment of it so far as I myself am concerned, I cannot but consider a needless hindrance to a noble cause, may for a time prevent this desirable competition, but such competition is, in my opinion, quite essential to the full development of the invention. Consider how many single boats have been built in Europe since the blue painted Briton paddled about in his coracle. They have been constructed, not merely by hundreds, nor even by thousands, but by millions; the idea has been realized with every possible variation which the skill of inventors and the necessity of circumstances have been able to suggest. Against this infinite array of practised workmanship, this progressive tradition of endless experiment and ancient craft, Mr. Richardson and I have nothing to bring forward but a limited personal experience. When some thousands of double life-boats shall have been constructed, the subject will be better understood. In the meantime, I desire only a little patient courtesy, and respectfully pray the reader to remember that *safety*, our great object, is long since indisputably attained. That speed and beauty should be added to safety is, I think, most desirable, but I have no doubt, whatever, that the invention will add to itself these other merits as it grows older. The imperfection of all the elder inventions in their earlier

stages ought to preserve us from the error of ridiculing a recent one, because it could not get itself thoroughly developed in a day. With an Atlantic telegraph that does not work, a *Great Eastern* steamship that at no remote date would not steer in a storm, and armour-plated men-of-war that plunge, miss stays, and only answer the helm when they feel inclined, we ought by this time to perceive that it needs many experiments to bring an invention to practical perfection, however great may be the skill and intelligence brought to bear upon it. The rational attitude of the public towards any inventor is one of quiet attention and suspended judgment at first, with wisely limited reliance afterwards, not first unreasoning contempt, and then boundless confidence.

Mr. Richardson, to whom all the honour of the tubular lifeboat is due, is lately dead, so that the sort of people whose first instinct is to deny the merits of living men, have no longer any reason for withholding their recognition of his. They may now receive his bequest without ridiculing it, for he is gone where human scorn has no sting, nor human praise any sweetness. Let us praise him therefore, now, and extol his good works, for our praises will give him no pleasure!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A LONG DRIVE IN THE GLENS.

I THINK I understand now the philosophy of carriage-keeping.

Suppose I have a precious little collection of pictures and engravings, the interest on which represents about £200 a year.

Suppose my neighbour has a handsome carriage, costing him altogether about the same annual sum.

My pictures can be seen only by my friends and servants. My friends, probably, think me a fool for spending my money in paintings, and my servants think the pictures, frames included, worth from five to thirty shillings apiece, and respect me and them accordingly.

But everybody sees my neighbour Thomson's carriage. Brilliant with silver and varnished leather, his proud steeds clatter over the pavement, dazzling the eyes of thousands. Every peasant knows that Thomson keeps his carriage; every shopkeeper bows Thomson's wife into that splendid vehicle. Robed in state, she goeth forth like a queen to the festivals of the rich, whither my wife, let us suppose, is conveyed in a hired fly. All the world knows that carriages are costly. Money spent in a carriage is like a beacon set on a hill that all eyes behold. It is an advertisement of wealth far more public in your own neighbourhood than if you printed

a daily advertisement in the *Times*, announcing your receipts, like a public company. So if you want to be respected, pinch as much as you will in other things, but keep, O keep, a carriage! Let its lining be silken and soft; let its lamps be brighter than stars; let your armorial bearings (inherited or stolen as the case may be) be blazoned on its delicately hung doors! Let its handles be of silver and its ornaments of embossed silver. Let its caparisoned steeds shake your shining crest on every strap of their trappings. Then rush through the sylvan lane and the crowded city, everywhere shall the respect of multitudes await you! Gentlemen shall lift their hats and ladies bow and smile; rustics shall pull their unkempt locks, and tradesmen bend low with reverence.

Now, my carriage commanded no man's respect. I wonder why? I am sure it was a very tolerable sort of carriage. And it really was very disappointing to be despised after all, when I had bought Thursday a pair of handsome boots, and made him sew a bit of gold band round his cap (to say nothing of his green jacket and beautiful brass buttons that all shone like mirrors), for the express purpose of inspiring the minds of the multitude with respectful awe and fear.

I am sure that it was a very capital carriage. It is true that it grew like a tree, or Mr. Ruskin's great book, or a Gothic cathedral, and was not designed and executed all at once, like a wheelbarrow. And if it could not command respect, it shall at least, have fame; like many a great soul whom the neighbours scorned and the nations remember.

First of all, it existed in the shape of a platform with four wheels of equal size, like a Lancashire stone waggon. The platform was intended to carry a boat. It was, in fact, a boat carriage.

Then the two fore-wheels were replaced by smaller ones for facility of turning.

So it remained for a long time. Then, when Thursday's hut was taken to pieces, its walls were turned to other uses. One of them became a kitchen table, and the remaining three formed, with the already existing platform of the waggon, a great box, measuring eight feet long by three feet wide, and more than three feet high, the very thing to carry camp materials in ; but more useful than elegant.

Then, after being jolted a few hundred miles, I decided to add springs, being luxuriously desirous of personal ease. It was also a question of safety. I had been nearly jolted off my high seat several times, and on a stony road had only one hand for whip and reins, being obliged to stick to the waggon with the other with all my might and main.

At the same time that I added the springs I got a pole, so that I might drive a pair, and so get on faster, for poor Meg went but slowly when the waggon was full.

Now the colour of the carriage was peculiar. The wheels were a dark green, very respectable indeed, I am sure. But the body, being made up of Thursday's hut, was a cool and delicate grey. Thursday's hut had been originally lead colour, but as that turned out too hot in the hot weather, Thursday, with his own artist hand, had

superposed a coat of white. For facility of working he had put too much turpentine in his white, and the rain had washed it partly off, showing the lead colour underneath, as great artists often leave visible the dead-colouring of a fine picture through all the subsequent processes. I could compare this effect on the waggon to very noble things indeed if I thought the reader would appreciate it. It looked like a grey Highland mountain at twilight, on a gloomy winter's evening, when the snow is scattered thinly over it and shows its lead-like substance through.

But the public does not appreciate variety and gradation in carriage-painting, so I ordered the whole waggon to be painted according to a tint I mixed myself, which the colourman praised extremely, and called "a most beautiful wine colour."

I intended to glaze it with crimson-lake when dry, and rule pretty lines of vermilion all over it, but I thought it did very well as it was, and so left it the plain unvarnished "wine colour." It was a great error. It should have been all glazed and varnished, and ruled with red lines, and I ought to have had my arms with all my quarterings delicately emblazoned on each side; but then if I had had all these delightful splendours, I should have required a new set of double harness with shining scraps of electro-plate upon it, and there was an expense I could not bring myself to incur. So this piece of economy consigned me to the condemnation of unrespectability.

For the harness was of the plainest. Plain black leather, not varnished, with plain black metal-work and

common iron bits; not one jot of electro-plate about it. The cut of it was massive and strong, like light cart harness, and in the same homely fashion; the whole turn-out looking something like a military ambulance waggon, not in anywise like a gentleman's carriage. To have transformed such an equipage into a gentlemanly one would have been a costly and very unsatisfactory folly. So although the waggon was certainly not respectable, I determined to be contented with it such as it was, and abandoned the sweet dream of neatly ruled red lines, bright varnish, and glittering electro-plate.

As to the horses, I still kept our old friend Meg, and hired another called Kitty, from the inn at Dalmally. The first time they made their acquaintance Meg and Kitty were put together into my stable. Now my stable was separated from the hen-house by a thin wooden partition, and as both Meg and Kitty did nothing but kick all night through, they entirely demolished the partition, slew some old hens, broke numberless eggs, and made a pretty job for the joiner. Only imagine the state of the cock-and-hen community during that awful night, with a ceaseless battery of four armed heels beating their poor defences down!

Meg was safe in single harness, but in double she had a fault or two. She would kick and dance all the way down every steep hill, an accomplishment more amusing to the bystander than to the driver; who, perched on the dangerous pre-eminence of the box, had to keep his horses well together on the narrow roads and prevent them, if possible, from throwing him over dizzy pre-

cipices or into stony streams. These tendencies of Meg's led me to be rather cautious with her, and Thursday, I suspect, considered me a coward; but as Thursday could not drive a pair at all, I never trusted the reins in his hands, and went on in my own cautious safe way, letting Meg kick elegantly down the hills, and bearing with equal patience Mr. Thursday's murmurings of discontent.

Kitty had only two faults. She was extremely uncertain, and shirked her collar whenever she could. Poor Meg, on the contrary, threw herself into hers with all her might, and so drew for two. The consequence, of course, in such cases, as in rowing, is that when one side pulls and the other does not, the vehicle or boat has a strong tendency to turn, which tendency may on the water be counteracted by a rudder, and on the land by letting the pulling horse pull out to his own side if you cannot whip the other up to his work. Such faults are of less importance on level roads, where a good driver will force an ill-assorted team to work together at least endurably well; but on such roads as that from Inveraray to Ballahulish, if horses are to do their duty to each other and their master, there must be some natural compatibility of disposition between them.

In this particular journey that I record here I drove through Glen Urchay to the Black Mount. Glen Urchay is full of thoroughly Highland scenery, with its broad salmon stream, and the rich low land that it bounds with such beautiful great curves, land so green and soft and level, so sweet a contrast to the brown barrenness of the rugged hills, broad pleasant pastures, where the pic-

turesque cattle feed, and whither the wild deer descend in the early morning, going to the hills again like the mist when the sun shines down in the glen.

And there is a fine rocky landscape at the falls, as good as those our landscape-painters bring us from Norway. The falls of the Urchay are not deep, but they are grandly composed, and the brown water turning to yellowish white, as it creams up into foam from the deep pool, or dashes itself over the edge of the rocky barrier, is well contrasted by rocks of a cold, pure grey like the grey of a heavy rain-cloud that the sun has left at night. The water *sculpture* on the rock is also singularly fine at these falls, the eddy holes so smoothly and delicately bored, and in such numbers. Every true painter has an intense perception of some fragment of natural truth that nobody else seems to care for; but it is really astonishing that the exquisite beauty of water sculpture should have been so little felt by the most celebrated men. Turner only cared for it occasionally, and never enough to paint it in full and perfect detail. Of all our living landscape-painters there is only one seems really to enjoy the kind of sculpture which such a stream as the Urchay can accomplish in innumerable years. Mr. Pettitt paints it faithfully.

There are, too, some grand Turnerian streams from the hills in Glen Urchay, leaving when dry, as they generally are in summer, immense areas entirely covered with nothing but grey stones, such as Turner loved so dearly, and, as it seems to me, with such good reason.

With good reason I mean in the artistic sense, not the carriage-driving sense. For it so happened that in

driving precisely across the most delightful of those stony streams, I broke one of my springs, and, there being no blacksmith in those parts, had to content myself with a piece of wood fitted to the shape of the spring, and bound to it with a bit of rope. This elegant and ingenious device did not add to the brilliance of my appearance, nor tend to increase that popular respect which, as I have already hinted, was with difficulty brought to attach itself to my equipage.

These repairs were executed at the Black Mount. The inn had one guest, and I found him at tea, or dinner, or breakfast number two, or by whatever other name you please to call that ever-recurring meal. He had been living ten days in the inn, and had enjoyed tea, and ham, and eggs exactly twenty times, that is every morning at nine o'clock, and every evening at six, with no dinner between. Such a régime would make an Englishman ill, and drive a Frenchman mad. In the case of this unhappy gentleman it was tempered by moderate toddy, and immoderate tobacco, or else I suppose he would have died of it.

The next day nothing was to be seen or done on account of the rain, so I stayed quietly in the inn eating ham and eggs, drinking tea, smoking tobacco, and chatting pleasantly with my new friend.

At Bagdad, I suppose, in the golden days of good Haroun Alraschid, the people talked about the Caliph; at Paris, in these days, I have observed that the English who crowd the hotels under the mighty shadow of the great palace, talk with most pleasure about the Emperor; at the Black Mount the travellers dwell with delight on

the greatness of Lord Breadalbane. Deny it who pleases, great power has an intense fascination for us all. The proprietorship of land on so vast a scale as the Breadalbane estate has something in it of imperial greatness, which awes and excites the imagination. The secret of the eager curiosity which all men feel concerning such personages is that they would like to be in their position, and wonder what it feels like to be there. Every properly constituted and well cultivated man has infinite desires. Ignorant people when they get money are miserable because they do not know what to do with it, and so either save it without an object or throw it away in mere follies, the most ignorant of all sometimes actually putting bank-notes between slices of bread and butter and eating them, others eating them only metaphorically, but with equally slight satisfaction. But to a cultivated man the revenues of an empire would only be a welcome power of realising his views on a great scale, and the income from a great estate no more than a moderate and very limited power of expressing his ideas in *things* rather than in mere words. The one thing which would please me in great wealth would be the possession of noble works of art. A poor man only gets the art which cheap processes may reproduce. Architecture and painting are both hopelessly beyond his means; a little wood-carving, a plaster cast or two, and a few engravings and photographs, are all he can give himself. With the profoundest feeling for great architecture he is forced to live in some abominably ugly house that he rents, or buys, or inherits, because he cannot afford an artistic one; with a passionate love for

exquisite colour he cannot purchase the work of a single good colourist. It therefore happens that the artistic instinct, though not usually found in avaricious, nor even in quite prudent natures, has a great need of vast wealth for its full satisfaction. And as the Marquis of Breadalbane is an interesting person to sportsmen, because he possesses an enormous deer-forest, so he is not less interesting to lovers of art, because he is rich enough to buy fine Landseers. To so hearty a lover of Highland scenery as I am he has another very unusual object of envy, he possesses thousands of most glorious natural landscapes. His estate being so rich in scenery has, to a true painter, a magic far beyond the magic of mere wealth. An estate of equal value at Manchester would not magnetise a painter's imagination at all. But this wonderful proprietor, who really *owns* such mountains as Ben Lawers, such castles as Kilchurn, such lakes as Loch Tay and Loch Tulla, is to our minds associated with all their splendours, and it foolishly seems to us that every free wreath of mist, and every steadfast granite crest, must know, as we know, that it has for its legal master the courtly chief of Breadalbane.

What interests most Englishmen in the empire of Breadalbane is not, however, the landscapes, but the deer. Their number, a good deal exaggerated by popular rumour, is, in reality, perhaps about seven thousand, five thousand having been counted at the last census. The deer census in the forest is taken, of course, all in one day, like the census of the human population. When the country is all covered over with snow a day is fixed,

and the foresters go out, each alone on his appointed route, bringing in their returns at night.

A wonderful sight at the Black Mount is a grand drive of the deer. One of the grandest took place a little time ago for the pleasure of a foreign prince, then staying at Balmoral, to whom the marquis wished to show some lordly Highland sport. The head-forester, Robinson, had only forty-eight hours to gather the deer from all their wild fastnesses in the mountains, but himself fixed the hour when the prince should see them pass. The time fixed was two o'clock in the afternoon. The prince arrived at Loch Tulla at two minutes after twelve. When the royal carriages stopped at the lodge Robinson took a white pocket-handkerchief from his pocket and fluttered it for a few seconds in the air. From far distant points on the hills twelve invisible foresters were all levelling their telescopes at the lodge, and all saw Peter's signal; then they knew that the prince had come, and the drive began. Peter was sure that the deer would pass the point he had reserved for the prince at two o'clock precisely, so conducting him to the pass he waited quietly, looking perfectly cool and satisfied.

At five minutes before two an officer in waiting on the prince looked at his watch and said, "The deer cannot be here in time," for not a horn was in sight. Robinson answered quietly, "Please look there, sir," pointing to the entrance to the pass. Something dark was agitating itself in the distance: a forest of antlers came tumultuously over the brow of the hill, mingling their dark branches like the branches of a forest when a hurricane

tears over it; and at two o'clock precisely, nearly a thousand deer were bounding and rushing before the astonished count, every head of them coming within range of his rifle.

The same Peter Robinson showed me a fine brood of young peregrine falcons that he was keeping for the use of a great Indian maharajah who passes some time every year in the Highlands. These peregrines were all fine young birds, with soft white down, and dark eyes, and a very ferocious expression, as if, with the precocity of cruelty, they had all the desire to tear one's eyes out; and only regretted that they had no wings yet.

This Indian maharajah is passionately fond of falconry, and a very interesting sport it would be, I dare say, only the hawks often fly away and despise all the allurements of the lure. A great foreign prince came to witness the sport of falconry as practised by this Indian magnate. This being a state occasion, gosshawks of a wonderful breed were to be exhibited. The first gosshawk, it is said, being launched at the flying game, paid no attention to it, but sat down quietly on a stone.

It is said that this prince gives such quantities of physic to his hawks that he seriously inconvenienced the unfortunate inhabitants of Killin by exhausting the doctor's medicinal stores; and the doctor found that, instead of purging good Christians, he had to keep in a state of healthy digestive activity the ferocious stomachs of innumerable birds of prey.

And, if the birds wanted physic, the Arab falconers wanted opium. By the bye, apropos of Arab falconers, a stranger coming to witness the sport spoke to one

of those mysterious and romantic Orientals, doubtful whether his English would be understood; but was delightfully disappointed when the Arab answered him in a pleasant Irish brogue of the fullest flavour. Some of these Arabs are of the genuine race, and eat opium (so they say) as we eat bread and butter. Two of them, ignorant of English, went to the doctor to buy a bit of opium, and employed to that intent all the eloquence of signs. But the doctor, being an Orientalist, and having travelled in the East, spoke to them in Arabic, and even gave them a big lump of opium, on which they loaded him with expressions of boundless love and veneration.

Of course, the gamekeepers think this falconry very unsportsman-like, and class all the finest peregrines, goss-hawks, or jer-falcons, together, as wretched vermin fit only to be shot and nailed up on a rail. However, as the maharajah gives ten shillings a piece for all young falcons, the keepers suppress their feelings of contempt for the donor and pocket the ten shillings. It is curious to reflect on the different estimation in which a peregrine falcon is held by a keeper of our day, and a nobleman's forester in the middle ages. In those days a man would as soon have shot a good hunter as a peregrine.

The maharajah is said to be an excellent Christian, and leads the life of a true English gentleman, sporting on week-days and going regularly to church on Sundays, on which occasions he appears in various costumes as fancy dictates. I have heard of an amusing combination of brilliant Indian diamonds with homely Scottish trews.

The consequence of his visits to the Highlands is, that everybody is after peregrines. Since the young birds are now worth ten shillings a head a nest is a great prize. Seeking the nests is, however, rather a perilous employment; and the maharajah's own falconer being on one occasion suspended over a rocky abyss, it was found quite impossible to pull him up again. So he climbed up the rope, hand over hand, with his peregrines in his pocket.

On quitting the inn at the Black Mount, an unforeseen accident compelled me to return to its tea and ham and eggs, for twenty-four hours longer.

It occurred to me that, as the waggon was rather heavily laden, I would leave one or two articles of camp furniture behind me in charge of the innkeeper; and, to that intent, I turned the vehicle. Meg, however, being impatient of the stoppage, gave a sudden twist, and damaged the connecting rod of the break, so as to render it utterly unsafe. The frightful idea of this connecting rod breaking as we were going down Glen Coe, decided me to have it welded again. On taking it off, I broke it easily at the damaged place; and Thursday rode off with it to Tyndrum, a distance of ten miles, where he got it solidly welded. Whilst Thursday was at the smith's, I made a study of Loch Tulla.

I began to hanker after a dinner, and thought of opening my provision boxes; but, remembering that I had lonely glens to explore and illustrate where no dinners were to be found, I reserved these and tried what was to be done with the landlord. When you ask the landlord of a Highland inn for a dinner, any time out of the regular

tourist season, he always seems astonished at so extraordinary a proposition. His senses do not readily receive it; a painful vacuity spreads over his otherwise intelligent countenance. When, at last, the idea comes home to him, that the traveller really desires so exceptional a meal, a melancholy sadness and embarrassment settle there; and you hear faint inarticulate murmurs on his lips, which invariably end in an ignominious and precipitate flight, whose poor pretext is to see what the house contains. If you persecute the man no more he will certainly not reappear, only too delighted to be rid of your importunities at so easy a cost of invention; but if, on the contrary, you pursue him into his own fastnesses, he puts a bold front on the matter, stands his ground like a stag at bay, and tells you that there is "mutton ham, and pork ham, and eggs, and—and—cheese—and—and—and—"

At last, the traveller loses all patience, and, if a man of experience and wisdom, says he won't have any dinner; but only some tea, with ham and eggs to it, which is, in fact, the one meal the house contains. On this announcement, the visage of the host shines with sudden satisfaction and relief, and the simple repast is prepared with alacrity.

The next morning we got away from Loch Tulla, and drove to the King's House Inn. The highest point of the road from the Black Mount to the King's House is said to be the highest public road in Great Britain. The descent from that point to King's House afforded Meg a delightful opportunity for the display of her agility; and she capered and kicked from the top to the bottom,

to the imminent danger of our lives. On coming to one little bridge, she started aside suddenly, and nearly upset us over the little parapet, which the wheels grazed as we passed.

At King's House, I got an uncommonly good dinner for the time of the year, with real bread to it, and fresh meat, and other dainties all unknown at the Black Mount. As for Thursday, he got a wonderful feed, and received such a degree of attention as fairly overwhelmed him. He was altogether *comblé*. He could not do justice to all the good things set before him. As for the horses, they fed abundantly on corn and hay in the stable; and the bill for all this amounted to the moderate sum of four shillings and seven pence.

I pitched my tent in Glen Coe, and got a careful study before night. The sunset in the glen was truly magnificent, and the rocky hills opposite the sunset glowed with crimson light. The scenery of Glen Coe is very like that of the corrie of Ben Cruachan, and nearly, I imagine, on a level with it. The truth is, that the road here carries a stream of tourists through the *upper* mountain scenery. At Loch Awe you may climb up into such scenery; but the roads do not carry you there. The landscape in Glen Coe is therefore good for the study of upper mountain form, seen quite near at hand; especially good for granite *precipices*, which exist here in perfection. For colour, the reddish rock, heightened to crimson by the sunset light, and contrasted against a pure green sky, as I saw it that evening, is as fine as anything in mountain colour can be. There is a striking grandeur of line in the mountain forms at Glen Coe, and this quality,

together with the infinity of detail and the intense clearness of the mountain air, kept John Lewis continually in my thoughts.

There are times in our lives which we look back upon with infinite pleasure not unmingled with melancholy: times, as it seems to us, of almost perfect happiness, full of calm and peace, sweet halting-places in the weary pilgrimage of life. These days I passed in Glen Coe are, to me, one of those ever-remembered times. I remember all I did and all I thought so vividly, that it seems to me as if I could narrate the minutest details of every hour that passed. Splendid weather, long hard days of happy and successful labour, perfect peace all day and quiet rest in the lonely tent at night;—all this, too, in the very finest scenery in Great Britain; was it not glorious? Solitary and laborious as my simple existence was, with nothing to do but draw till eye and hand were weary, and no one to talk to but one poor faithful servant, I would not have exchanged it, day against day, for the life of the wealthiest noble in Belgravia!

Whilst I was busy with my work that evening, Thursday set up my tent on a beautiful green natural lawn, bounded by a little crystalline stream. There the tethered horses fed, and Thursday prepared my tea and spread it luxuriously on a white tablecloth, the table being my great box for studies.

After tea, of course it was necessary to smoke the inevitable pipe. The seductions of tobacco, easily resisted in a house, are absolutely irresistible in a tent. I think it is the fresh air that gives me such a mighty

appetite for a pipe, but the certain fact is, that when in camp I cannot help smoking, nor do I think anybody else could—unless it made him sick.

I find the following observations on the subject of smoking in my note-book, and as they were really written in my tent on this particular excursion, they will not be out of place if I insert them here.

People who don't smoke—especially ladies—are exceedingly unfair and unjust to those who do. The reader has, I dare say, amongst his acquaintance, ladies, who, on hearing any habitual cigar-smoker spoken of, are always ready to exclaim against the enormity of such an expensive and useless indulgence, and the cost of tobacco-smoking is generally cited by its enemies as one of the strongest reasons for its general discontinuance. One would imagine, to hear these people talk, that smoking was the only selfish indulgence in the world. When people argue in this strain, I immediately assume the offensive. I roll back the tide of war right into the enemy's entrenched camp of comfortable customs; I attack the expensive and unnecessary indulgences of ladies and gentlemen who do *not* smoke. I take cigar-smoking as an expense of, say half-a-crown a day, and pipe-smoking at threepence. I then compare the cost of these indulgences with the cost of other indulgences, not a whit more necessary, which no one ever questions a man's right to if he can pay for them. There is luxurious eating, for instance. A woman who has got the habit of delicate eating, will easily consume dainties to the amount of half-a-crown a day, which cannot possibly do her any good beyond the mere gratification of the palate. And

there is the luxury of carriage-keeping, in many instances very detrimental to the health of women, by entirely depriving them of the use of their legs. Now, you cannot keep a carriage a-going quite as cheaply as a pipe. Many a fine meerschaum keeps up its cheerful fire on a shilling a week. I am not advocating a sumptuary law to put down carriages and cookery; I desire only to say that people who indulge in these expensive and wholly superfluous luxuries, have no right to be so very hard on smokers for *their* indulgence. Then there is wine. Nearly every gentleman who drinks good wine at all, will drink the value of half-a-crown a-day. The ladies do not blame him for this. Half-a-dozen glasses of good wine are not thought an extravagance in any man of fair means; but women exclaim when a man spends the same amount in smoking cigars. The French habit of coffee-drinking and the English habit of tea-drinking are also cases in point. They are quite as expensive as ordinary tobacco-smoking, and like it, defensible only on the ground of the pleasurable sensation they communicate to the nervous system. But these habits are so universal, that no one thinks of attacking them, unless now and then some persecuted smoker in self-defence. Tea and tobacco are alike seductive, delicious, and—deleterious. The two indulgences will, perhaps, become equally necessary to the English world. It is high treason to the English national feeling to say a word against tea, which is now so universally recognised as a national beverage, that people forget that it comes from China, and is both alien and heathen. Still, I mean no offence when I put tea in the same category with tobacco. Now, who thinks of

lecturing us on the costliness of tea? And yet it is a mere superfluity. The habit of taking it as we do is unknown across the Channel, and was quite unknown amongst ourselves a very little time ago, when English people were no less proud of themselves and their customs than they are now, and perhaps with equally good reason.

A friend of mine tells me that he smokes every day at a cost of about sixpence a week. Now, I should like to know in what other way so much enjoyment is to be bought for sixpence. Fancy the satisfaction of spending sixpence a week in wine! It is well enough to preach about the selfishness of this expenditure; but we all spend money selfishly, and we all love pleasure, and I should very much like to see that cynic whose pleasures cost less than sixpence a week.*

Besides, tobacco is good for the wits, and makes us moralize. All the above sagacious observations came out of a single pipe of tobacco (Duncan's mixture, Buchanan Street, Glasgow—famous tobacco to smoke); and the cleverest parts of many clever books and review articles are all tobacco.

Next morning I got up very early and was hard at work drawing before breakfast. When the sun became warmer, I began to "feel more jolly," as Cambridge men have it. Thursday served me a very comfortable and even elegant breakfast outside the tent. He has one great merit as a domestic—he keeps his silver remarkably clean. Not a nobleman in England has brighter spoons

* It is needless to allude to field sports and luxurious dress, whose enormous cost bears no more proportion to the cost of smoking than Château Margaux to small beer, or turtle soup to Scotch broth.

and forks than I had out in the wilderness. I cannot say as much for Thursday's management of horses ; he hates the trouble of them ; he is always muttering to himself all manner of dreadful imprecations against the poor brutes. When he is about them he never ceases talking to them, telling them they are going to have a hard day's work, and making other observations of an equally pleasing character. Towards night, when in camp, Thursday becomes very anxious about the horses, foreseeing a good deal of trouble with them ; this anxiety escapes in murmurings, addressed alternately to himself and to them. If we could have conducted the expedition without the aid of horses, Thursday would have been much happier and in a far better temper.

That day, when I had done my study, Thursday and I led the horses all down the worst part of the glen, and I resumed the reins only when Meg's ways were not likely to be very dangerous. It would have been perfect madness to drive her down Glen Coe without a break of sufficient strength to stop the waggon altogether, considering how heavily it was laden, and how steep the road was. The weather continued splendid, and extremely hot, and my impression of the central scene in Glen Coe was so powerful, that as I drove forward to Ballahulish, I did nothing but regret not having stayed there.

The truth is, that in noble scenery, five miles a day is as much as any painter ought to travel. The right thing for a painter is to go on *foot* in a good climate (this of course excludes the Highlands altogether) and if the country is lonely let him take a tent and a stock of

provisions in a strong common cart, with one strong horse to draw it.

I stayed at the inn at Ballahulish. When I asked for bedrooms there was no alacrity to receive me, not the slightest attempt at politeness, not even common civility. It was all the waggon (Thursday said), that unlucky, plain, wine-coloured waggon. If it had had varnish and red lines, and a bit of electro-plate about the harness, the waiters would probably have been civil; if instead of the waggon I had brought a pretty pony carriage with me, the waiters would have fawned like little dogs and the hostess welcomed me with humble but warm-hearted hospitality. So that a philosopher who despises frippery in itself may philosophically adopt it in order to command civility. No one cares less for unmeaning finish in ugly things than I do, no one has less enjoyment in vulgar splendours, no one contents himself more easily with plain rude things for common service, and yet the next turn-out I set up shall have neat red lines and varnish, aye, and electro-plate too, for the respect of the people is convenient, though contemptible, and it is, on the whole, pleasanter to be treated with servility, though it be base, than scorn however groundless.

The next day rose so clear and splendid, that I could think of nothing but Glen Coe, and long to be back again in the very heart of it. Loch Leven from Ballahulish is lovely enough, very grand both up and down, and the mountains rise nobly out of the sea. Still, though the water was so blue and lovely, and the hills covered with such rich greens, and such delicate greys and purples, and in the far distance such a perfectly

exquisite azure, and though the white sails of a stately yacht shone out against the mountain that rose out of the sea, suggesting pleasant possibilities of sailing, in spite of all these attractions, and in spite of the hope of getting a good study of Ben Nevis, I found that all the time I was making my study of Loch Leven I could think of Glen Coe only. I wished especially to make two studies there, and would willingly have paid five pounds an hour for fine weather to do them in. I had been longing for those studies for years, and now a fair chance of obtaining them seemed to lie before me. So after working all day at Loch Leven I trotted quietly back in the evening to the banks of the black lake in Glen Coe, and there under the shadow of its dark precipices my tent was pitched at night.

As the reader probably knows, there is a great slate quarry at Ballahulish, and this slate quarry produced phenomena so entirely new to my horses, that they were anything but pleasant to drive. Fortunately the hours of blasting were over for that day, but Meg and Kitty found much material for wonder and excitement in passing through the quarry and its village, and the only way of crossing the little tramway which these foolish horses could discover was to leap over it. If they had leaped both together it would not have mattered, but Kitty hesitated whilst Meg jumped, and between them they nearly upset us.

Thursday's great anxiety being as usual to get rid of the horses as soon as possible, he took them to a lonely shepherd's house in the glen, and then devoted his undisturbed attention to the preparation of my supper.

By the time I had finished it the moon looked down on the little tent across the stony summits of the mountain, and a glorious night began, so grand and solemn and lonely, that I could have stayed out in it, and sauntered by the shore of the gloomy lake till dawn. As this pleasure, however, would probably have cost me several hours of good daylight on the following day, and consequently so much work, I renounced it, and only stayed out in the moonlight long enough to let myself get thoroughly impressed by the effect, and to ascertain such facts as were necessary to its future realization on canvass.

I was at work early in the morning, and kept at it till evening. About noon, as it seemed to me, the subject reached its highest perfection as an effect of serene summer weather. The sun was extremely hot, and the day brilliant to the utmost possible degree. The subject is a very noble one, and I intend it for a great picture. Here is a word-picture of it, accurate as far as it goes, but necessarily very imperfect, as word-pictures always are.

The lake is a small one, and probably very deep; the colour of the water, stained by the moss-land, becomes intensely gloomy in the lake. Contrasting vividly with this dark colour are the hues of the flat alluvial land near the lake. These consist of perfectly white sand passing into greyish and pinkish sand in subtle gradations. This sand lies broad on the river's banks. Beyond the river and immediately under the mountain, is rich green meadow grass; and nearer to the spectator on his own side of the stream there are patches of pale bright emerald grass; nearer still, great fields of small

stones, chiefly of a pale purple colour, and in the immediate foreground dark green grass again; but this time, rough and poor.

Imagine all these colours infinitely heightened by the intensest sunshine, and opposed to a lake that *looked* about the colour of Vandyke brown as it is squeezed out of a tube, and you may have some vague idea of the vivid splendours of the foreground.

Then immediately out of the lake, and out of the alluvial land to the left of the spectator, land just as flat as the lake itself, rose, almost perpendicularly, a tremendous precipice, and behind this precipice, looking over it as a man looks over a low garden wall, rose a great rough stony peak, all its rich rock-detail clearly visible, and its barren edges cutting out sharply on the sky, with little fields of snow in its cool granite hollows dying away imperceptibly day by day in the hot sun, and trickling down to their low grave in the black lake by silent invisible streamlets.

And the great precipice, how glorious in strength of structural form, and painted delicacy of exquisite colour! In structure like the side of a cathedral, alternately vertical wall, and steep sloping roof; only that here the alternation is repeated *seven* times instead of twice. In colour thus:—the steep slopes all delicate green or pale purple as they are clothed with thin grass or covered with purple débris of the cliff, and then the vertical walls full of infinite variety of yellowish, reddish, and bluish grey, shining here and there with silvery mica, as if powdered with millions of minute diamonds.

And the great broad shadows upon its mighty front,

how they veiled it with cool depth of solemn gloom, last lingering fragments of the night clinging to the sheltering cliffs! For night lingers under their shadowy walls as winter in their fields of snow.

I drew it line for line, and fissure for fissure, till the last red light of the sunset had faded from its clear and silent heights. Then, in the twilight, we drove on to the great central scene in Glen Coe, the noblest and grandest of the whole glen. Never hunter was more keenly eager after an antlered king of stags than I for that glorious scene. The night became cloudy and dull, and I passed it in almost sleepless anxiety. I would have given a hundred pounds for three fine days, and strength to labour every daylight hour.

Poor Thursday had gone on to King's house in the dark with the horses, leading Kitty and riding Meg. They took him off the road several times, and, I imagine, played him some unpleasant tricks. However, he got back to the camp about one o'clock in the morning, in a state of great weariness, but sound of limb.

The next morning at six o'clock, when I looked out on my subject, it seemed probable that the day would turn out well, probable, but by no means certain. At eight, however, it was clearer, and at nine perfectly cloudless, clear, and splendid, and so it continued the whole of that day and the day after.

When I am in camp in fine weather the morning bath is the luxury I most enjoy. How different to dabbling in one's shallow sponge-bath in a chilly dressing-room, is a plunge in the clear pale green depths of a sunlighted granite pool! Those morning baths in Glen Coe I shall

never forget whilst I live. Water clearer than crystal, and pure as the mountain air, contained in great natural basins of smooth granite rock, rose-coloured, or pale tender grey, and so lonely, that no living thing can see you, except the falcon that flies in the blue air above, or the fishes that dart through the transparent water.

And here is the central scene, the noblest picture in Glen Coe.

A sharply curving road, with a bridge spanning a torrent in the foreground, the road sustained by great walls on the side of the precipice, but without parapet, except a low one on the bridge itself. The curves of the road are extremely beautiful and complex. In the space of a hundred yards there is a sharp curve to the right, then a slight one to the left, and after that another gentler curve to the right again. In the same space the road ascends and descends and ascends again, the complication of the two sets of curves being as beautiful as anything well can be in mere road curvature.

The foreground is made very rich with the rocky ravine containing the stream which the bridge crosses. A second stream of less importance runs side by side with this, but still nearer to the spectator, and falls into it soon after passing under the road. Several hundred feet below, down in the valley, a third very beautiful stream with precipitous granite banks joins these, coming into the picture at the spectator's left hand. A fourth stream, in a succession of waterfalls, descends a great mountain exactly opposite the spectator, and this fourth stream is richly bordered by beautiful trees. These four streams meet together in a spot some hundred feet

below the one where my tent was pitched, and then run together down the glen in one fine falling torrent, which afterwards becomes a winding river in the valley, feeds the black lake Treachtan, and then runs on to the sea. This river is the Cona of Ossian.

The mountain forms which fill the rest of the picture are three buttresses belonging to the great mountain on your left, as you descend the glen from King's House to Ballahulish. In the openings between these buttresses appears the upper structure of the mountain, exactly as the spires and roof of a Gothic building appear above and between the projections of its lower walls when the spectator is standing near.

In this case a curious and very impressive illusion is produced by the perspective of the buttresses. They seem to be *towers* of rock, and this is especially true of the central one, which is one of the most astonishing things in the Highlands. The truth is, that the apparent summit of this tower is in reality a good deal lower than a spot far down on its side, a fact I suspected from the first, and subsequently ascertained. I intend to paint a large picture of this subject, and I know beforehand that most readers of this book on looking at the picture will have great difficulty in believing that the summit of the central tower-like buttress is much lower than the lump on its side, and hundreds of feet lower than the peak to the left of it and the ragged edge of rock to the right.

The colour of the mountains in this part of Glen Coe is, in fine weather, so bright and delicate that on my own side of the glen their rocky summits told against

the blue sky *as a vigorous light*, every detail distinctly visible in the clear air. The relief of the illuminated rock, with its burning reds and purples, and dazzling variety of silvery and golden greys against the intense depth of the blue sky can, it is true, only be attained at all on a scale of light far lower than nature's, but to sacrifice *such* colour altogether is downright sacrilege; and strange as it looks to the uninformed spectator when painted honestly and in earnest, this, which is one of the most glorious as well as one of the most frequent aspects of mountainous landscape, ought to be frankly painted in colour as true as may be even at the cost of some unpopularity. It is no digression to speak here of this aspect of mountain scenery, for during two whole days in the middle of Glen Coe I could think of nothing else. I consider this simple fine-weather aspect doomed beforehand to unpopularity, because it is clear enough to let you see the minutest details of mountain form; and a public which for centuries has been content to admire Claude's way of filling up a feeble and unmeaning outline with a uniform patch of bluish grey as the ideal of mountain-painting is not likely to endure, and will not easily be brought to tolerate, works full of most elaborate detail and intense and various colour, yet almost entirely devoid of any appearance of aërial perspective. For the harsh fact is, that the dimness of objects does not express their measurable distance, but only the humidity or impurity of the atmosphere, and therefore the common theory of aërial perspective is of no use as a test of artistic truth. The houses on the opposite side of any London street are, in a November fog, a good deal

less visible than the detail of a precipice seen in clear weather across an Alpine valley several leagues broad; and the summits of mountains miles away always seem so near to inexperienced climbers in clear weather that they invariably expect to get to the top of them in a ludicrously impossible space of time. In spite of these facts, however, people *will* have what they call "aërial perspective" in pictures, and the consequence is that painters, if they have to live by their art, must confine themselves to those conditions of the atmosphere where there is haze enough to produce it.* When the world knows a little more about nature, and will tolerate artistic interpretations of other natural phenomena than the three or four which it understands at present, we may hope for full and faithful renderings of mountain form in cloudless light and truth unveiled.

Having worked all day long at my study, I stretched my legs by climbing the mountain on my own side of the glen, with a view to ascertain the real structure of the opposite buttresses. As I suspected, they turned out to be mere spurs or projections of the mountain's lower structure, not independent rock-towers. I also ascertained, what astonished me more, something about the actual position of the peak which had seemed to overlook Loch Treachtan. The *travelling* of great peaks is an astonishing result of perspective. They seem to

* Not too much haze, however. The ordinary public is as intolerant of true mist-painting in Turner, as it is of true clear weather-painting in John Lewis. The happy and popular medium is the quiet afternoon haziness of Claude and Cuyp.

march along the horizon like moving spectres. They are everywhere. A single crest is the centre of interest for a thousand landscapes. Travel as fast as you will, they travel with you, like a haunting spirit; like your own memory—your own conscience—your own sins.*

It was a grand sight to see the great lonely glen under the rising moon, with its silvery winding stream, and its distant lake, and all the stony crests that guard it.

After another very hard day's work at the same study, I went to King's House in the evening.

I had broken my labours in the middle of the day by a walk to a lonely deserted cottage, a mile or two from my tent. No one lives there now, but it is one of the most exquisite dwellings, artistically considered, that I have yet seen. It is curious to think how many thousand pounds are continually spent by rich people in the creation of houses so abominably ugly that no true artist can look at them without pain, and yet the poor deserted dwelling of a lonely Highland shepherd contained interest enough, and beauty enough, to occupy and delight the most fastidious and cultivated artist for a whole month at least. There are only two kinds of architecture which a true artist can endure, the one which, as in the case of the Highland cottage, is full of *natural* beauty, which the builder from sheer poverty has been forced to let alone, because to efface it effectually costs money; and the other, as in a Venetian palace, or Gothic cathedral, which is full of *artistic* beauty, produced by splendid human invention, based on the study of nature, and expressing itself by the aid of boundless

* Very lofty cathedral towers do the same in lowland landscape.

wealth. The intermediate kinds of building produced by money without mind, and devoid alike of natural and artistic beauty, are, to all persons endowed with any true artistic feeling, utterly repulsive and uninteresting.

The beauty of this Highland cottage was all of it natural beauty, associated with, and, no doubt, heightened by, the melancholy human interest of the deserted roof and desolate hearth. The spectator could not but feel that this solitary house in the desert had been some one's home, stricken with poverty it is true, and lost in isolation, yet still a home, perhaps all the dearer for its very loneliness. But, beyond this interest, man's work had little to do with the attractiveness of the place. The arrangement of the colour on the stones was purely natural—as much so as that on the surrounding rocks. The smooth, short, soft lawn in front had been shaven by no gardener, the little stream directed by no designer; yet the lawn was fit for the feet of a princess, and the little pools of the stream that lay cool, and deep, and clear, between tiny perpendicular cliffs of granite, were pure enough for the bath of a water nymph. By way of a bridge, the trunk of a single tree was thrown across the narrow gorge; and, under it, slept a pool, long, narrow, and very deep. The grey, thatched cottage, the soft natural lawn, and the little stream, so humble in themselves, but surrounded with so much magnificence, so peaceful, so lonely, and so desolate, gave me far purer pleasure than Versailles with its soulless architecture, its formal fountains, and its acres of preposterous paintings.

Near King's House I examined a moveable hut used

by the men who mend the road. It contains berths, if I remember rightly, for about a dozen men, but of course they are narrowly lodged. A hut about the same size would be a useful possession for a painter, who, if a bachelor, might live in it permanently with quite as much comfort as people ever get in a small yacht. I was told that this one had been temporarily occupied by a landscape-painter who wished to study in Glen Coe during the winter season. I could pass a winter in it very merrily myself, if I might cut a hole for one of my plate-glass windows, so as to be able to work from nature without going out of doors.

Having determined to go down Glen Etive, I remained at King's House only long enough to get a good study of the head of Glen Etive as it is seen from there. As this is certainly one of the grandest scenes in the Highlands, I shall attempt a description of it in this place.

A foreground of wild moorland, with a picturesque cottage. A magnificent peaked mountain, on the right, like a dome; on the left, a tall steep mountain like a Gothic roof; between the two another mountain low on the horizon, and blue with distance.

Such is the rude sketch. Now let us fill it up with a little colour and detail.

In the first place, the foreground is very rich in colour. As so frequently happens in Highland scenery, there are patches of short grass of the most intense, incredible emerald; and this emerald is rendered infinitely more brilliant by dark purple peat. The greater part of the more distant moorland is olive-green; here and there the bare earth shows itself, and that is reddish, which

intensifies the olive. Then the whole is scattered very plentifully with grey stones, very often bluish.

Close to the spectator, the foreground is rich in dark purple peat, and millions of golden flowers; and rushes whose green blades are tipped with red. In the midst stands the grey cottage, with the open end of its cart shed turned to the spectator; and this open end contains such a depth of gloom as delighteth the soul of an artist.

The mountain, on the right, is in local colour most delicately decorated. It is covered with courses of innumerable streams, many of them of quite a tender rose colour, and the grass between them has such a delicate green, and there are *such* greys, and *such* purples, and all mingled in sweetest mystery, enough to break one's heart.

Very beautiful, and, in the same manner, are the granite forms and hues in the mountain on the left. The distant one in the middle, as I saw it, was merely a blue film against the sky, tender as air.

As soon as I had driven a hundred yards on the road down to Glen Etive, I knew what to expect; I had fourteen miles of wild, rough, Highland bridle track before me, along precipices and hills, and through innumerable streams—not a pleasant prospect with horses that required incessant attention. The first specimen of a bridge was not unfavourable. It was of rough planks certainly, and hung over a rocky torrent at a dizzy height; but then there were some pretensions to a rail; and the bridge was broad enough to enable me to drive over it without being accurate to an inch. After this the road kept on the side of a precipitous declivity on the right bank of

the River Etive; but there was breadth enough for the wheels, and the turns were not unusually dangerous, the great fault of the road being that it inclined to the side of the precipice instead of to the side of the hill. Still, a careful driver may do very well for the first eight miles in Glen Etive.

I encamped in the middle of the glen for two nights, and afterwards continued my journey to the head of the loch.

Though the road for the first eight miles was bad, it became infinitely worse afterwards. I should think a pair of horses were never driven over a more unlikely track. I had exactly wheel breadth, with scarcely an inch to spare; and one or two wooden bridges over rocky streams had no parapets whatever. I admired Thursday's courage extremely, as he sat next me on the box. I think it requires far less pluck to drive on a dangerous road than to sit tranquilly beside the coachman, knowing that your life hangs on the nerve and skill of the man at your side. No doubt the necessity for thought and care lulls the nerves; but to be in considerable danger, *and do absolutely nothing*, is enough to try the strongest of us. Thursday's coolness, however, was more apparent than real. He told me afterwards, that he never felt so uncomfortable in his life, and that he always held himself in readiness for a leap.

And now about the scenery of Glen Etive.

Immediately after visiting Glen Coe, the traveller may not think it very astonishing; but it is really exceedingly fine; and, in my opinion, *one of the very grandest Highland glens I have ever seen.* That noble granite stream the

Etive is to me full of interest, for it abounds in admirable pictures. I have never seen finer water sculpture anywhere than on the rose-coloured rocks of the Etive, nor more picturesque Scotch firs than those which in some places shade it with their dark foliage. There are terribly black pools, too; one especially, where the deep water winds in a narrow channel that a stag would leap over, between two precipitous banks of massive granite.

The mountain scenery is throughout magnificent, and grandly terminated, when you reach Loch Etive, by a fine distant view of Ben Cruachan. There is a noble domed tower of rock seven or eight miles from King's House, which *is* a tower and not a buttress; and a few miles nearer the sea the outlines, as you look up the glen, have a wonderful vigour and energy, one great festooned line especially, as graceful as a loose chain suspended unequally from its two ends.*

We got to the head of Loch Etive without having

* If the reader really cares about fine Highland glens, I counsel him by all means, if he can possibly spare the time, to stay two nights at the King's House Inn, where Mrs. Christie will make him as comfortable as any tourist ought to desire, and whence he can conveniently make an excursion to Glen Etive in one of Mrs. Christie's conveyances on the intervening day. No tourists that I have ever met seemed to think of exploring Glen Etive, all their attention being concentrated on Glen Coe; but I think it a great pity that they should pass so near to such a noble glen without giving a day to it at least Since it is desirable to vary the Highland routes as much as possible, I beg to suggest to those interested in such matters, that a magnificent and entirely new route might be opened from Oban to King's House, by having a steamer from Oban to the head of Glen Etive in communication with a coach running all through the glen from the shore of Loch Etive to the King's House Inn, where it would meet the Glen Coe coaches. Loch Etive and Glen Etive would thus be both of them conveniently opened to tourists, and they are as fine in their way as anything in the whole range of Highland scenery. The road in Glen Etive would, of course, have to be improved, but it might be made fit for coach traffic at a moderate cost.

capsized the waggon, and encamped on the river's brink, where it mingles itself with the faintly saline waters of the loch. There we remained during sixty hours of incessant rain. By sitting in the door of the tent I contrived, however, to obtain a careful study, and I got one precious sketch of Ben Cruachan, with all the blue evening shadows on him. After that I saw him no more. The head of Loch Etive is a very wild and lonely, but by no means uninteresting place. There are one or two cottages there, strangely isolated. A rowing boat comes up occasionally from Bunawe with supplies, and this is the most frequent communication with the outer world. In such a place as that a tent is indispensable to a painter. I could not have got my study at all if I had been obliged to return to King's House to sleep.

As the rain poured quite pitilessly on the third day of my encampment at the head of Loch Etive, and as there seemed to be no prospect whatever of an improvement in the weather; considering, moreover, that the hills were all hidden in the mist, and the provision-box nearly empty; I drove back to King's House, and thence the next day to Loch Awe, where I and Thursday arrived, weary and hungry, and wet to the skin.

I desire to add here a few observations closely connected with the subject of the present chapter, on the habit of travelling as conducive to progress in art.

The love of travel which characterises modern landscape-painters is a peculiarity worth consideration. The reader will, perhaps, scarcely believe me when I tell him that it is precisely my artistic tendencies which make me *dislike* travelling more and more. When I cared less for

my art I had a strong turn for travel, and planned explorations of all the most interesting regions of the globe. None of these plans did I ever put into execution, because, as I knew more of art, I came to perceive that much wandering was not good for it. I can scarcely understand how a painter can ever be a tourist. Nothing torments me like a tour. To pass so much admirable material and not have time to make good studies of it, is to me the torture of Tantalus. My first impulse when I come to a noble subject is to pitch my tent straight in front of it, and stay there twelve months; but since that cannot always be, let me at least stay long enough to draw it carefully, and watch it with the light of seven or eight sunsets and sunrises upon it; and, if possible, also under the tender mystery of moonlight. To look at Loch Awe day by day under all its aspects for four years exactly suited me, and I could have stayed twenty years longer in great contentment, with no other variety than the changes of the forms as my boat moved, and the changes of effects as the weather and the seasons altered. I was once dragged past Loch Awe in a coach at ten miles an hour, in perfect misery; and when I had lately to go down the valley of the Rhone in a railway-train, I did nothing but wish that I could give several years to the journey. But life is not long enough for such travelling as would quite suit me, and so I make a compromise with necessity; and yet I know that, after all, at this rate Death will certainly catch me before I have seen the tenth part of what I want to see, and so put a stop to my wanderings, in this world at least, for ever. But, let the tourist be in ever such a hurry, he will see no

more, probably even less, wasting his time in travel. And if he saw a new scene every day of his life, how near would he have come at the end of it to exhausting the glories of one planet? I think my appetite for natural beauty is, to say the least of it, as vigorous as his—probably even keener, since it needs far less the stimulus of change. And I think that I do not enjoy a less quantity of beauty in the long run than the most indefatigable of tourists.

But it is certain that the common practice of modern landscape-painters is against me. They most of them combine the occupation of the artist with the amusement of the tourist. Turner was a great tourist, especially on foot; and much in the habit of slight and rapid sketching, as is most convenient for travelling artists. Now, for the tourist sketcher who travels rapidly, a tent at all heavier than the colourmen's sketching tent is a useless incumbrance. A mere sketcher can generally contrive to get to an inn at night, and I should never recommend him to adopt the tent as a habitation. What is best and pleasantest for him is a light dog-cart, with a sketching tent and a portmanteau inside it. And let him live at the inns. Or if he is a good walker, a knapsack, sketching-block, and stout stick, with two good pairs of boots, and a little money in his pocket, are all he needs.

In my opinion, a snail is the perfect type of what an artist upon his travels ought to be. The snail goes alone and slowly, at quite a rational pace; stops wherever he feels inclined, and *carries his house with him.* Only I fear that the snail does not give that active attention to the aspects of nature which ought to be the constant habit of the artist.

CHAPTER XXIX.

PAINTING FROM NATURE.

THE practice of painting from nature, in the modern sense, is of very recent adoption. It is probable that before our own time no landscape-painter ever began and finished an oil *picture* out of doors and from nature itself. Figure-painters painted from nature, and landscape-painters made studies from nature, with more or less accuracy and resolution; but no one seriously thought of finishing anything but mere sketches or studies out of doors. The art of landscape-painting was essentially practised in the studio; its materials were gathered in the fields, like the raw material of human food, but cooked in the artistic kitchen before being served up for the appreciation of the connoisseur. At the present day, however, many painters—especially our younger ones—are devoting immense labour to the finishing of pictures out of doors; a costly and inconvenient proceeding, and one which ought to reward its votaries very richly for all the trouble and fatigue it inevitably entails.

I propose in the present chapter to analyse the art of painting from nature, to point out the various ways in which it may be pursued, to examine one by one all the principal difficulties against which painters who work

directly from nature have continually to contend, and lastly, to suggest certain plans and contrivances by which a few of the most irritating of them may be combated and overcome.

It is not to be supposed that, in taking their canvasses out of doors, all painters propose to themselves the same object. A certain limitation is always, whether consciously or unconsciously, imposed on himself by every artist in his imitation of nature. If no such limitation were resolved upon by the artist, no picture would ever be finished, and no artist would ever have done with any one of his works. If, on the other hand, no such limitation were accepted by the public, no human labour could ever satisfy it. But it so happens, that, so far from being unpopular, a strict limitation of the imitative art is quite joyfully understood and admitted by everybody; sketches being generally quite as much liked in their way as finished pictures; and pictures which are little more than sketches in oil, as, for instance, those of Décamps, being often eagerly purchased by collectors. Every artist, therefore, has his point of limitation, his finishing point, and he has also his point of imitation, beyond which he does not think fit to follow nature. Even the severest pre-Raphaelite must make up his mind to stop *somewhen* in his copyism of natural objects—if he could not submit to this, he would have to abandon the art altogether, for the pursuit of it with unbridled instincts of imitation would be altogether intolerable, and enough to drive any man mad. These two limitations of finish and of imitation are, however, very different things. A painter may finish minutely without imitating minutely; but he can-

not imitate minutely without finishing minutely. In working from nature, *all* the limitations that the painter has accepted hem him in and determine the character of his work. Those limitations are of all kinds—they may be purely conventional, as, for instance, the classicism of Sir George Beaumont; they may be fixed by the practice of some former master whom the artist looks up to as an authority that it would be presumptuous to surpass; they may be settled for the painter by the narrowness of his own sympathies and the dulness of his own sight, and so be the most impassable of all prison boundaries—those of a man's own nature. Lastly, they may be wise and necessary limitations, imposed upon himself consciously, severely, and sorrowfully, by a great man who thoroughly loves Nature, and longs to follow her wherever she would lead him, but who restrains himself at a certain definite point, knowing that human weakness can go no farther without failure.

In order to place more vividly before the reader the manner in which these limitations operate, I will show how several different classes of painters work from nature, and afterwards explain what, in my own conception, is the wisest way of working from nature.

THE CLASSICAL SCHOOL.

These painters do, indeed, work from nature, but they adapt all they find to preconceived ideas in their own minds, formed from famous pictures in the galleries. They are painting from nature in quite a peculiar sense. Claude and Poussin stand between them and everything

they see. When they see anything in nature that is like Claude, they think it good for art, and introduce it; first carefully altering it in a Claudesque manner. When they find things not to be found in Claude or Poussin, a circumstance that must very frequently occur to them, they reject them without hesitation, as unfitted for artistic purposes. I have actually heard of two foreign artists of this kind, one of whom, when travelling in the Highlands, on seeing a magnificent effect at Loch Awe, rather contemptuously observed to the other that "the effect was *false*," though in nature itself, his standard of truth being not nature, but Claude.* All classical students approach nature in this spirit. They do not go to her to be taught, but to impose their own rules on all they take; consequently they learn nothing. Once benumb the human soul with the fatal mesmerism of too much reverence for some dead man's name, and you can render it for ever blind to the plainest facts in the world it lives in. All classical art-students have accepted the principle that the perfection of landscape art was attained two hundred years ago by the classical landscape-painters, and during all their lives will see nothing except through the Poussin spectacles. For them nature only exists as a mine of possible Claudes and Poussins, and where they do not see Claude or Poussin, they see *nothing*. Their real aim is to imitate these two masters; but they disdainfully

* Suppose this painter had seen a true *picture* of the effect which he called false in nature, would he not have called it false also in art?

Yes; and there is another thing to be said.

Other people, who would not have dared to call the effect false in nature, would have called it false in art, though truly painted; and they do so constantly.

accept from nature—which they really despise—the raw material for their performances. And Nature, who yields nothing that we do not toil for, only yields them faint shadows of gallery compositions.* Not one of all her precious truths will she let them have. They believe in the classical landscape-painters, and Nature lets them paint classical landscape. Let them cry to their own gods, for the God of Nature will grant them nothing.†

THE IMAGINATIVE MODERN SCHOOL.

They are too original and have too much natural ability to allow of their patiently Poussinising nature; but they are, at the same time, too independent and self-reliant to imitate her. They paint from imagination in the presence of nature, using nature merely for the first suggestion of the idea, and in the subsequent progress of the work as an authority on scientific facts of form, colour, geology, botany, meteorology, &c. &c.

In works produced on this principle there is no pretence to imitation, although the painter may begin and

* There is an invention intended for the especial use of this class of students; a small black mirror, called a Claude glass, intended to blacken natural colour to the hues of old pictures in the galleries, which, in addition to their own inherent want of colour, are darkened by the dirt of centuries. The invention answers its purpose perfectly, and confirms the wilful purblindness of the human owls who use it.

† Happily, this foolish sort of study is all but extinct in England, but it flourishes still on the Continent under the protection of figure-painters, who always rule academies and schools of art, and who have a natural instinct to repress the advance of landscape by lending all the weight of their authority to the shallow landscape-painters of the seventeenth century.

finish his picture out of doors, and although, when finished, the work may *seem* imitative.

As painters of the classical school are prevented from imitating by their reverence for dead artists, so these cannot imitate because their imagination is too strong, and they must obey it. They love nature quite sincerely and exclusively, caring for other artists only so far as they lead them to nature. Nevertheless, they cannot imitate nature, because, in them, imagination overrules the imitative tendency. Artists of this order, when the imagination is not only powerful but of truly inventive quality (an imagination may be powerful that is not in the artistic sense inventive), if their imagination is really of the inventive order, such artists would do quite wrong to imitate, for loyalty to the laws of its constitution is the first duty of genius. These artists use natural phenomena exactly as a novelist uses the people he meets with; they study them, and employ them as they think fit. But as, after all, they really *do* study them, and not scorn them like the classical landscape-painters, they have their reward, and learn much, though they copy little. The most illustrious example of this order of artists is Turner. I believe he never really *imitated* any natural object in his whole life. In the early part of his career, being subjected to the prevailing theories, he wore the Claude and Poussin spectacles for a while, but soon threw them aside for ever. After that he *looked* at nature earnestly, learned an immense number of facts, gathered a huge encyclopædia of observations, but never once imitated without altering. He used external nature as Scott used mankind. Both were authors of fiction,

yet both eminently *true* in their work. One cannot quarrel with painters and writers of this order because they give the full rein to their imagination; for the imaginative faculty was just as much given to be *used* as the imitative faculty. Nor does *such* altering as theirs imply the slightest want of reverence for nature. They revere nature none the less that they also respect the laws of their own nature.

It is evident that working out of doors on this principle cannot be so painfully laborious a process as strict imitation would be. It is, in fact, little more than swift sketching of memoranda, even when colour is used. And if painters of this order ever finish from nature it is merely to have the scientific facts right, not for accuracy of form; so that they do not copy nature, they merely *refer* to her as an author refers to the books in his library on matters of fact about which he is anxious to avoid error; but this is a very different thing to copying the books out, word for word, comma for comma.

THE ARTIFICIAL OR TECHNICAL SCHOOL.

They do not yet imitate in the accurate sense, but there is something bearing a distant resemblance to imitation visible in the outlines of their principal masses, yet even these are wilfully arranged. They use nature for reference, and there is a general appearance of likeness in their work more satisfactory to common judges than the wholly imaginative arrangement of Turner.

They avoid detail, however, wherever mere skilful manipulation of colour may be made to stand for it.

How far such manipulation may be made to go is very remarkable. It may be made to represent anything that has no very definite form, and consequently does duty for a great deal of hard drawing. These painters do not really paint detail, but their skilful manipulation conveys the impression of detail.

I may make myself better understood by naming Mr. Harding as a well-known representative of this order of artists. The amount of manual skill and dexterity lavished by Mr. Harding on a system of interpretation, whose uniform aim and object is to avoid anything like downright study of detail, is quite marvellous. He is not in any sense an imitator, but a skilled interpreter of nature. I do not intend this as praise, and still less as blame. Every artist must work according to his own constitution. Mr. Harding is not by constitution an imitator, but a translator. He and nature do not speak the same language, have not the same formulæ. He is not a student trying hard to learn nature's language, but a great professor, foreign to nature, writing a translation of nature into his own tongue. The translation is exceedingly clever and brilliant, but it bears just as much resemblance to the original as Mr. Pope's translation of the "Iliad" does to the old Greek. Some people like Pope better than Homer, and some no doubt secretly prefer Mr. Harding to nature; but it does not at all follow that if you like the original you will relish the translation, nor the converse.

The influence which Mr. Harding has so long exercised over the immense number of amateurs who put their trust in him has been, on the whole, more salutary than

might have been expected, considering that the first condition of popularity amongst amateurs is, that you are not to teach true art, but a pretty and cheap substitute for art—cheap, I mean, in cost of labour. No drawing-master could earn his living by teaching art seriously, and the chief anxiety of every drawing-master is to invent the prettiest and easiest substitute for real art that he can. Now, Mr. Harding's substitute was extremely pretty and successful, and, what is much more to his credit, it really contained as much truth as the amateurs it was intended for were ever likely to tolerate. *Up to a certain point,* Mr. Harding led his scholars to nature; but the worst of all such systems as his is, that, once their fixed point reached, they arrest the education of the eye.

Of course, Mr. Harding is not the only artist of this class. They are, in fact, exceedingly numerous, and each has a system of his own, in many cases quite as original, if not not so cleverly contrived as Mr. Harding's. Their uniform object, so far as they are themselves concerned, is to escape the painful elaboration of detail, which the principles of imitation demand. Their other object, as to their pupils, is to supply an easy and cheap substitute for genuine work. Nevertheless, they study nature laboriously *within the limits imposed by their own systems.* I believe that in very many cases such systems are to be attributed entirely to the fact of the painter's giving lessons to amateurs, and that, if it were not necessary to flatter pupils with easy methods, such painters would often frankly abandon their systems altogether, and devote themselves in good earnest to the

study of nature, accepting only the necessary and inevitable limitations, not these unnecessary artificial ones.

SHALLOW PSEUDO IMITATORS.

We begin now to enter upon the province of imitation, but are as yet only on its frontiers.

These painters do indeed imitate, but only just so far as a common and very careless spectator is likely to see into the subject when he idly gazes at it without observing it. They are of a very popular order, for they accurately reproduce, not the scene itself, nor anything really resembling it, but every indolent spectator's impression of it. Their pictures demand little intelligence in the spectator as they cost little to the artist. They are, therefore, intelligible, which is the first of all the conditions of saleableness, and such works are produced for the market in immense numbers.

In these works nature is happily arranged on received principles of composition, and such truths only are stated as are conducive to prettiness and perfectly easy to understand.

CLEVER AND LABORIOUS PSEUDO IMITATORS.

They are not imitators in the pre-Raphaelite sense; but their work from nature goes very far, and is exceedingly laborious in detail. The difference between their imitation and pre-Raphaelite imitation is very easy to feel and very difficult to explain. It consists in this, that their fidelity is limited by habits of continual alteration

and absolute want of intellectual and moral sympathy with the objects they illustrate, so that they never seize the significant marks. They admire nature, and have much energy and industry, so they work hard, and produce landscapes very full of detail; but they do not really sympathise with the expression of inanimate objects, so as to render it with power. Nor is any one of their details perfectly accurate; they do not love nature well enough for that. They fill their canvass with detail to make it rich, and the detail is really very cleverly painted, and all copied from nature from beginning to end out of doors, only not one atom of it is thoroughly genuine and true. On the other hand, it is seldom imaginative, because the gift of invention is so rare. I could name a score of successful landscape-painters who belong to this class, clever, prosperous, and most industrious workmen in a high branch of manufacture, but neither true poets nor accurate observers. Their habits of work have nothing in common with Harding's masterly tricks of interpretation; they are scarcely intellectual enough to conceive and apply such principles. They are looked upon by the public as tolerably faithful imitators, the real fact being that they are only pseudo imitators. As on the one hand their works have none of the majesty of imagination, so on the other they lack the preciousness of genuine imitation.

Painters of this order are often very rapid and skilful in working from nature, because the constant habit of manufacture leads to a certain dexterousness quite impossible for close observers and copyists of nature, and seldom compatible with great depth of feeling. Their

exaggerations and changes of all kinds are suggested solely by their ideas of what would look well in the picture, not by any real *feeling*. Now, as all changes are sure to be wrong which are not dictated imperatively by intense and irresistible emotion, these changes of theirs are ruinous to the value of their work.

THE TRUE IMITATIVE SCHOOL.

We have come to true imitation at last. These painters work from nature in quite a different sense to any of the preceding ones. They really endeavour to render as much of nature as is to be rendered by colour, but will not sacrifice greater truths to less, and stop firmly at that difficult point where the imitation of details, pushed to its uttermost lawful power, is to be sternly arrested before it endangers the truth of the whole work. Pass this point ever so little, and your work is inevitably ruined, for the over-fidelity with which some favourite bit of detail is sure to be imitated will destroy the harmony of the whole. If, on the other hand, you fall short of this point, your art of painting from nature is not yet quite perfectly and preciously imitative. This high order of imitative painting requires great knowledge of the resources of art, and infinite patience and industry. I shall have more to say of it shortly.

ASPIRANTS AFTER PERFECT ACCURACY,

Painters in whom the desire for accuracy has reached a morbid excess, and in whose works the passion for

truth of imitation is so unrestrained by artistic judgment as to be destructive to pictorial harmony.

This leads to the production of studies, of which parts are well painted, but entirely out of harmony with other parts. With the passion for accuracy in excess, all production of true pictorial art is quite impossible, for no natural materials can be woven together into the shape of a complete picture without some sacrifice of accuracy.

It is impossible, however, to continue *long* in this state of mind, which is merely a disease of the imitative faculties, and always leads either to the entire abandonment of the art, or the conscious and resolute acceptance of the limitations necessary to the health of the artistic intellect.

A common delusion of young painters is to suppose that this over-accuracy is in itself an attractive quality, because it costs them immense patience and labour. They naturally value it too much in proportion to what it costs *them*, and without sufficient reference to the effect it is able to produce on others. But I fear that this, the costliest of qualities in a picture, is the very one which produces the least effect upon the world. It will not help a picture to find a place in the exhibition, because the judges cannot have the real scene before their eyes for comparison, and always look for qualities of composition which rigid accuracy requires us to sacrifice. It will not command a purchaser, because, if the purchaser knows the scene,* an accurate transcript of it will inevitably seem to him inadequate and spiritless, whereas, if he

* This for reasons stated in a chapter in the second volume, on the relation between photography and painting.

does *not* know it, the accuracy will, of course, be quite thrown away upon him. It will not catch the critics, because critics consider accuracy incompatible with imagination, and therefore do not consider accurate painters as artists at all in the higher sense.

And yet the difference in cost of labour and eyesight between a work which is strictly accurate and another which is only accurate enough for the purposes of art is something amazing.

I am writing this in my tent during a little interval when I feel too tired to go on with a difficult piece of strict topographic drawing.

I therefore find myself in a position to speak with some authority on this question, for just at present I am engaged upon a series of drawings, undertaken for an especial purpose, and which I am determined to have as accurate as I can get them.

The topographic drawing I have in hand is of small dimensions, and it will take me, I can scarcely tell how long. The labour too, whilst I am doing it, is extremely severe—severe on the eyes, and requiring so close a degree of attention, that it is impossible to pursue it for long together without rest.

But if I were not trying for topographic accuracy, I could make a drawing of the same scene, which would please a critic or a council of academicians much better, in a couple of hours of easy work, singing songs all the time, or talking with a friend.

Painters in whom imitation has become a disease work in this way, not exceptionally, and for an especial purpose, as I am doing now, but habitually. And as

they do not limit themselves, they encounter the everlasting boundaries with which the Supreme Artist has hedged round all his poor human imitators, and so they ruin all they do, because they do not know where to stop.*

I have thus roughly indicated seven of the different classes of painters, all of whom may occasionally work from nature. The sub-divisions in such an attempt at classification are, however, as numerous as the landscape-painters themselves, for nearly everyone has a way of work slightly differing from that of all other men, even those of his own school and sect. The seven divisions are, nevertheless, minute enough for my purposes. And I think it will be very evident that artists who work on principles so widely different must produce works of a very different character, even when studying from the same natural scene, and further, that the art of painting from nature seen from these various points of view is scarcely to be spoken of as one art. It is at least seven arts whose objects are entirely distinct, and whose practice differs quite as essentially as some of them differ from the art of painting from memoranda in the studio. In speaking, therefore, of painting from nature as a single art, I must be understood to mean that which I practise myself, for I have not space in the limits of one chapter to do anything like justice to the practice of other artists, except so far as I may roughly indicate their various ways of work.

* In the particular piece of work alluded to, I myself was limited by the nature of my materials, plain pen and ink, and the extreme simplicity of my aim, which did not include either local colour or light and shade. Oil colour imposes no such salutary limitations.

The first secret of the painter from nature is to select his subject wisely.

None but foreground subjects can be really painted from nature in a climate so changeable as ours; but there is a kind of intermediate art, a combination of the two arts of painting from nature and painting from memoranda, which is competent to deal with mountains.

To illustrate this, take a single instance of no extraordinary difficulty. The painter wants a faithful picture of Ben Cruachan. So he plants his easel as near to the mountain as he can get it if he wishes to see it at all, which of course must be a few miles off. He sits down conscientiously to paint a portrait of Ben Cruachan from nature.

The first day is the 10th of July. A good plain daylight effect is on the hill—not a difficult evanescent effect, but such plain daylight as an unimaginative copyist likes best.

The picture cannot possibly be finished before the 10th of August.

On the 10th of July, the water is a deep blue, the mountain a pale, but rich olive-green, with a peculiar velvetty texture, anything but easy to imitate.

The next day the water is cold grey, almost white, and the mountain full of various new greys and deep purples, with an entirely new texture not at all velvetty.

Now, the question is, whether the painter, in continuing to paint the effect of the 10th of July on the 11th, is painting from nature or from memory.

He is painting from *memory*. It is self-deception

on his part to fancy that he is painting from nature, merely because he is working out of doors.

And day after day there is a new and brilliant effect; inconceivably more brilliant in its imposing presence than the painter's fast fading recollection of what he saw on the 10th of July. If he is determined to finish the picture from nature, in the sense of direct copyism of the hues before him, there are only two ways of doing it. Either he may paint from nature day by day and so make his picture intensely unnatural, by mixing together a hundred incompatible and contradictory effects, or he may paint whenever the chosen effect shall recur, which may be five or six times in a twelvemonth.

It might be objected that in working from nature he would at least get the *form* of the mountain; *that*, at least, might be expected to remain stationary.

Not a bit of it. The form of a mountain under changing light is the most unstable thing in the world, except that of a sea-wave. *The perception of mountain form is entirely dependent on effect.* A great rough boss on the side of a mountain is its principal feature one minute, and the next you cannot find it—seek as you will you cannot find it, any more than if the thing had been fairly chiselled away by the hand of a great sculptor. Rocks alter in apparent shape as the light changes. A wreath of mist creeps stealthily, and shows you a chasm you never suspected yesterday; a sunbeam falls, and a great crag leaps out to bask in it like an eagle from the copse. And after a certain practical apprenticeship, the student at last discovers that the *only* truth of

landscape-painting is temporary effect, and that *real form belongs to sculpture alone.*

It is, I hope, unnecessary for me to explain that clouds can never be painted from nature. Even the slowest of them are full of rapid and continual change, which, however little seen by careless unobservant people, is only too evident as soon as one attempts to draw them. The utmost that can really be got from nature of a complete *sky* is a rude pencil memorandum of the arrangement of its principal masses, not pretending to form in any part of it, still less to colour. A rapid draughtsman may, however, get a tolerable pencil outline of a single cloud, if he tries for that only. But all attempts to paint skies from nature are futile. Constable's way of sketching them in oil may have served occasionally for a rude memorandum of the relations of colour in a common lowland sky, but he had to sacrifice all the forms.

Trees may be painted from nature if they are near to us, and on condition that we work only for two hours at a time on the same picture, and in lowland scenery where there is much sameness of effect.

Rocks admit of careful and accurate painting from nature, so of course does a great precipice, if we are near to it. A great deal of good material for artists who paint from nature is to be had along our own coasts. The cliffs on the southern coast are excellent subjects, and the climate not unfavourable.

Water may occasionally, as for instance in rapidly running streams, be painted from nature, because there the same forms are continually reproduced by the effect of the submerged stones on the surface of the water;

but great expanses of broad rivers and lakes cannot be painted from nature at all, because they change incessantly. It is needless to add that the sea cannot be painted from nature in the strict sense, though it may, no doubt, under certain circumstances, be wise to paint it from memoranda in the presence of nature.

In the selection of climate, a painter who works from nature on pre-Raphaelite principles must, of course, be guided by his practical convenience, and not by the splendour of the scenery.

Perhaps, of all the climates in Europe, that of the Highlands of Scotland is the very worst for painting from nature. The continual prevalence of rainy weather, the incessant changes of effect, the intense brilliance of the colour, subject everywhere to sudden and violent revolution, the frequent occurrence of low rain-clouds which hide the hills much more effectually than a cloak hides the human form; all these objections are in the aggregate insuperable, and not to be lightly laughed away as small evils which a little resolution would overcome. The Highlands of Scotland are a noble field for painters from memoranda; but artists who wish to work from nature ought not to think of going there.

On the other hand, lowland France is a perfect climate for painting from nature. On the borders of Burgundy and Champagne, on the banks of the river Yonne, it is possible to work from nature as many days in one year as you would get in seven years in the Highlands. And those French subjects, if not so grand as the Highland scenery, are infinitely *prettier*, infinitely easier to deal

with, and, I should imagine, could be worked up into more popular pictures.

I have such a strong dislike to anything like uncertainty or hesitation in painting, and so great an impatience of alteration in a picture once begun, that my preparatory work before really taking up colour is always rather long and laborious. Every additional year's experience confirms me, however, in this tendency, and I have got so much into the habit of settling everything about a picture before I lay the dead colour, that in working even from the kindest and most accommodating scenery I like to furnish myself with a careful study of form in pen and ink on a separate sheet of paper before beginning the picture. In lowland scenery I do not say that such precautions are absolutely necessary; but in all painting of mountains they are indispensable.

I have said that it is possible to paint mountains from nature by the help of memoranda. Perhaps such work ought rather to be called painting from memoranda, aided by reference to nature; but as the work, whatever it is, is after all done out of doors and not in the studio, I have determined to treat of it here rather than in the other volume.

In attacking a difficult mountain subject, the most prudent way to set about it is, in my opinion, as follows:—

First, to select the point of view with infinite care and thought, spending several days in making sketches of the mountain as seen from different places, and afterwards comparing them and choosing the place from which its character is to be seen best.

The next thing to be done is to set up a tent on the spot, a painting-tent like the one I have myself invented being the best. For the benefit of painters I shall describe it here, warning other readers beforehand that the passage may be skipped without losing the thread of the subject we are considering.

When describing my hut, I took occasion to observe that a tent might be constructed having all the advantages of the hut with greater space and superior portability.

I have since designed such a tent, which has been executed with the most scrupulous and admirable exactness by that prince of tent-makers, Mr. Benjamin Edgington.

This tent is, I think, the perfect ideal of a studio for an artist who paints from nature, and on a moderate scale. I have worked from nature in it in the coldest weather of an unusually cold Highland winter, just as comfortably as if I had been working in a room in London of no larger dimensions. The tent is so strong, too, that it has resisted, when in a very exposed situation, a series of equinoctial gales of truly northern violence. I have been perfectly amazed to see its light canvass walls and tall white roof standing firm day after day in the midst of a roaring, rushing stream of wind, like a rock in a torrent of water.

Its construction is simple enough to admit of easy and intelligible description.

On a cube of eight feet every way, place a pyramid six feet high and eight feet square at its base. That gives the outward form.

The structure is thus arranged—

The perpendicular canvass walls are in three pieces; the pyramidal roof in a single piece; then there is a lining for the whole in two pieces for the walls, and a single piece for the roof. There is also, of course, a strong waterproof cloth for the floor.

The most original and, certainly, the most useful invention about it is, however, the window, which consists of a sheet of the best plate-glass I could get in London, three feet six inches long by eighteen inches high, and contained in a mahogany frame. This glass (always framed in mahogany) is kept separately in an oak box,* and only put into its place when the tent is erected. Another mahogany frame is kept fastened to the canvass, and the frame of the window is bolted to the frame on the canvass by copper bolts. The window, so attached, is watertight.

The tent is held to the ground by twenty-four cords and thirty-six pegs.

The worst of it is, that it takes some time to set it up; but for a *picture*, or even a careful study, this time is sure to be regained tenfold. The reader will please to remember that my object was not to design a *travelling* tent, but a portable studio intended for prolonged labour in one place. The time spent in erecting the tent is always regained over and over again the first wet or windy day.

I use a stove in the tent in winter.

The size of this tent, eight feet square, makes it

* The box contains also a second window, ready framed, to serve in case of an accident to the first. This precaution is very necessary.

possible to paint a picture three feet long, in great comfort, and to have a table for colours at one's side. A much larger picture might be painted, by replacing the central pole by four poles, springing from the four corners of the pyramidal roof, and joined together at its apex. It is possible to paint a picture four or five feet long in this tent, and from nature, in the coldest winter weather, or the windiest time of the raw early spring, as comfortably as if the painter were in a well-lighted closet at home, of the same dimensions as the tent. I freely admit that greater space would be pleasanter, but is it not something to have conquered that terrible enemy, bad weather? The painter who possesses such a tent need concern himself very little about interruptions which are fatal to the excellence of work that is attempted without shelter. Cold blast and pelting rain cannot disturb him. On the wild moorland he lays his tenderest films of colour, in the midst of its pitiless storms; and neither the rage of the wind, nor the fury of the rain, can spoil the perfect delicacy of his faintest hue, nor the grace of his lightest line.*

The tent being pitched with the help of two men, and firmly established in the chosen place, with its plate-glass windows looking towards the mountain, the next thing to be done is to provide oneself with preparatory memoranda.

If the spot is a long way from an inn, it is better for the painter to live in his tent, and have another smaller

* The cost of this tent, with windows, frames, box, &c. complete, was a little under thirty pounds. It is worth the money to any landscape-painter who works from nature, and will pay for itself in the first year.

tent at hand for his servant; but if an inn or farm-house is conveniently near, why let him live there by all means, if he likes, only he must take care to lock up his plate-glass window in his box every night.

The preparatory memoranda will consist first of a laborious study of form in ink, *the full size of the intended picture.* In order to get this study of form completed, a good deal of watchfulness is required, especially in these Highlands of Scotland, on account of clouds and mists. If the painter is lucky in his weather, he may, however, get this study of form finished in a few days, with hard labour.

During all this time, he must be on the look-out for a noble effect, and if a suitable effect does not occur, he must wait till it does, before touching colour. In the Highlands, one has never to wait long for a good effect; the waiting is generally for the form study.

If there is any waiting to be done, and the weather is good enough for sketching, the painter ought to occupy himself in getting together as many memoranda as he possibly can of everything in the neighbourhood of his tent. He will be glad to have them some day, far away.

If it does nothing but rain, and there is no chance even of sketching outside, it may still be possible to get a coloured foreground study through the window; and this is the best possible time to get such a study, because the colour of foregrounds is always richest in rain. But, lest the weather should be too bad even for *that*, it is as well to be provided with a box of books and a canister of the best procurable tobacco. As for me, on such occasions, I scribble in pencil in a note-

book, which scribblings, copied out afterwards, so as to be legible enough for the printers to read, have in the course of years accumulated to these two volumes.

The effect will come at last, and as it is sure to remain only a minute or so, at the longest, we must have everything quite ready to seize it. The pencil memorandum is to be got as rapidly as possible, the artist drawing at his very utmost speed, and scribbling the sketch all over with letters, according to some such plan as that detailed in the chapter on Painting from Memoranda.

Once in possession of this memorandum, whilst the impression is yet quite vivid, the painter ought, before doing anything else, to realize the effect in water-colour, or pastel, or in oil if his picture is to be in oil, trying very hard for the true colour, but giving only just so much form as is necessary to the expression of the effect.

Then let him note the time of day. In the chosen effect, were there any shadows on the mountain, shadows, I mean, not of clouds on the mountain, but of the mountain's own bosses and protuberances on its own sides? If there were such shadows, he ought to prepare beforehand a careful small study of the mountain's principal forms, in indelible brown ink, and the next day, at the precise hour and minute when the chosen effect occurred, he ought, on the study so prepared, to copy very rapidly, but as truly as possible in the time, with a brush full of sepia or any other water-colour he pleases, the exact shape of every shadow he sees, and very queer unaccountable shapes he will find them.

Thus, we have to make first a careful drawing of form, the full size of the picture; then a small memorandum of effect in pencil and short-hand, which we translate into colour immediately; then, after that, a study of the forms of shadows. Once in possession of these memoranda, we are no longer strictly bound down to what we see before us, and may begin our picture with a certain degree of independence of Nature's changefulness. We work, however, with cautious and continual *reference* to the actual scene.

Painters who are not much accustomed to paint mountains from nature are invariably defeated by the subtlety of the natural lines; the extreme refinement of form, so different from the vulgar exaggerations of merely popular artists, the infinity of detail, and the impenetrable mystery which veils it all as with enchantment. Add to these difficulties the tremendous one of Nature's *changefulness*. Every day she offers some new effect to the student; some days she offers two or three hundred, any one of which, in its glorious and august presence, seems to him more noble and more worthy to be painted than the one he has already selected. The temptations of the new effects are to beginners quite irresistible. They alter their work to suit some effect seen more recently, and so ruin it. As for the recent effect being grander than the one first chosen, it is generally a mere delusion, for the comparison instituted by the painter cannot really be *between the two effects*, as they occurred in nature, but between his strong and vivid recollection of the effect of to-day, and his worn-out impression of the effect he saw a fortnight ago; and no wonder, if after a comparison

of this kind, the most recent effect should appear the most noble and beautiful. An experienced workman makes his choice of effect very carefully, but once chosen he abides by it, and relies upon it, nor can all the enchantments of subsequent splendour turn him one instant from his purpose. A good way to guard oneself against this besetting temptation of recent effects is, to make memoranda of them all as they occur, even though it may interrupt the progress of the picture. These memoranda will always be valuable, and they serve to allay the instinctive desire to represent everything that moves and excites us.

The impenetrable mystery of nature is a great cause of defeat to young artists who, even when they have skill enough to draw firmly and accurately, can so rarely attain that wonderful evanescence of execution which represents just so much of objects as we see of them in nature *and no more.* No object is ever well drawn that is completely drawn, nor can any picture ever have the look of reality in which details, however numerous, are all brought out with perfect definition. It does not signify how much work there may be in a picture, where every detail is thoroughly defined it will always look poor; and a rapid sketch by a real artist, if only mysterious enough, will have more power over the mind, and recall more mightily the infinity of nature, than any quantity of perfectly definite labour. Now, the difficulty of rendering the mystery of nature is intimately associated with the other difficulty occasioned by her changefulness. She generally defines *something;* some fragment of the outline of an object comes out clearly for a

moment, whilst a great part of the same outline lies in various degrees of semi-definition, and the rest of it is untraceable altogether. This for perhaps two seconds, but the third second the very part of the outline which was untraceable may have become the clearest and most definite, the part that was definite at first being now quite vague or perhaps entirely invisible. Such changes occur incessantly in every detail of a great mountain's front, even in the serenest weather. Any attempt to paint such a detail by mere ocular copyism must therefore be futile, for a touch cannot be laid before it will become falsified by these minute changes—changes by ordinary eyes unnoticed and uncared for, but which cannot long be ignored by any practical student.

The extreme refinement of form in natural landscape is a point so little understood by the public, and by the painters of portrait and genre who exercise authority in the artistic profession, that I hardly like to mention it here at all. The impression amongst figure-painters that landscape is easy to draw, and the readiness with which, on the authority of figure-painters, the world has accepted the doctrine, make it painfully evident that all these good people have never really looked at natural landscape at all nor attempted seriously to copy it. Now, landscape is not merely difficult to draw, but it is *infinitely* difficult; that is to say, that the best designer of the figure now alive upon the earth, whoever that may be, if he really set himself in earnest to draw a mountain *as it is*, would find, after any quantity of labour and care, that he had only been able to draw it in a manner which is to be called good out of indulgence for the weakness of

human faculties, and in a certain restricted sense, and that the natural mountain still remained at quite an infinite and unapproachable distance beyond him. As for the slight sketches of mountains which figure-painters are accustomed to put behind their personages by way of background, they bear precisely the same relation to real mountain-painting that the figures we landscape-painters sketch in our compositions do to real figure-painting. Recently, two more serious attempts at mountain-painting have been made by figure-painters, and it is significant that these two should be the most refined draughtsmen of their time. John Lewis attempted a mountain in the background to his Frank Encampment, and Holman Hunt set up a tent on the shore of the Dead Sea with the resolution to try a range of mountains in good earnest. I appeal to these two figure-painters whether mountains are easy to paint or not, and whether their lines are subtle and refined or simple and rude? I am quite willing to grant you that mountains are simple as Claude painted them—four straight lines variously inclined, inclosing a space of flat grey paint; and I readily admit that they are rude as Salvator rendered them—mere heaps of formless mud and stone. But mountains in nature are full of exquisite and refined *form*, needing most masterly skill in drawing for even an approximate rendering, such skill as only three or four men now alive possess—such skill as the rest of us may only humbly labour for and aspire to. How shall we follow the lines of their innumerable streams? how render the roundings of their infinitely various surfaces, the delicate moulding of the swelling forms between the streams, the projec-

tions of the descending slopes throwing all the sculpture of the great mountain front into intricate fore shortening, full of difficult perspective? Mountains easy to paint indeed! If they are so *very* easy, how does it happen that only one or two artists have ever managed to paint them in even an endurable manner? The very best of us can but give a sort of abstract of mountain. No man ever really drew a mountain front in its infinite fulness, and no man ever will draw one, for such work is beyond all human power. The most masterly mountain-painting in the world is nothing but a well-selected abstract and abridgment, choosing the most expressive lines, but not rendering one line out of ten. And in those lines that we do render how are we to approach the ineffable tenderness and subtlety of nature? What the coarseness of our faculties exaggerates into strong curves are often so slightly different from straight lines that nothing but the photograph can render them without either omitting the curve altogether or destroying its perfect delicacy by exaggeration. And is not the habit of exaggeration just as often a sign of mere bluntness and coarseness as of noble emotion? We may exaggerate because we feel strongly, but I fear we far oftener exaggerate because we do *not* feel delicately. Perfect drawing, like perfect cookery, or perfect rowing, or riding, or sailing, or indeed so far as I know anything else that men do, becomes in its latest advance an exceedingly delicate business, dealing with subtle distinctions which the untrained faculties cannot perceive at all. For the perfectly trained man, however strong he may be, is also much refined by his training, and in his strongest exercise of power is full

of grace and gentleness, and self-restraint, only untrained and inexperienced hands using violence. And the more refined the skill of the draughtsman the less he will need exaggeration, owing to his habitual self-government and moderation, from which the slightest departure is at once recognised as the sign of overpowering emotion. It is like the writing of a great master in words, who will express himself strongly rather by the exact and *adhesive** fitness of his words to the occasion than by their violence; or like the hostility of a perfectly refined lady, who will inflict acute torture in the gentlest phrases, whereas her sisters in Billingsgate, coarser but not so cruel, are obliged to seek the most sounding epithets.

Of all exaggeration in landscape-painting the commonest is exaggeration of height in high objects, and consequently of steepness in their sloping lines. This is universal with all landscape-painters, and I believe the landscape-painter never lived who did not habitually exaggerate height and steepness. But no one ever exaggerates the length of a horizontal line. If, for instance, a mountain to be true ought to be two feet high and six feet long in a large picture, the chances are that a painter will make it about three feet high and five feet long. Turner exaggerated in this way habitually; but I know of no instance in which he exaggerated the proportionate length of a horizontal line. Our most rigid topographical painters may ultimately, if they work in entire submis-

* In good joiner's work the strength consists very much in exquisitely true *fitting*. If a piece of wood is perfectly fitted to its place it is easy to make it stick there without using violence, and so if a word is well fitted it will stick also and for ever.

sion to photography, and with its continual guidance, come to produce unexaggerated work; but if ever such work shall be exhibited nobody will believe it to be true, because it will fail to give the *impression* of steepness and height that nature produces on her own scale, with exactly the same lines. I have occasionally, for an especial purpose, made rigidly unexaggerated topographical drawings; but they always look so flat and tame that people intimately acquainted with the scenery never know what they are intended for, and I have always to *prove* their truth by a comparison with photographs of the same places taken by myself. Now, it is evident that as a painter cannot always be at hand with a portfolio of photographs to defend, in hours of reasoning, the literal exactness of accurate work, such work, in his absence, must continually be slighted as feeble, and even condemned as unfaithful. And my usual work, in comparison with the work of many other landscape-painters, may be wanting in that peculiar kind of vigour which is attainable by making sloping lines vertical, yet I know now by strict measurement that it is full of demonstrable exaggerations.

If landscape-painters painted on thin sheets of vulcanized india-rubber, instead of canvass, their pictures might be made tolerably true by a simple process. It would then only be necessary to stretch the india-rubber sheet horizontally, and the drawing would come, in a rude way, nearly right. Some painters would need more stretching than others, but even Mr. Newton, the truest painter of Highland landscape (except myself) who ever lived, would need a *little* stretching. His noble "mountain

gloom in Glen Coe" shortens the horizontal length of the rocky mass in the middle distance, and so exaggerates its vertical height.

You will, however, constantly find that there is a notable difference between the exaggerations of true men and false. When a true artist exaggerates, it is not from coarseness of perception, but strength of enthusiasm, whereas the false one exaggerates one fact merely because he is blind to all the rest. In mountain drawing, in addition to the exaggeration of height and steepness already mentioned, bad painters always exaggerate ruggedness, and always curvature; whereas good ones, though they usually exaggerate *height*, because they are forced to do so, in order to produce the impression they desire, rarely exaggerate curves and projections with anything like violence, because they perceive and relish the reserve and delicacy of nature. The reader would understand this at once if he had the opportunity of comparing one of Turner's mountains with any specimen of mountain drawing by our third-rate water-colour men.*

If I can judge of the progress of others by my own, I should say that one of the clearest signs of advancement

* If the reader cares to follow out the subject of exaggeration as it affects our popular types of figure-painting, he will find, on comparing what are considered good Academy studies with photographs of the same models, that figure-painters have a constant habit of exaggeration in the *volume* of muscle, and that they mark all projections too violently on the human form, just as the landscape-painters do on the mountains. This makes photographs of the naked figure look thin and ridiculous, for none but the best made persons look very classical without their clothes. Yet the photograph is nearly true to the actual form (not *quite*, for several reasons too long to be explained here), and the common Academy study is a bastard ideal made up of the model, much exaggerated, together with confused reminiscences of Raphael and the Greeks.

in drawing is a steady increase in refinement of line, and consequent moderation, and that the best proof of progress in colour is an increasing relish for slight gradations and faint reliefs, and quiet harmonies.*

The supreme difficulty in painting from nature is to know what to take and what to leave, how far to follow nature, how to select the most essential and mutually helpful truths. We *cannot* have all the truths, do what we will.

How far are we to be slaves to the subject, and when are we to act in something like independence of it?

All painting from nature includes a great deal of painting from memory, and this is even rendered more difficult out of doors than in the studio, by the presence of other and embarrassing facts which it costs us a great effort to reject. It is true, for example, that in painting our mountain from nature we have to colour from nature, but in quite a peculiar sense, not in the way of simple imitation, and matching of particular tints. The colour of the mountain never continuing the same for a single hour, how is it possible to match its hues? If you match them for a few square inches of your picture to-day, and match the other hues for a few square inches to-morrow, what good will come of it? Will not the harmony of

* I have a valuable illustration of this, in four of my own drawings of Glen Strae, made at long intervals during ten years. The first is violently exaggerated, the second considerably less, the third is just exaggerated enough to *look* quite right, and the fourth, being done when I had become conscious of the habit of exaggeration, and was striving against it, so true as to seem false—that is, the reverse of exaggerated.

To complete the series I took a photograph of the same subject, which proved that the last drawing was nearly true, but still exaggerated; whilst the exaggeration in the earlier drawings was altogether outrageous.

your picture be utterly and irretrievably ruined, and the whole work be quite false and monstrous? Then why are you to colour from nature at all if you may not match the natural tints you see? Why not paint such pictures entirely in the studio? The answer is, that you are to paint from nature in order to avoid falsity, and that you may have the opportunity of always referring to nature for any fact you find it necessary to ascertain. Now, many facts of local colour may be ascertained through and in spite of the intervening veil of transient colour. For instance, in painting a Highland hill in late autumn, you may always ascertain (when the weather will allow of your seeing it at all) where the patches of red fern are, and what is their shape, a thing not easy to invent rightly in a studio; and of the trees in the forest on the mountain's flank, you may see with great precision how far they are reddened by the death of their leaves. But if you merely try to imitate the mountain as you see it, not taking the trouble to use your intellect as well as your eyes, your picture, though painted from nature, will be as false and discordant as if it had been painted in the dingiest studio in Newman Street.

So that self-reliance is one of the first lessons a young artist has to learn, in working directly from nature. He is to get all he can from the natural scene, but to be thoroughly independent of it, and only submit to its guidance just so far as may assist the truth of his work. All slavish Chinese imitation of separate bits is death and destruction to the whole picture. Nor must any reader misunderstand the reason for this most essential of all principles. The object of every artist who takes his

canvass out of doors is to get more truth. It is true that Nature offers us a continual feast, yet it would argue but a slight appreciation of the delicacy of her banquet if we were to mingle all her most exquisite dishes into one abominable mess. We are not to mix together discordant and contradictory truths, and mere ocular imitation is sure to do so. What there is of simple imitation in good painting from nature is really very slight, for it is modified first by constant obedience to the memory, *often in direct opposition to the facts immediately before our eyes*, and farther, it is overruled by the necessity of compromise in all translation of nature into art, a necessity occasioned by the difference in point of light between flake white and the sun, and the difference in point of depth between ivory black in broad daylight and the intense vacuity of natural darkness. None but very simple people ever imagine that the most accurate work from nature is to be accomplished without very great reliance on the memory and considerable effort of the intellect. It requires, no doubt, great delicacy of hand and infinite clearness of vision, but it requires, in addition to these, much of that strength of memory, and all that knowledge of the resources of art, which are essential to the painter who works exclusively in the studio. Hence, the very curious and interesting truth, that a painter who can produce a good picture in a studio from slight memoranda is more likely to paint well from nature than one who has never done anything else, because he has acquired the habit of self-reliance, and can hold straight on his own path without being allured away from it by the attractions of the ever-changing subject.

The artist who paints from nature must be content to produce little, if he cares for accuracy. Watch a careful painter at work, and you will find his time incessantly divided between two distinct acts—looking at nature, and putting down what he has seen. First, the retina must receive a strong impression, and then, whilst this remains quite vivid in the memory, it must be got into colour. *But this looking at nature occupies as much time as the actual work of painting.* An artist, therefore, who works directly from nature, in the pre-Raphaelite manner, must spend twice as much time on his picture as if he did it from memory and invention in the Turnerian manner. When we take the nature of the two procedures into consideration, there is nothing surprising in this difference.

And it needs hard looking to see the subtlety of a natural line. The difference between the active looking of a highly-trained painter at work from nature, and the mere passive indolent looking of the people who presume to judge of his work, is something quite wonderful. *It is at least as great as the difference of muscular exertion between a trained Cambridge rower pulling at speed in an eight-oar, and a lady lolling in her carriage.* It is this difference between active and passive looking which accounts for so much ignorance of the commonest natural phenomena on the part of people who live constantly in their very presence. Of all the boatmen on the French rivers, how many do you think would recognise the truth of Turner's river-painting? Of all the farmers and peasants in the Highlands, or in Switzerland, how many are competent judges of mountain drawing? These

good people have the facts before their eyes every day, and all day long; but they only look at them passively, not actively; and so they never see them at all. Of course, the landscape-painter himself looks at very many things quite passively also. Put a landscape-painter and any lady of ordinary powers of observation into a ball-room, and it is probable that the landscape-painter would only passively receive a most confused impression of a great quantity of muslin, and lace, and jewellery; whereas, the lady, unless quite exceptionally indifferent to such matters, would look at it all actively, and, by the time the ball was over, be able to describe with wonderful accuracy and minuteness the dress and ornaments of half the ladies there. The fact is, we all look actively at things which interest us, but only from the point of view of our especial interest, and the impressions we receive are determined for us by our mental state. A general examining a country where he will have to conduct the operations of war, receives an impression very different from that which he, the very same individual, would have received if he had been trained as a landscape-painter, and had visited the same country for purposes of study. And even without pre-supposing the great difference which a different training would have produced, take a man as he is, and if that man is large-minded enough to be able to see a thing from two points of view, what he will see will depend entirely on the state of mind in which he may happen to be at the time of looking. If a painter has property, and is competent to take care of it, you may be quite sure that such artistic picturesqueness as depends upon the ruinous condition of buildings

will give him little satisfaction *on his own estate*, it being generally pleasanter to contemplate ruin on other people's property than on one's own. When looking over the condition of his buildings, you may rely upon it that such a painter, however strong his love of good artistic material, would rather find them hideously ugly and in excellent repair than ruinously pretty and picturesque, and that a few acres of wretched-looking building-land in the middle of a great manufacturing town, all black with ashes and trodden into hideous foulness of formless mire, would give more pleasure to his eye as *proprietor* than a purple expanse of the loveliest heather in the Highlands. And, therefore, in looking over his property, it is probable that a painter would not *see* even such elements of the picturesque as it might possess; for since the picturesque is generally a sign of want of repair, its delightful or artistic aspect is hardly ever visible to the eyes of the proprietor. In exactly the same way a painter who had a yacht would not like her to be picturesque, but neat, smart, orderly, and swift; leaving the picturesque of sailing to poor fishermen and such like, whose glorious, but dirty and uncomfortable craft he would admire with all sincerity, and paint with perfect love and delight. And if by accident, or neglect, something about his own yacht were to assume a slightly picturesque aspect, the owner, though a painter, would probably not *see* it, but only be angry with it as a gardener is with some lovely wild plant that he tears up and throws on a dung-hill because it is called a "weed."

From these considerations it follows that, since artistic looking is an active operation, we ought to do it ener-

getically. The way to paint successfully from nature is to apply great will and energy to the work. Resolute active attention is wanted ; not merely passive attention. For, unless the attention can be strongly concentrated on the subject, all truthful painting is hopeless. In drawing and painting from nature, nothing is to be done with a wandering mind. The work requires vigorous application, or it is sure to be untrue. First, hard *looking* before every stroke ; then, stern effort of memory to retain the impression whilst we are transposing it to the key of the picture. The necessity for this transposition doubles the intellectual labour of the painter. In painting mountains from nature, it so very rarely happens that the colour of the mountain, as we see it whilst we paint, is the same as it was when we decided on the effect, that an entire transposition of every detail from one key into another is a matter of continual necessity. Add to this the farther translation of the transposed passage from the full and perfect tones of nature into the fractional tones of art, and you have a pretty piece of work to do with the eye and brain before any true stroke can be laid by the hand. The consequence of all this is, that painting from nature is very tiring, and cannot be long continued without rest, if it is to be done really well. As soon as ever the mind and eye become in the least fatigued, and cease to operate with perfect vigour, it is time to give up, or the work will be spoiled. Four hard hours a day with a rest after each hour are as much as a painter ought generally to paint from nature, unless he is unusually strong. The rest of his day may be employed in free sketching, or quiet observation of

natural facts, noting them down in a memorandum-book.

A curious result in popular criticism of the difference between active and passive looking is, that the critic, who looks passively, finds fault with the painter who looks actively. I have heard such critics declare that no detail was to be seen in nature, and thence deduce the conclusion that painters ought not to paint detail. But the true painter does not paint what an unobservant spectator sees, but *what he sees himself*, which is altogether a different matter. I can very well believe that to people who never really look at nature, no details are visible: I also believe that the broadest effects of light, and the most obvious facts of form, are never seen by them; but I repudiate the doctrine that a painter is to regulate his expression of natural truth by a reference to the degree of information on the subject possessed by people who have not yet learned the use of their eyes. To such critics, I always feel tempted to say (if politeness did not forbid such excessive candour), "You are not to elevate your own powers into a standard of human attainment, nor are you to be angry with painters because they see farther into nature than you can. This kind of seeing comes of such hard labour as you have never given; and you are not to criticise the report of the seer, but to accept from it so much instruction as your limited preparatory education will enable you to receive." This sort of answer would probably not tend to keep the said critics in a good humour; but just imagine how absurd and unreasonable we should all think it to restrain the *other* revelators of natural truths to the revelation of

such truths only as are already perfectly familiar to all mankind! When the function of the painter shall be rather better understood, let us hope that this imbecile doctrine, that he has no right to see deeper and know more than other people, will die, like its sister doctrines, that have so long retarded the advance of science; let us even hope that the world will ultimately perceive that the especial duty and function of the artist is precisely to see farther than the rest of mankind, and to lead the eyes of all men to the deepest truths of nature.

It is needless to state here that no landscape can be painted from nature on such a scale, or with such a degree of finish, as would demand more than a very few weeks for its completion. The changes in local colour produced by the continual advance or decline of vegetation are so incessant and so great, that to paint longer than three or four weeks on one canvass, would generally involve the registering of inconsistent and contradictory facts, and consequently destroy the truth of the work. In the depth of winter, however, a longer time may be given; and with a tent like mine, it is just as easy to paint from nature in winter as in summer, except that the days are shorter.

With regard to methods of work, everything depends on the student's own habits. Painters generally work best in the way they are accustomed to, and there are many processes in oil-painting which will yield good results in the hands of those who have practised them. The best and most general counsel I have to offer is, *to rely on opaque colour*, separating the work as much as possible into distinct processes, and advancing step by

step from great masses to smaller masses till you come to the minutest details, carrying the whole picture steadily on together, and gradually evolving, as it were, the detail out of the mass. This is the safest way; but every artist paints exactly as he pleases, and all true painters hate and scorn fixed rules and methods of execution. And when I say "*rely on opaque colour*," I do not pretend to dictate what is legitimate and what not. I advocate opaque colour because I am convinced that a steady adherence to it would do more to correct the worst defects of vulgar English execution than any amount of lecturing, and because half our landscape-painters are ruined by resorting to glazing for effects of transparency and gradation which could be, and ought to be, obtained by fair downright *painting* with solid tints. I know that it is very laborious to work such tints till they look quite right, but it is also exceedingly instructive, and the more so, that they never flatter the artist with a false appearance of success. If he has fairly mastered the subject and *can paint* in the strict sense of the word, it is astonishing how obediently all these stubborn opaque tints will minister to his desire; but in the hands of ignorance and empty pretension they are shockingly frank and outspoken, and cry aloud to the whole world, "This man is *not* our master!"

The use of opaque colour forces one to pay great attention to the truth of every tint and to gradation, without which all merely opaque colour is quite intolerable, whereas a glaze will often look dangerously pretty and attractive when it is neither true in colour nor rightly gradated. I have alluded to the subject of technical

work at the conclusion of the chapter on Painting from Memoranda. I may say here that the painter of mountains is not to let himself be guided by the practice of figure-painters, who deal with objects so near to the spectator, that there is no atmosphere to be represented Thus, the advice of Rubens, to keep white out of shadows, is to be rejected without hesitation by the painter of mountains, who will generally require white in every shadow he paints, on account of the depth of air between the spectator and all mountain shadows. And one reason why I recommend the painter of mountains to rely upon opaque colour is, because it is likely to teach him to paint atmosphere, which, in oil, cannot be got out of transparent colour.

Before quitting the subject of painting from nature, I desire to add a few observations on the advantages and dangers of the practice.

The advantages are twofold; some of them belong to the picture, and others to the artist.

A picture which is painted from nature, if well done, is sure to contain many truths which would have escaped the strongest memory in the studio, unless aided by memoranda as copious in detail as the very picture itself. Such works have, therefore, a peculiar value for their authenticity, independently of their intellectual or artistic value. When strictly topographical, as Seddon's Jerusalem, in the National Gallery, or Brett's Val d'Aosta, they considerably exceed the most perfect photograph in interest and value as records of the scene they represent. The details cannot be quite so accurately drawn as in the photograph, nor so minute, but *there*

are more of them in the picture; and, in addition to this, we have the facts of colour and atmosphere, which have a great deal to do with our impression of any natural scene, and which it is consequently very desirable to preserve in a record of it.

The advantages of painting from nature are, however, still more striking as they concern the artist himself.

It is not for what he *does*, but for what he *learns*, that the practice is so useful. Whilst he is painting a scene under one effect, he sees it under a thousand, and is incessantly occupied in comparing them. He is always learning something which he did not intend to learn; knowledge of all kinds being brought before him as he sits at work by the inevitable changes of the natural scene. He intends to paint Ben Cruachan in clear weather, and he has not been two days at work before the whole mountain is veiled in a half-transparent mist. If the painter has any sense, instead of being angry at the mist, he will set to work and study it, and learn the laws of evanescence. Round about his tent, in the intervals of painful labour, he will find a thousand objects of interest—beautiful plants and mosses, delightful studies of rock and tree forms—which he may as well sketch whilst he has the opportunity, and about which he consequently learns a great many truths which have nothing to do with the particular picture he is engaged upon, but which will be of the greatest use to his education as a painter. I attach much greater importance to the utility of the new practice of painting from nature as a means of forcing painters to see facts they never would have thought of looking for, than with

reference to the quality of the pictures so produced, which are generally crude, often inconsistent and contradictory, and nearly always wanting in harmony as works of art.

The dangers of painting from nature are more obvious. It undoubtedly weakens the memory and deadens the inventive faculty, and that to such an extent, that if persisted in without frequent alternation with studio work, or unless counteracted by the continual practice of drawing from the memory with the express object of preserving its power, the habit of painting from nature will deprive the artist of that faculty altogether. I have said elsewhere that you cannot even paint from nature without memory; but in painting from nature the memory is exercised in quite a peculiar manner. It then carries its burden bit by bit, and very little at once, and by short efforts. For painting away from nature the memory requires a totally opposite kind of training. Its business is, then, to carry a whole picture for long together. The vivid recollection of particular bits is of no use when we have no grasp of the whole, because the bits are quite unavailable for our purposes when detached from their natural relations. But the equal and large grasp of whole impressions, even though the details may be by no means accurately retained, is of great use to the artist: and it is this kind of memory which pure painting from nature has such a fatal tendency to debilitate. Of course the intermediate art of painting from memoranda in the presence of nature has not this drawback to anything like the same extent, and we here approach more nearly to the mental

training necessary for those men who work entirely in the studio. But what we gain in one direction we lose in the other; and when we have to be so entirely independent of the natural scene as to rely upon the memory for half our facts, we lose much of that salutary and severe discipline of eye and hand which is to be derived from the resolute imitation of things that will stay to be studied. Yet I would always advocate the largest training attainable. It seems to me inexpressibly narrow and unreasonable to restrain the practice even of our younger artists to one kind of work. The simple imitation of nature must precede, but ought by no means to preclude, the exercise of the memory and the practice of painting *as a fine art*, which is absolutely impossible so long as we are held down to the strictly accurate copyism of natural detail. I am perfectly willing to copy with patient fidelity one month, but I may want to paint entirely from memory the next. It is an inexpressible relief to eyes and hands jaded with the wearing toil of mechanical imitation to revel in the happy elysium of the memory, and realize the day dreams of invention; and again, it is often a salutary and refreshing change to turn from this exciting poetry of the art to the brave scientific prose of the most determined imitation. This action and reaction of all large intellects between the real and the ideal, the fact and the dream, is so universally necessary to their healthful life, that they always *will* have it somehow, either in their art or out of it. James Watt refreshed himself with immense doses of fiction, and Shelley braced himself with mathematics. The painter may find the two

elements in the practice of his own all-embracing art, and alternate between the labours of observation and the pleasures of memory, to the perplexity of his critics, but with substantial benefit to his own nature, because in obedience to its profoundest laws.

END OF VOL. I.

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